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H. Grant Brown 1896

THE

EVANGELISTS'

Songs of Praise.

No. 2

...BY...

Rev. C. V. Strickland.

CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE

EVANGELISTS'

SONGS OF PRAISE

No. 2

BY

REV. C. V. STRICKLAND.

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PREFACE.

THE success of the original "Evangelists' Songs of Praise," and the kindly criticisms upon it, encourage the author to present to the public this new collection of Gospel Songs. The fitness of "No. 2" for revival work will be seen at once.

The book is used by Evangelist WM. E. GEIL and other successful Christian workers.

Care has been taken to include music appropriate for Church Service, Sunday-School, Christian Endeavor, etc.

That these songs will help in the building up of Zion is the earnest hope of

THE AUTHOR.

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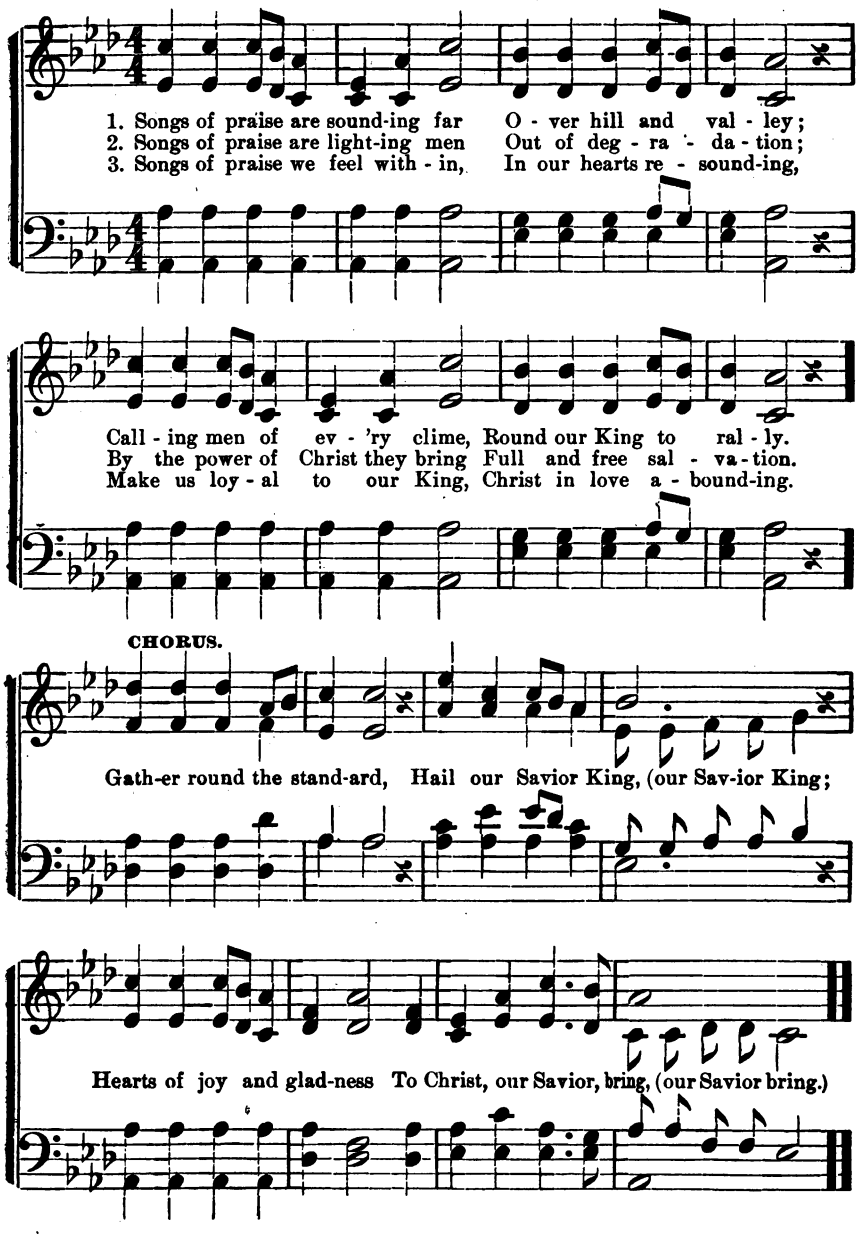
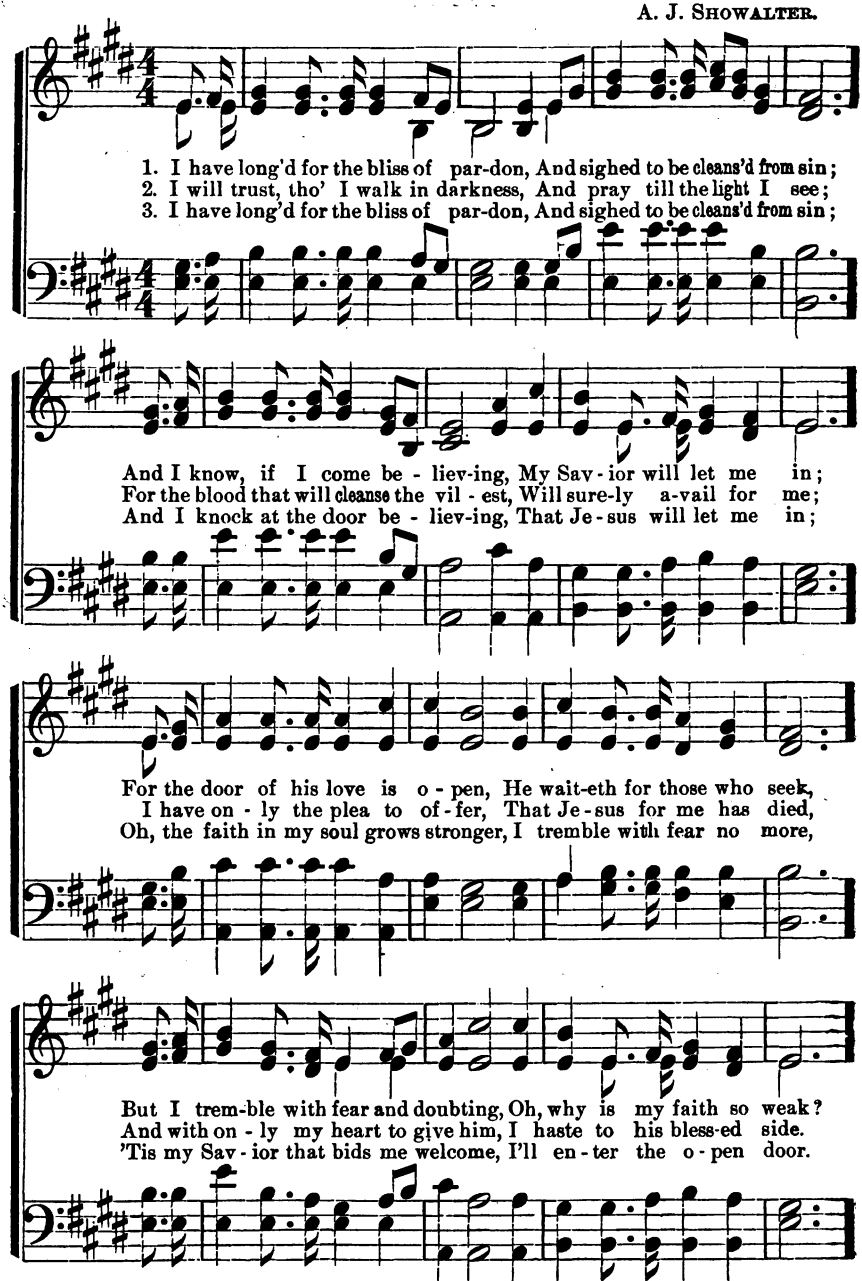
SONGS OF PRAISE. 1

"I will praise Thee, O Lord."—Ps. 108:3.

F. G. STRICKLAND. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Songs of praise are sound-ing far O - ver hill and val - ley;
2. Songs of praise are light-ing men Out of deg - ra - da - tion;
3. Songs of praise we feel with - in, In our hearts re - sound-ing,
Call - ing men of ev - 'ry clime, Round our King to ral - ly.
By the power of Christ they bring Full and free sal - va - tion.
Make us loy - al to our King, Christ in love a - bound-ing.
CHORUS.
Gath-er round the stand-ard, Hail our Savior King, (our Sav-ior King;
Hearts of joy and glad-ness To Christ, our Savior, bring, (our Savior bring.)

2 I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have long'd for the bliss of par-don, And sighed to be cleans'd from sin;
2. I will trust, tho' I walk in darkness, And pray till the light I see;
3. I have long'd for the bliss of par-don, And sighed to be cleans'd from sin;
And I know, if I come be - liev-ing, My Sav - ior will let me in;
For the blood that will cleanse the vil - est, Will sure-ly a-vail for me;
And I knock at the door be - liev-ing, That Je - sus will let me in;
For the door of his love is o - pen, He wait-eth for those who seek,
I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died,
Oh, the faith in my soul grows stronger, I tremble with fear no more,
But I trem-ble with fear and doubting, Oh, why is my faith so weak?
And with on - ly my heart to give him, I haste to his bless-ed side.
'Tis my Sav - ior that bids me welcome, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

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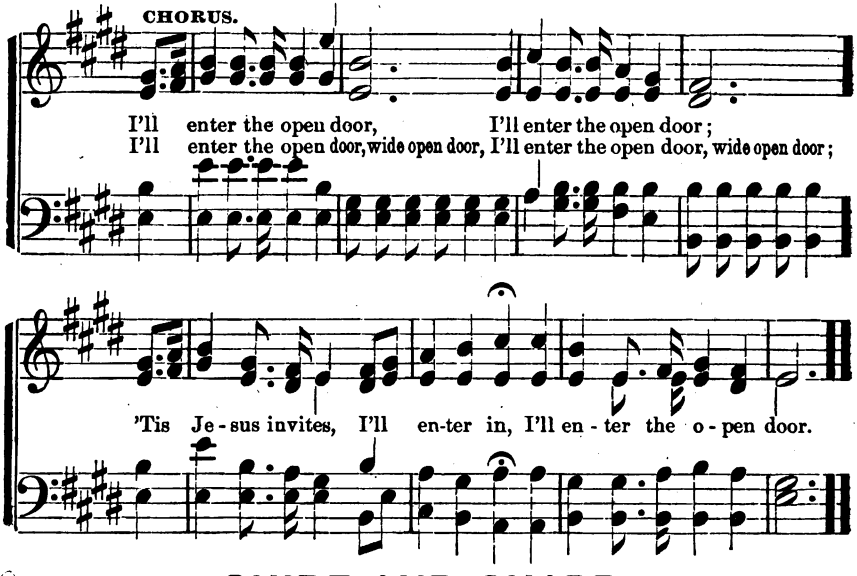
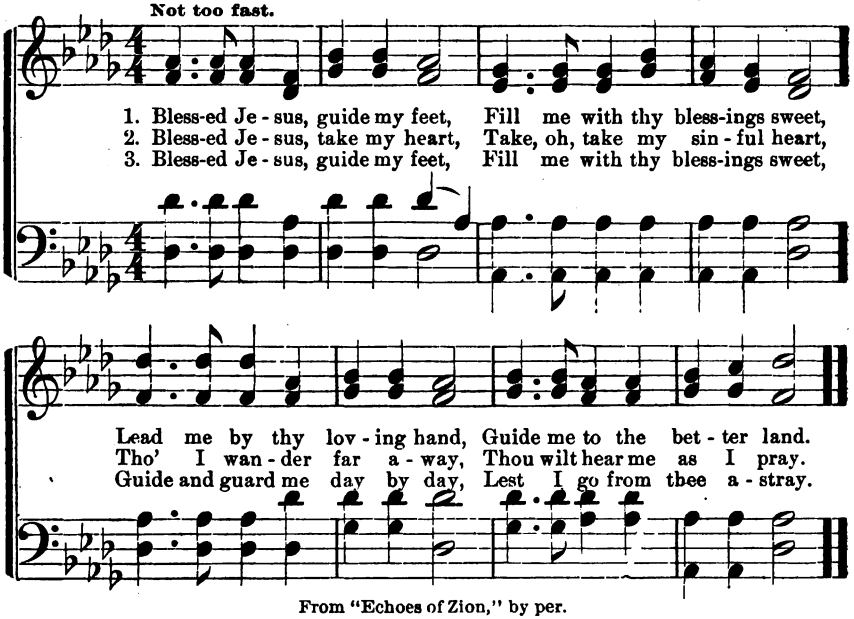

CHORUS.
I'll enter the open door, I'll enter the open door;
I'll enter the open door, wide open door, I'll enter the open door, wide open door;
'Tis Je-sus invites, I'll en-ter in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

GUIDE AND GUARD.

"I will guide thee."—Ps. 32: 8.

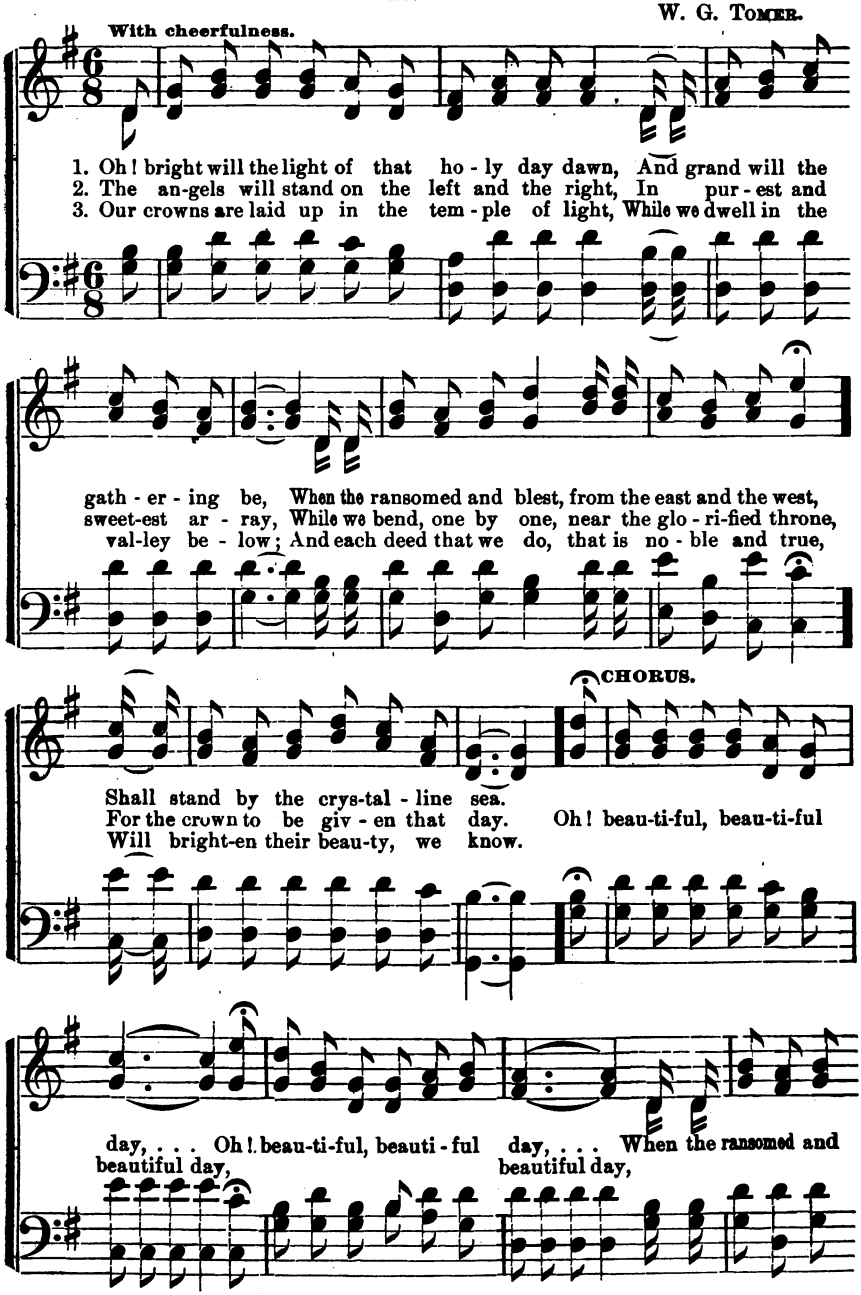
D. W. CRIST.

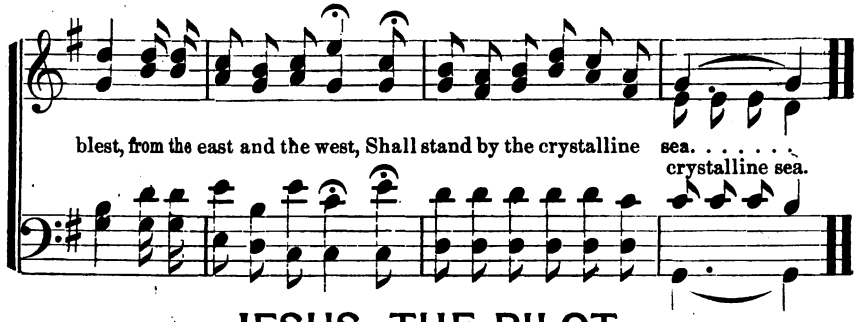

Not too fast.
1. Bless-ed Je-sus, guide my feet, Fill me with thy bless-ings sweet,
2. Bless-ed Je-sus, take my heart, Take, oh, take my sin-ful heart,
3. Bless-ed Je-sus, guide my feet, Fill me with thy bless-ings sweet,
Lead me by thy lov-ing hand, Guide me to the bet-ter land.
Tho' I wan-der far a-way, Thou wilt hear me as I pray.
Guide and guard me day by day, Lest I go from thee a-stray.

From "Echoes of Zion," by per.

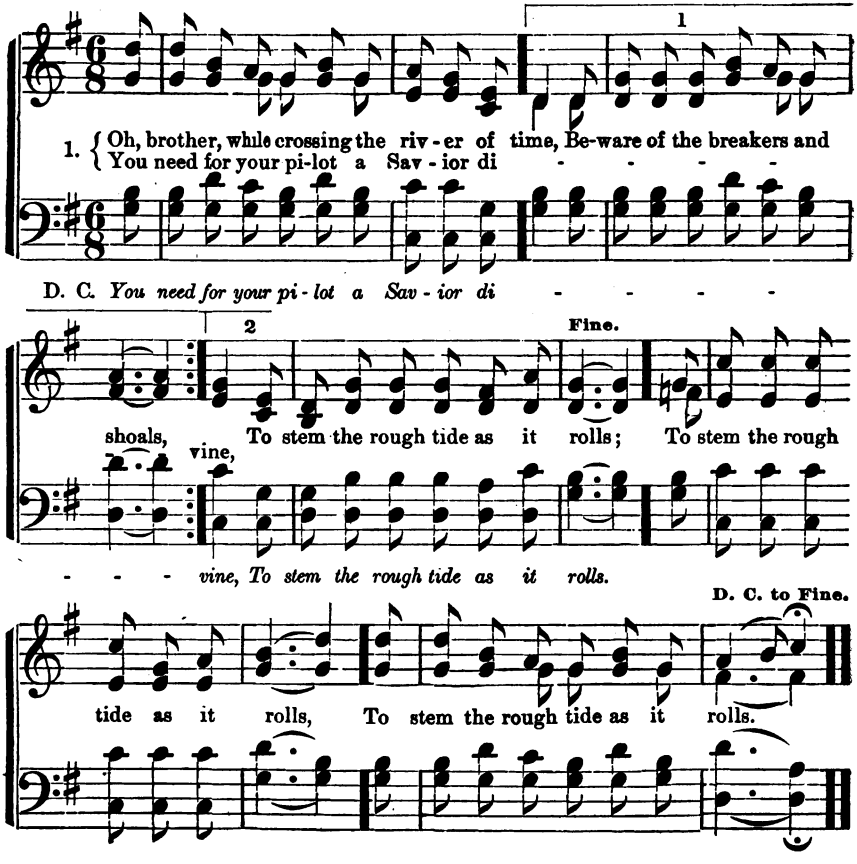
4 BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Rev. 4: 6.

W. G. TOMER.

With cheerfulness.
1. Oh! bright will the light of that ho - ly day dawn, And grand will the
2. The an-gels will stand on the left and the right, In pur - est and
3. Our crowns are laid up in the tem - ple of light, While we dwell in the
gath - er - ing be, When the ransomed and blest, from the east and the west,
sweet-est ar - ray, While we bend, one by one, near the glo - ri-fied throne,
val-ley be - low; And each deed that we do, that is no - ble and true,
CHORUS.
Shall stand by the crys-tal - line sea.
For the crown to be giv - en that day.
Will bright-en their beau-ty, we know.
Oh! beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
day, . . . Oh! beau-ti-ful, beauti - ful day, . . . When the ransomed and
beautiful day,
beautiful day,



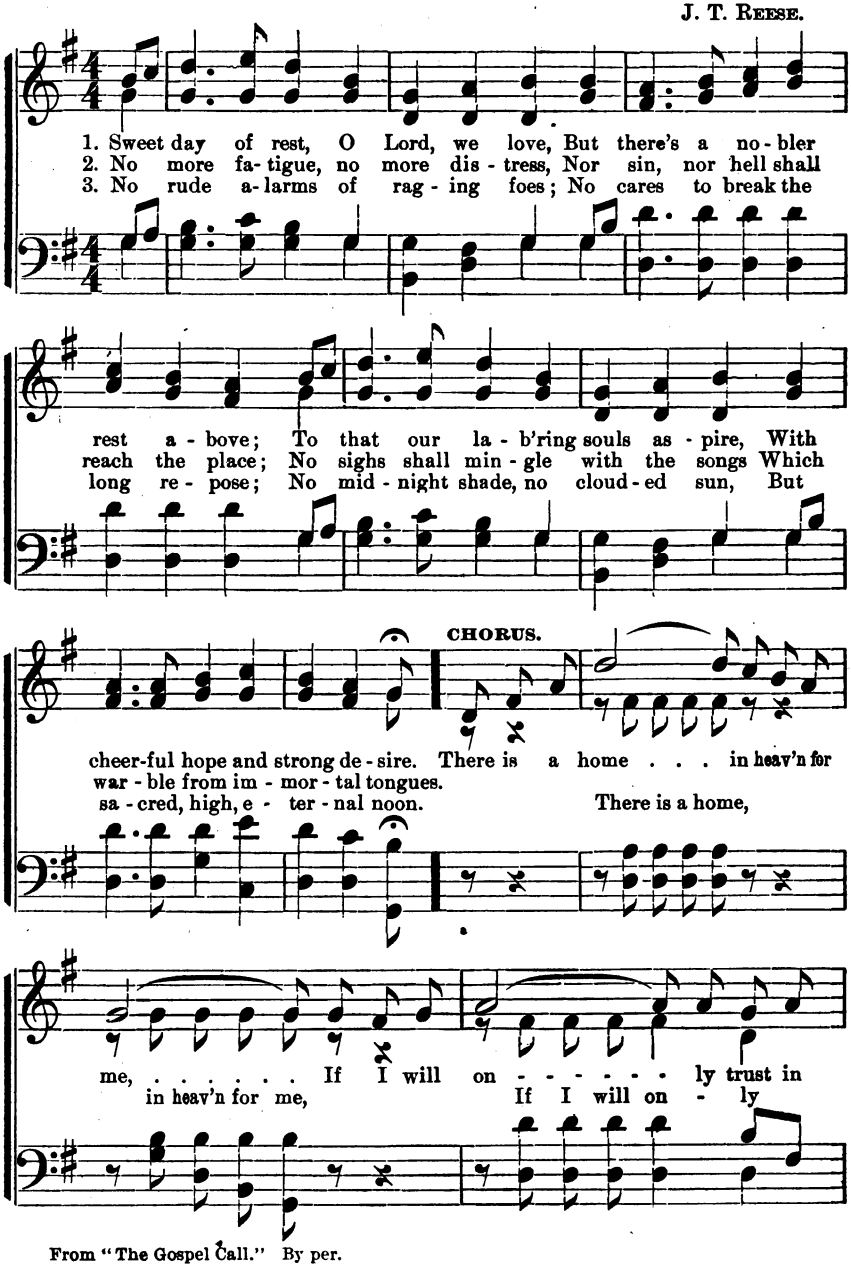
JESUS, THE PILOT.

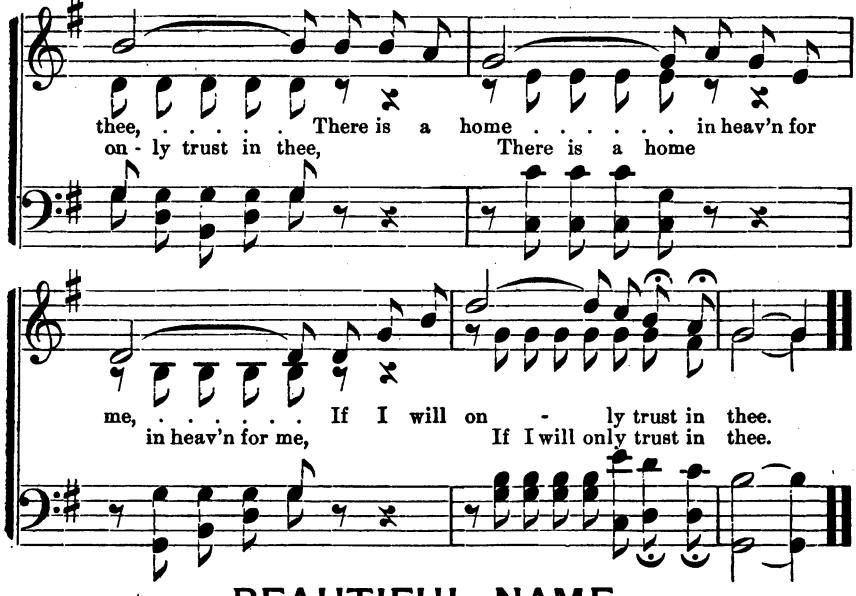
REV. D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1
1. { Oh, brother, while crossing the riv - er of time, Be-ware of the breakers and
{ You need for your pi-lot a Sav - ior di - - - - -
D. C. You need for your pi - lot a Sav - ior di - - - - -
2
Fine.
shoals, To stem the rough tide as it rolls; To stem the rough
vine,
- - - vine, To stem the rough tide as it rolls.
D. C. to Fine.
tide as it rolls, To stem the rough tide as it rolls.

2 For oft it is rough and its rocks none can see,
We all are so thoughtless and blind,—
And you, my dear brother, with lost ones will be,
Unless the true pilot you find: etc.

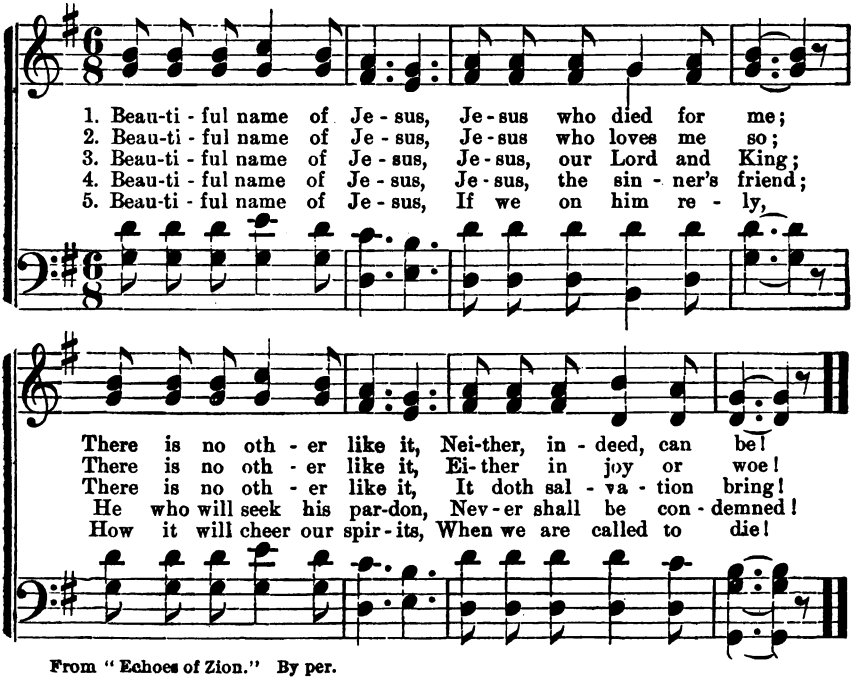
3 Now, Jesus is able to bear you safe o'er;
He calmeth each wild raging storm—
He'll land you at last on the beautiful shore,
Where the good of all ages are borne: etc.

THE HOME FOR ME.

J. T. REESE.

1. Sweet day of rest, O Lord, we love, But there's a no-bler
2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor hell shall
3. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes; No cares to break the
rest a-bove; To that our la-b'ring souls as-pire, With
reach the place; No sighs shall min-gle with the songs Which
long re-pose; No mid-night shade, no cloud-ed sun, But
CHORUS.
cheer-ful hope and strong de-sire. There is a home . . . in heav'n for
war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
sa-cred, high, e-ter-nal noon. There is a home,
me, ... If I will on - - - - - ly trust in
in heav'n for me, If I will on - ly

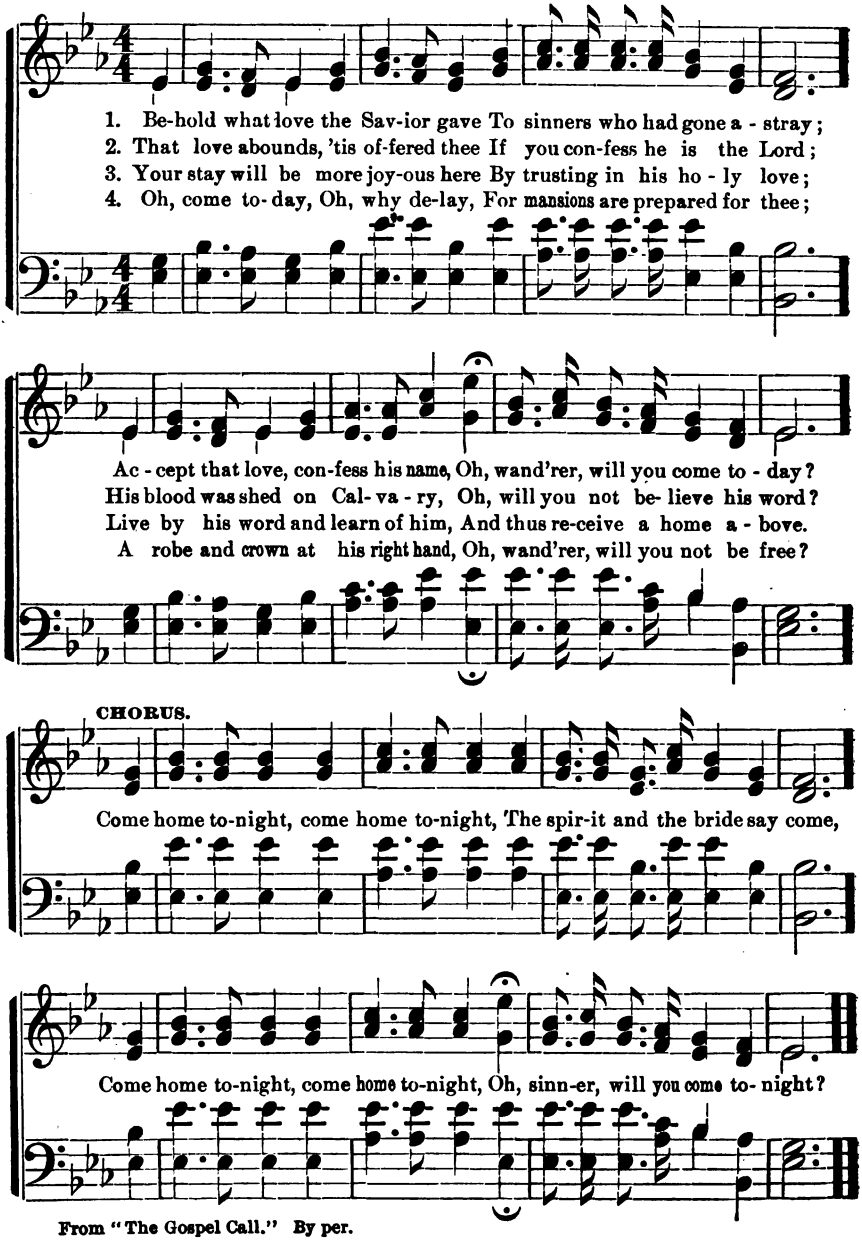
From "The Gospel Call." By per.

thee, ... There is a home . . . . . in heav'n for
on - ly trust in thee, There is a home
me, ... If I will on - ly trust in thee.
in heav'n for me, If I will only trust in thee.

BEAUTIFUL NAME.

E. R. LATTA. D. W. CRIST.

1. Beau-ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus who died for me;
2. Beau-ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus who loves me so;
3. Beau-ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus, our Lord and King;
4. Beau-ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend;
5. Beau-ti - ful name of Je - sus, If we on him re - ly,
There is no oth - er like it, Nei-ther, in - deed, can be!
There is no oth - er like it, Ei-ther in joy or woe!
There is no oth - er like it, It doth sal - va - tion bring!
He who will seek his par-don, Nev-er shall be con - demned!
How it will cheer our spir-its, When we are called to die!

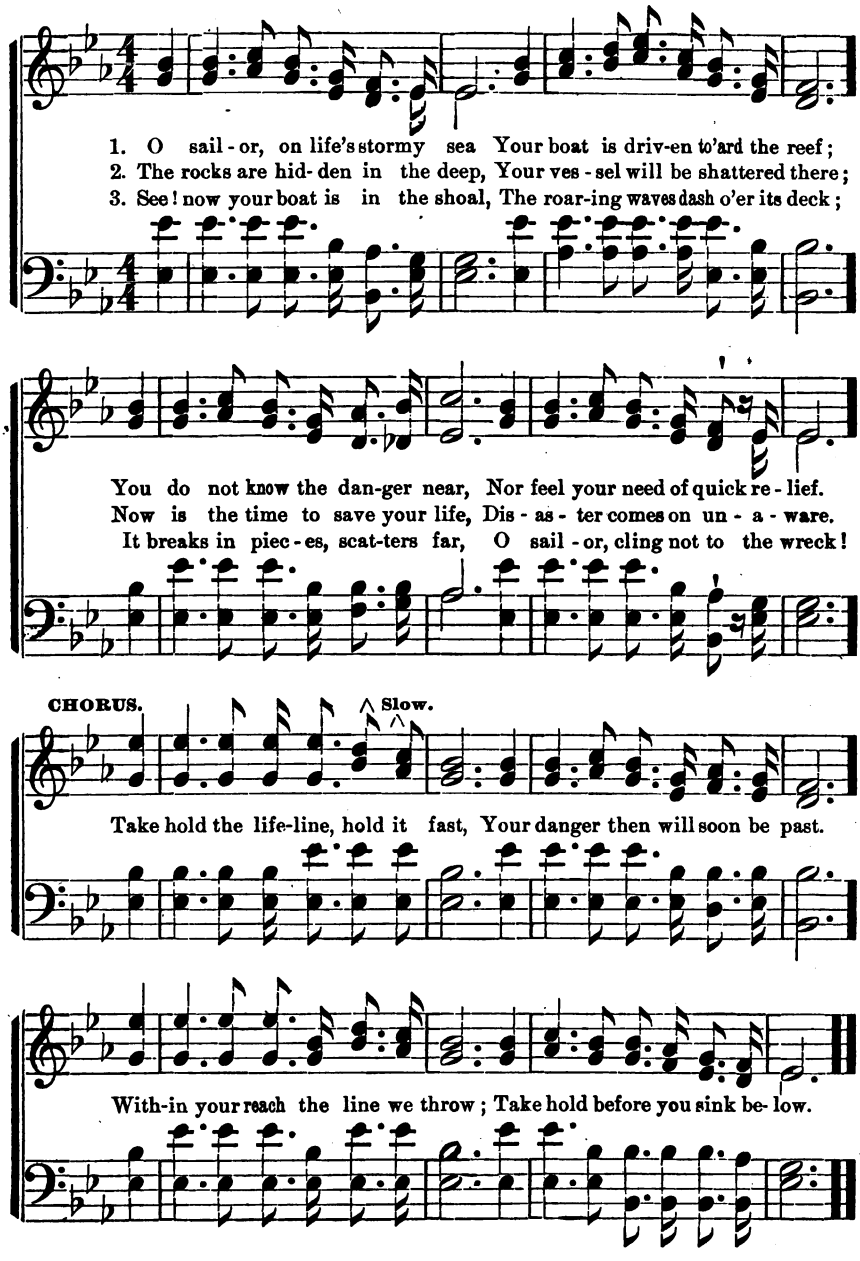
From "Echoes of Zion." By per.

COME HOME TO-NIGHT.

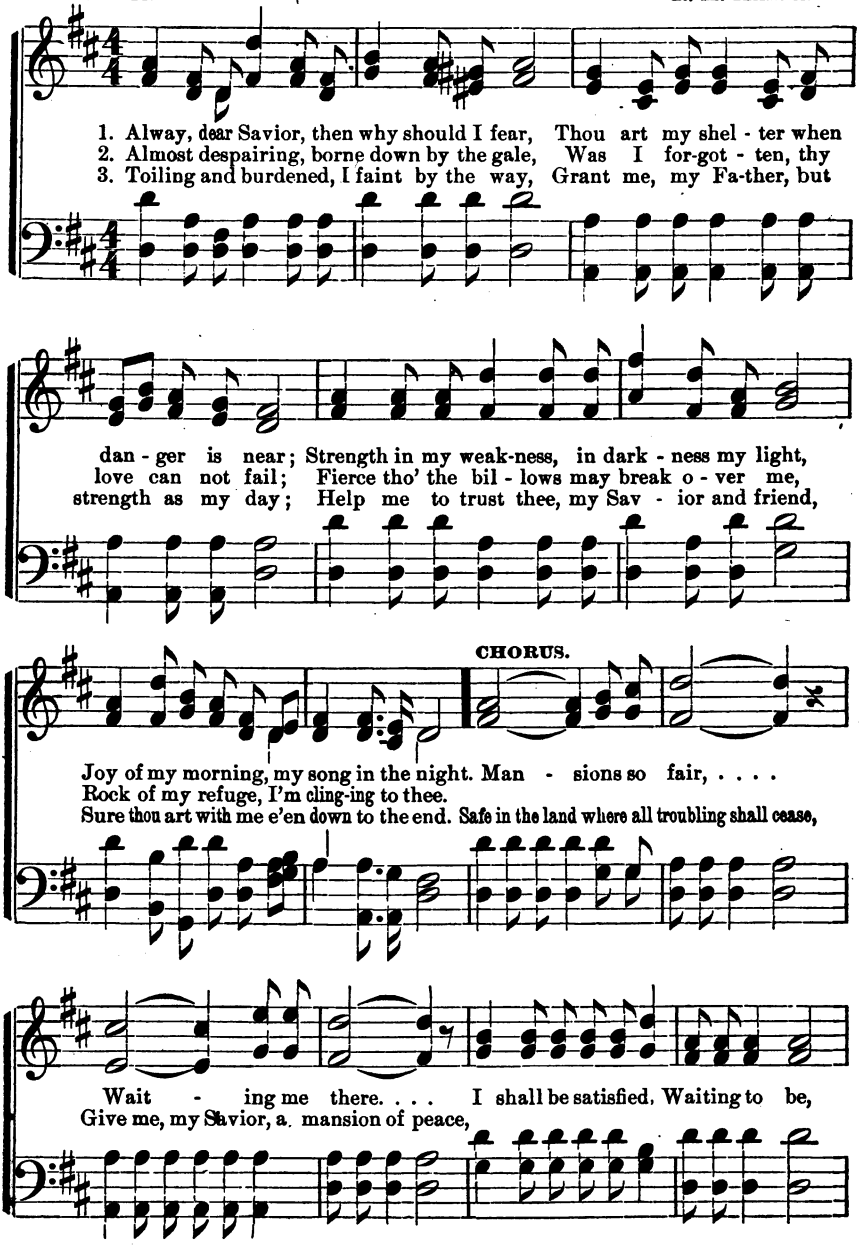
J. V. C. J. V. Coombs.

1. Be-hold what love the Sav-ior gave To sinners who had gone a - stray;
2. That love abounds, 'tis of-fered thee If you con-fess he is the Lord;
3. Your stay will be more joy-ous here By trusting in his ho - ly love;
4. Oh, come to-day, Oh, why de-lay, For mansions are prepared for thee;
Ac - cept that love, con-fess his name, Oh, wand'rer, will you come to - day?
His blood was shed on Cal- va - ry, Oh, will you not be- lieve his word?
Live by his word and learn of him, And thus re-ceive a home a - bove.
A robe and crown at his right hand, Oh, wand'rer, will you not be free?
CHORUS.
Come home to-night, come home to-night, The spir-it and the bride say come,
Come home to-night, come home to-night, Oh, sinn-er, will you come to- night?

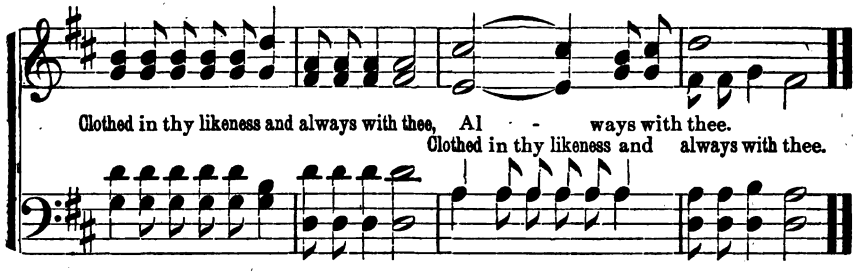
From "The Gospel Call." By per.

"TAKE HOLD THE LIFE-LINE."

F. G. STRICKLAND. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. O sail - or, on life's stormy sea Your boat is driv-en to'ard the reef;
2. The rocks are hid- den in the deep, Your ves - sel will be shattered there;
3. See! now your boat is in the shoal, The roar-ing waves dash o'er its deck;
You do not know the dan-ger near, Nor feel your need of quick re - lief.
Now is the time to save your life, Dis - as - ter comes on un - a - ware.
It breaks in piec - es, scat-ters far, O sail - or, cling not to the wreck!
CHORUS.
Slow.
Take hold the life-line, hold it fast, Your danger then will soon be past.
With-in your reach the line we throw; Take hold before you sink be- low.

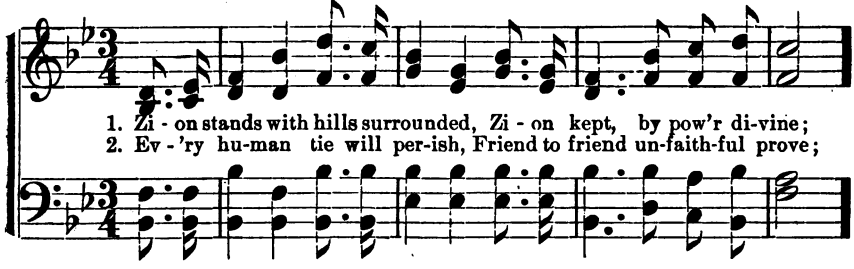
10 "I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

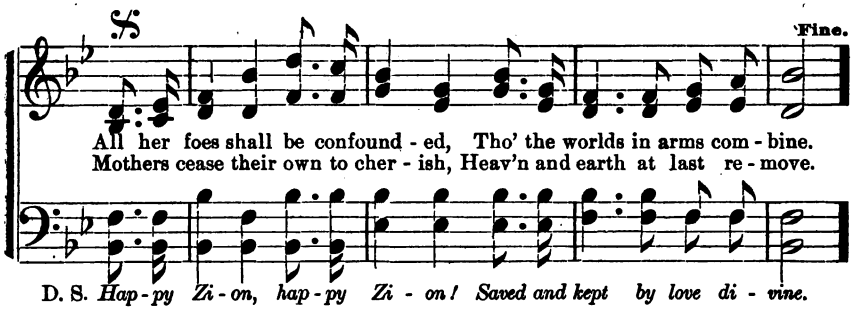
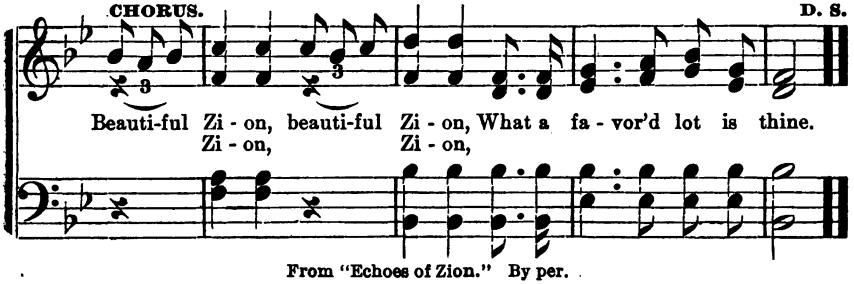
R. H. H. R. H. HANNA.

1. Alway, dear Savior, then why should I fear, Thou art my shel - ter when
2. Almost despairing, borne down by the gale, Was I for-got - ten, thy
3. Toiling and burdened, I faint by the way, Grant me, my Fa-ther, but
dan - ger is near; Strength in my weak-ness, in dark - ness my light,
love can not fail; Fierce tho' the bil - lows may break o - ver me,
strength as my day; Help me to trust thee, my Sav - ior and friend,
CHORUS.
Joy of my morning, my song in the night. Man - sions so fair, ...
Rock of my refuge, I'm cling-ing to thee.
Sure thou art with me e'en down to the end. Safe in the land where all troubling shall cease,
Wait - ing me there. . . . I shall be satisfied, Waiting to be,
Give me, my Savior, a mansion of peace,



BEAUTIFUL ZION.

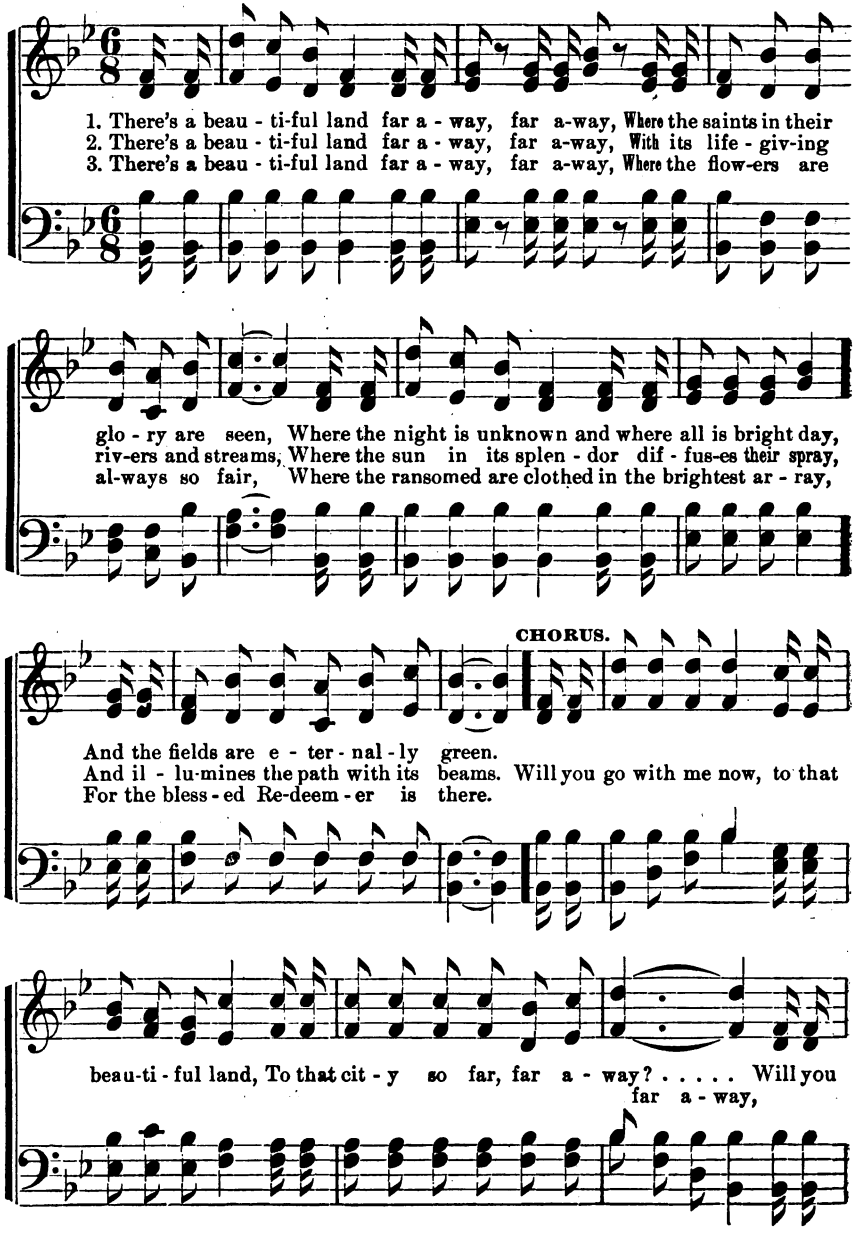
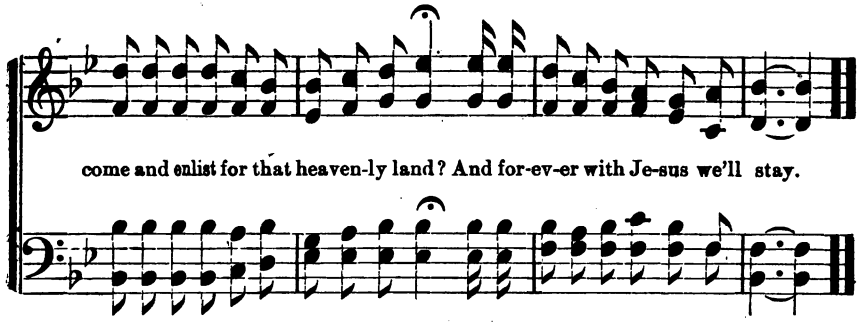
Words arr. by D. W. CRIST. D. W. CRIST.

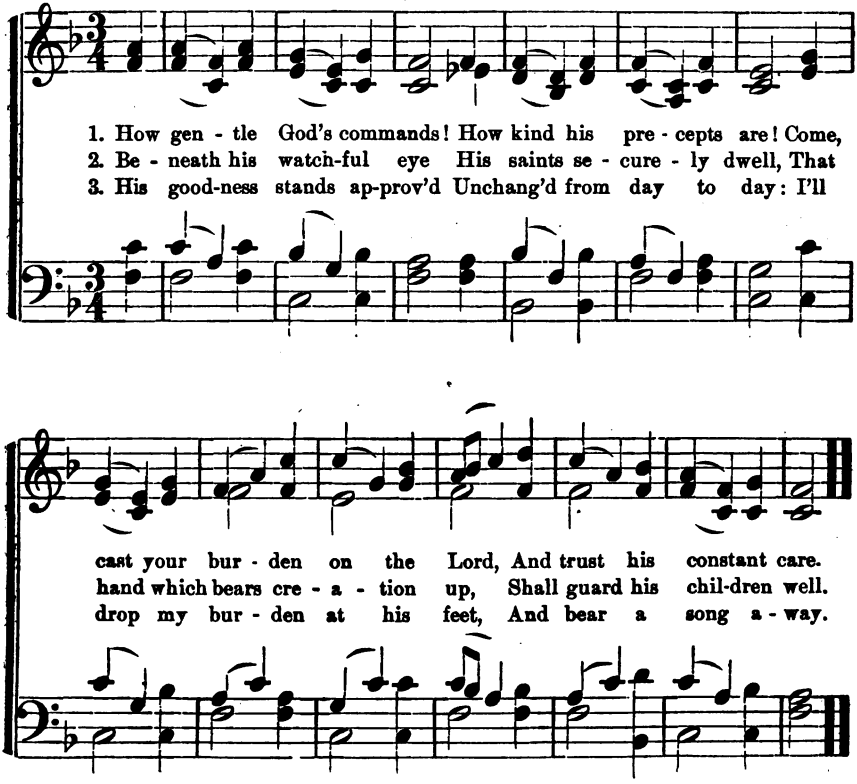

1. Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on kept, by pow'r di-vine;
2. Ev - 'ry hu-man tie will per-ish, Friend to friend un-faith-ful prove;


Fine.
All her foes shall be confound - ed, Tho' the worlds in arms com - bine.
Mothers cease their own to cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last re - move.
D. S. Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on! Saved and kept by love di - vine.

From "Echoes of Zion." By per.

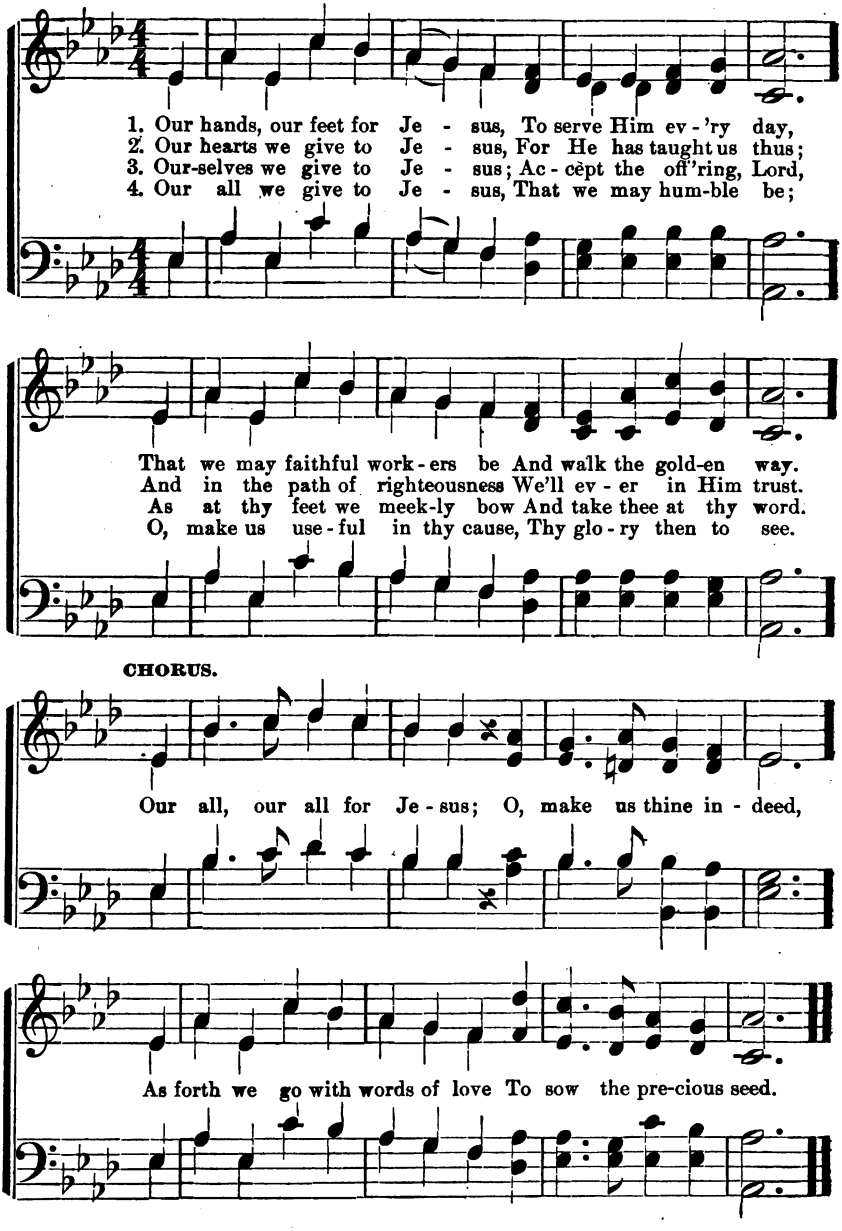
12 THE BEAUTIFUL LAND, FAR AWAY.

"For here have we no continuing city."—Heb. 13:14.

W. G. T. W. G. TOMER.

1. There's a beau - ti-ful land far a - way, far a-way, Where the saints in their
2. There's a beau - ti-ful land far a - way, far a-way, With its life - giv-ing
3. There's a beau - ti-ful land far a - way, far a-way, Where the flow-ers are
glo - ry are seen, Where the night is unknown and where all is bright day,
riv-ers and streams, Where the sun in its splen - dor dif - fus-es their spray,
al-ways so fair, Where the ransomed are clothed in the brightest ar - ray,
CHORUS.
And the fields are e - ter - nal - ly green.
And il - lu-mines the path with its beams. Will you go with me now, to that
For the bless - ed Re-deem - er is there.
beau-ti - ful land, To that cit - y so far, far a - way? . . . . . Will you
far a - way,

DENNIS. S. M.

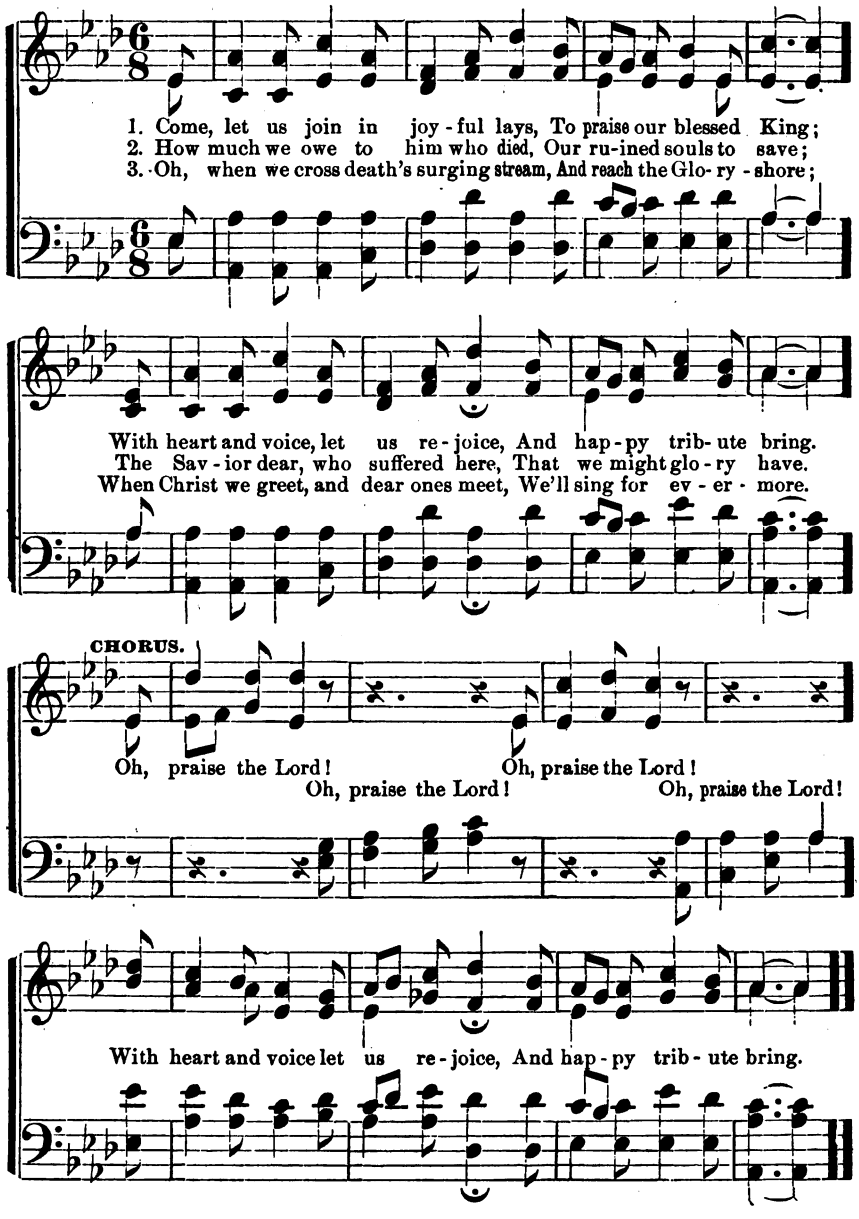
DODDRIDGE, 1755.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come,
2. Be - neath his watch-ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell, That
3. His good-ness stands ap-prov'd Unchang'd from day to day: I'll
cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.
drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

14 OUR ALL FOR JESUS.

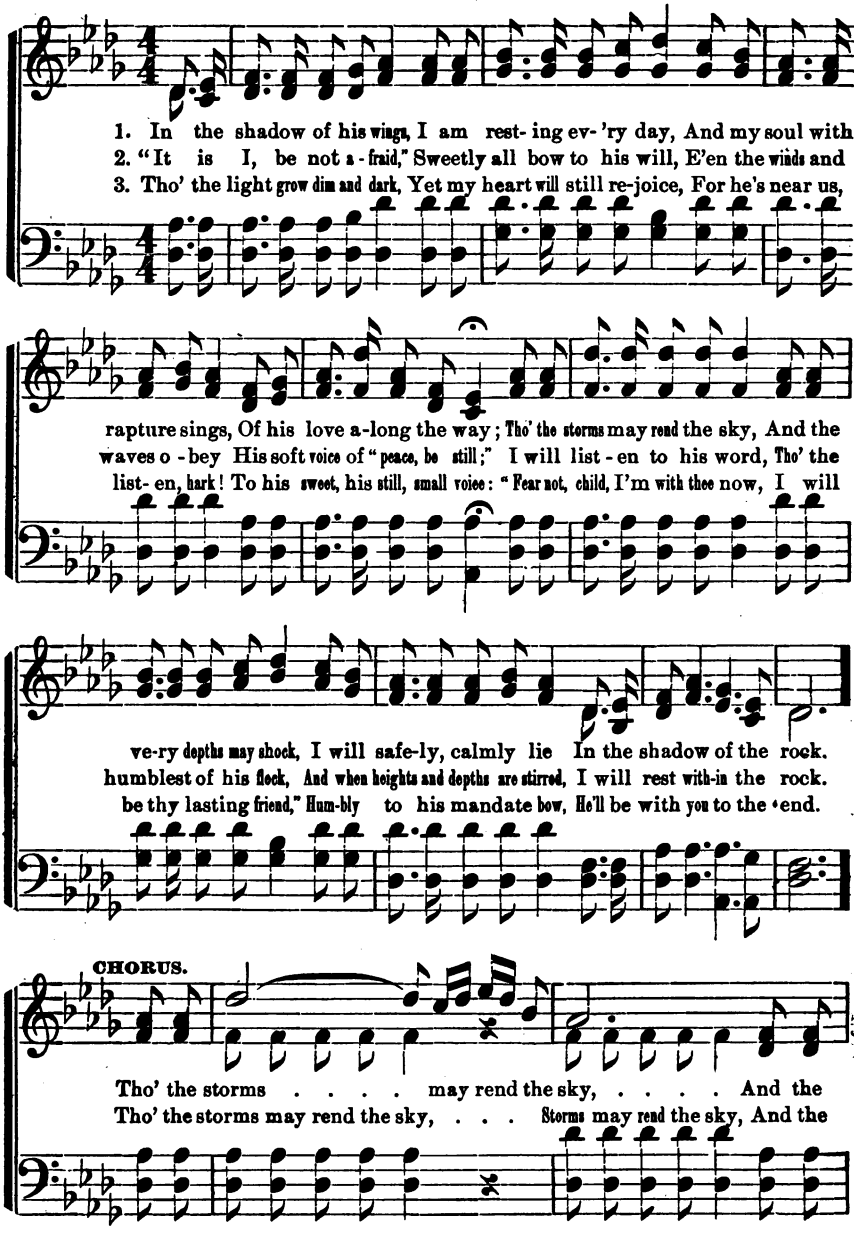
C. V. S. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Our hands, our feet for Je - sus, To serve Him ev - 'ry day,
2. Our hearts we give to Je - sus, For He has taught us thus;
3. Our-selves we give to Je - sus; Ac - cept the off'ring, Lord,
4. Our all we give to Je - sus, That we may hum-ble be;
That we may faithful work - ers be And walk the gold-en way.
And in the path of righteousness We'll ev - er in Him trust.
As at thy feet we meek-ly bow And take thee at thy word.
O, make us use - ful in thy cause, Thy glo - ry then to see.
CHORUS.
Our all, our all for Je - sus; O, make us thine in - deed,
As forth we go with words of love To sow the pre-cious seed.

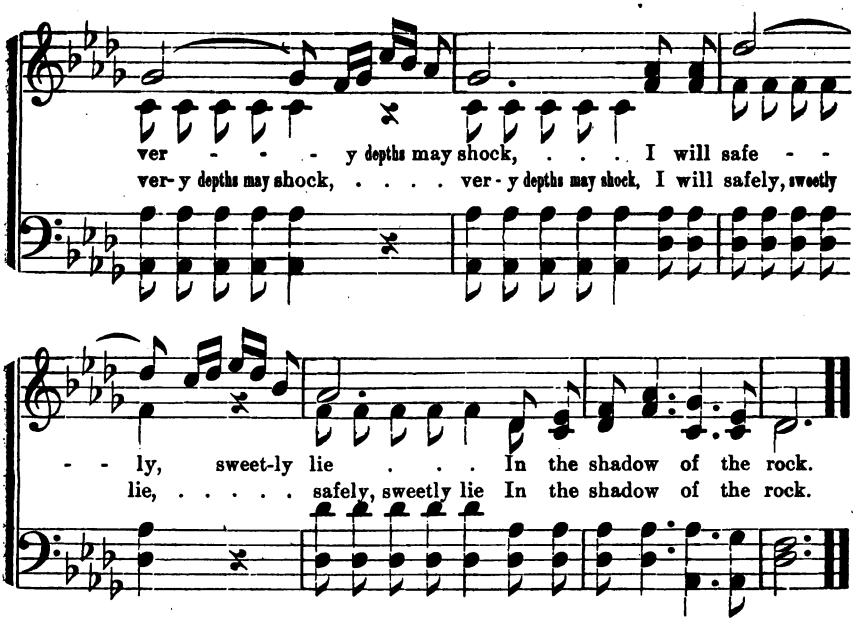
PRAISE THE LORD. 15

"I will praise thee, O Lord Ps. 9: 1."

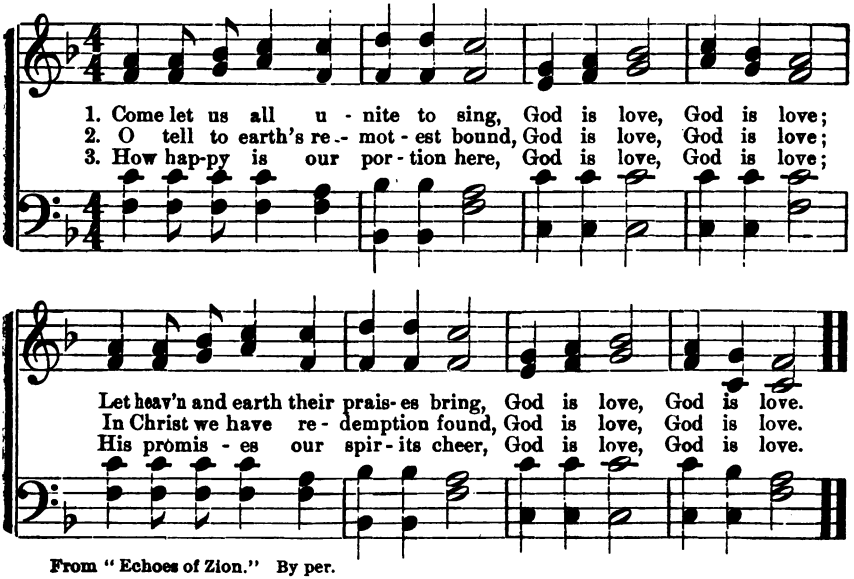
Rev. T. C. NEAL. T. J. JOHN.

1. Come, let us join in joy-ful lays, To praise our blessed King;
2. How much we owe to him who died, Our ru-ined souls to save;
3. Oh, when we cross death's surging stream, And reach the Glo-ry-shore;
With heart and voice, let us re-joice, And hap-py trib-ute bring.
The Sav-ior dear, who suffered here, That we might glo-ry have.
When Christ we greet, and dear ones meet, We'll sing for ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
Oh, praise the Lord! Oh, praise the Lord!
Oh, praise the Lord! Oh, praise the Lord!
With heart and voice let us re-joice, And hap-py trib-ute bring.

16 "LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

GRACE L. BANKS. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. In the shadow of his wings, I am rest- ing ev- 'ry day, And my soul with
2. "It is I, be not a - fraid," Sweetly all bow to his will, E'en the winds and
3. Tho' the light grow dim and dark, Yet my heart will still re-joice, For he's near us,
rapture sings, Of his love a-long the way; Tho' the storms may rend the sky, And the
waves o - bey His soft voice of "peace, be still;" I will list - en to his word, Tho' the
list- en, hark! To his sweet, his still, small voice: "Fear not, child, I'm with thee now, I will
ve-ry depths may shock, I will safe-ly, calmly lie In the shadow of the rock.
humblest of his flock, And when heights and depths are stirred, I will rest with-in the rock.
be thy lasting friend," Hum-bly to his mandate bow, He'll be with you to the end.
CHORUS.
Tho' the storms . . . . may rend the sky, ... And the
Tho' the storms may rend the sky, . . . Storms may rend the sky, And the

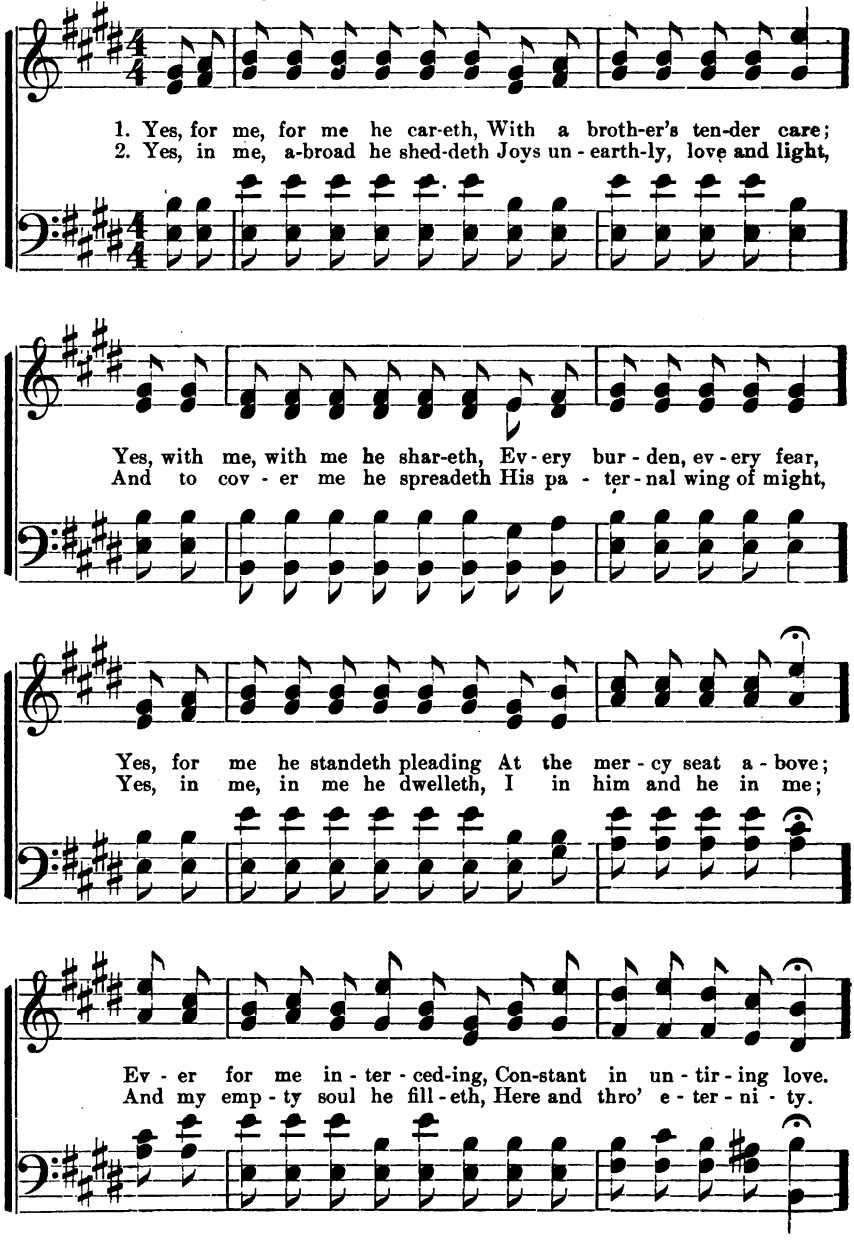

ver - - - - y depths may shock, ... I will safe - -
ver- y depths may shock, ... ver - y depths may shock, I will safely, sweetly
- - ly, sweet-ly lie . . . In the shadow of the rock.
lie, ... safely, sweetly lie In the shadow of the rock.

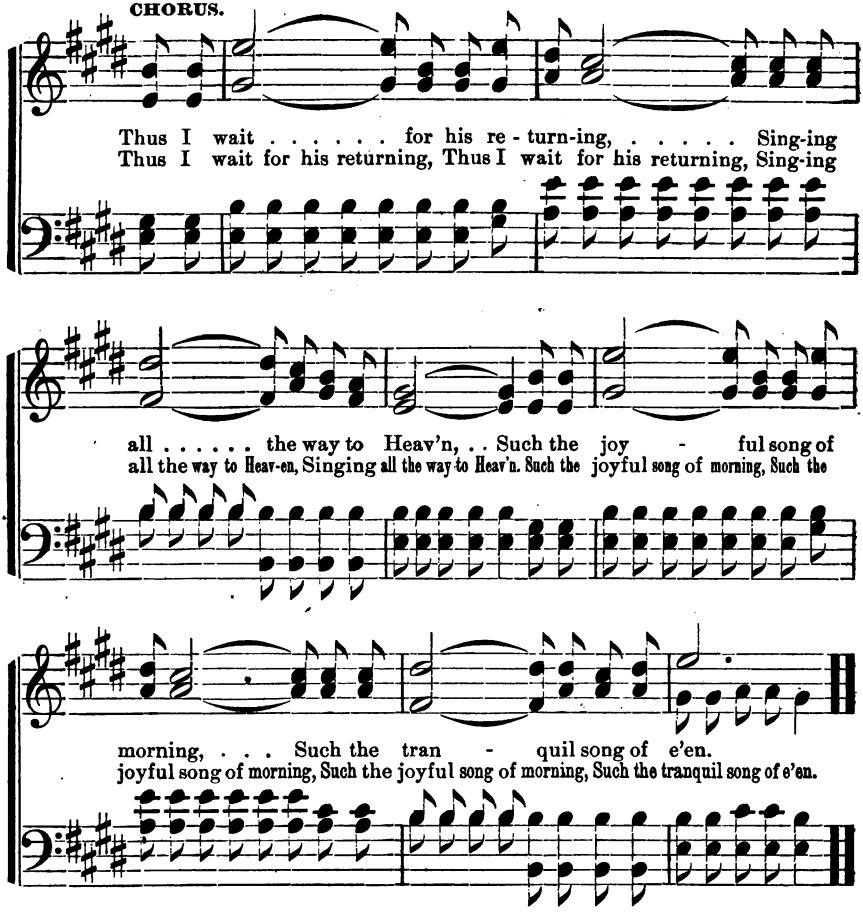
GOD IS LOVE.

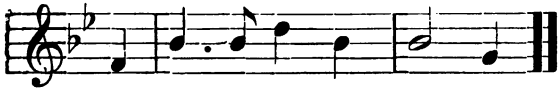
D. W. CRIST.

1. Come let us all u - nite to sing, God is love, God is love;
2. O tell to earth's re - mot - est bound, God is love, God is love;
3. How hap-py is our por - tion here, God is love, God is love;
Let heav'n and earth their prais- es bring, God is love, God is love.
In Christ we have re - demption found, God is love, God is love.
His promis - es our spir - its cheer, God is love, God is love.

From "Echoes of Zion." By per.

"FOR ME HE CARETH."

From BONER. Arr. by R. S. H. R. S. HANNA.

1. Yes, for me, for me he car-eth, With a broth-er's ten-der care;
2. Yes, in me, a-broad he shed-deth Joys un - earth-ly, love and light,
Yes, with me, with me he shar-eth, Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery fear,
And to cov - er me he spreadeth His pa - ter - nal wing of might,
Yes, for me he standeth pleading At the mer - cy seat a - bove;
Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth, I in him and he in me;
Ev - er for me in - ter - ced-ing, Con-stant in un - tir - ing love.
And my emp - ty soul he fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

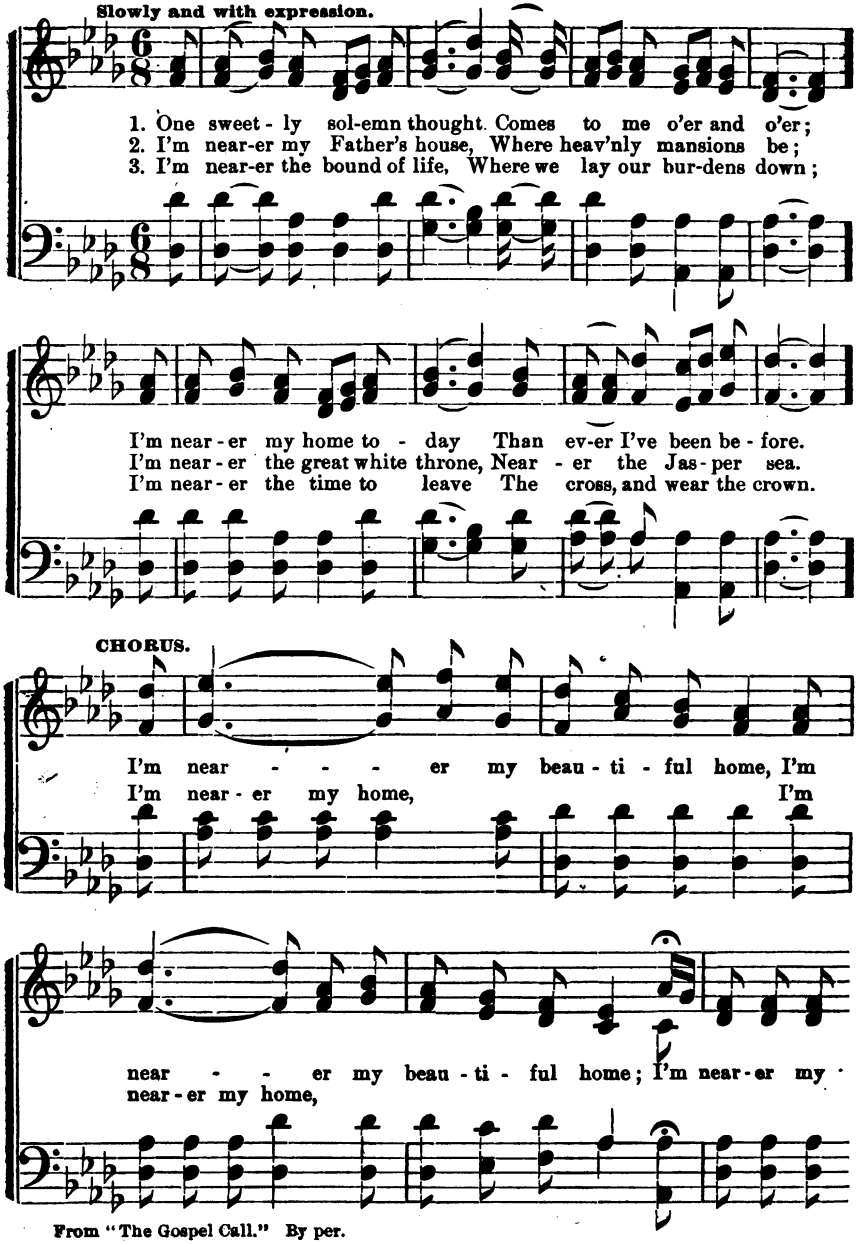
CHORUS.

Thus I wait . . . . . for his re - turn-ing, ... Sing-ing
Thus I wait for his returning, Thus I wait for his returning, Sing-ing
all . . . . . the way to Heav'n, . . Such the joy - ful song of
all the way to Hear-en, Singing all the way to Heav'n. Such the joyful song of morning, Such the
morning, . . . Such the tran - quil song of e'en.
joyful song of morning, Such the joyful song of morning, Such the tranquil song of e'en.

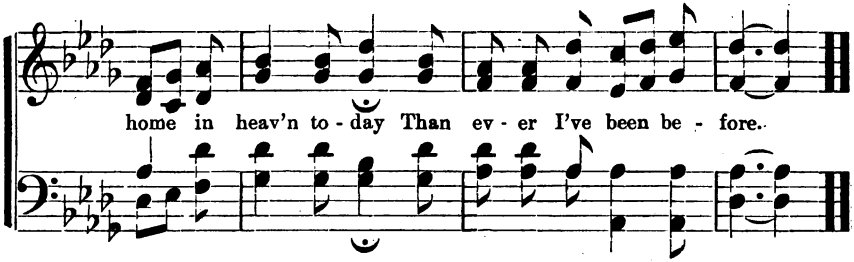
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

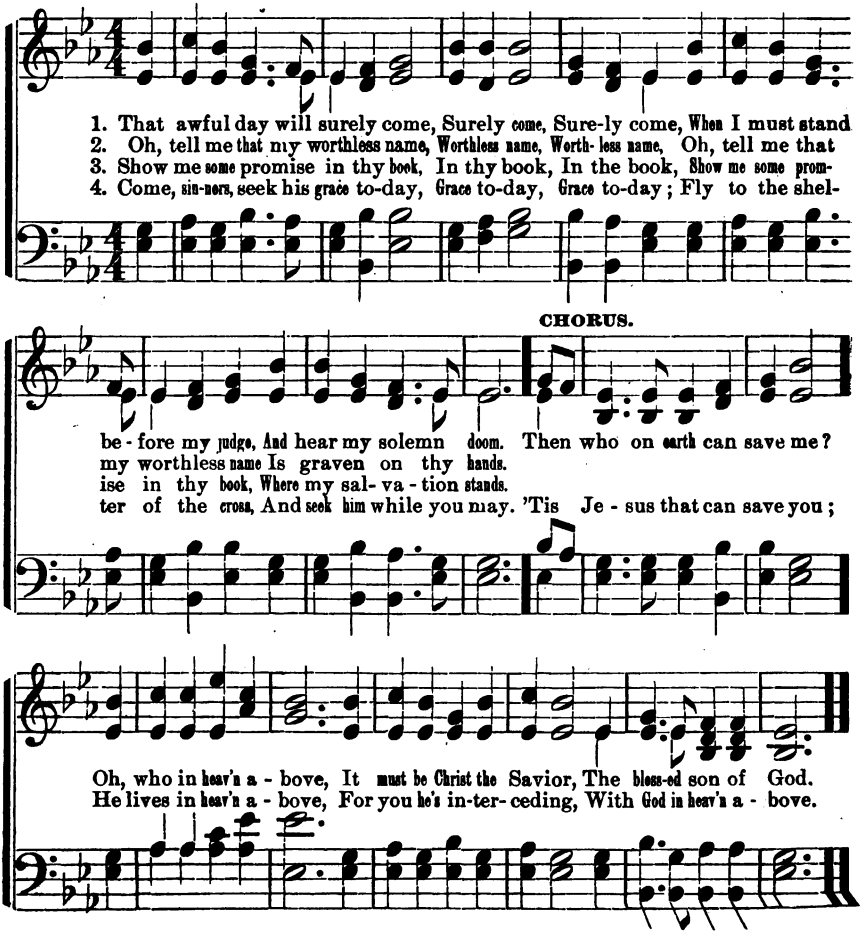
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this, his glorious day;
Ye that are men now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

NEARER HOME.

J. T. REESE.

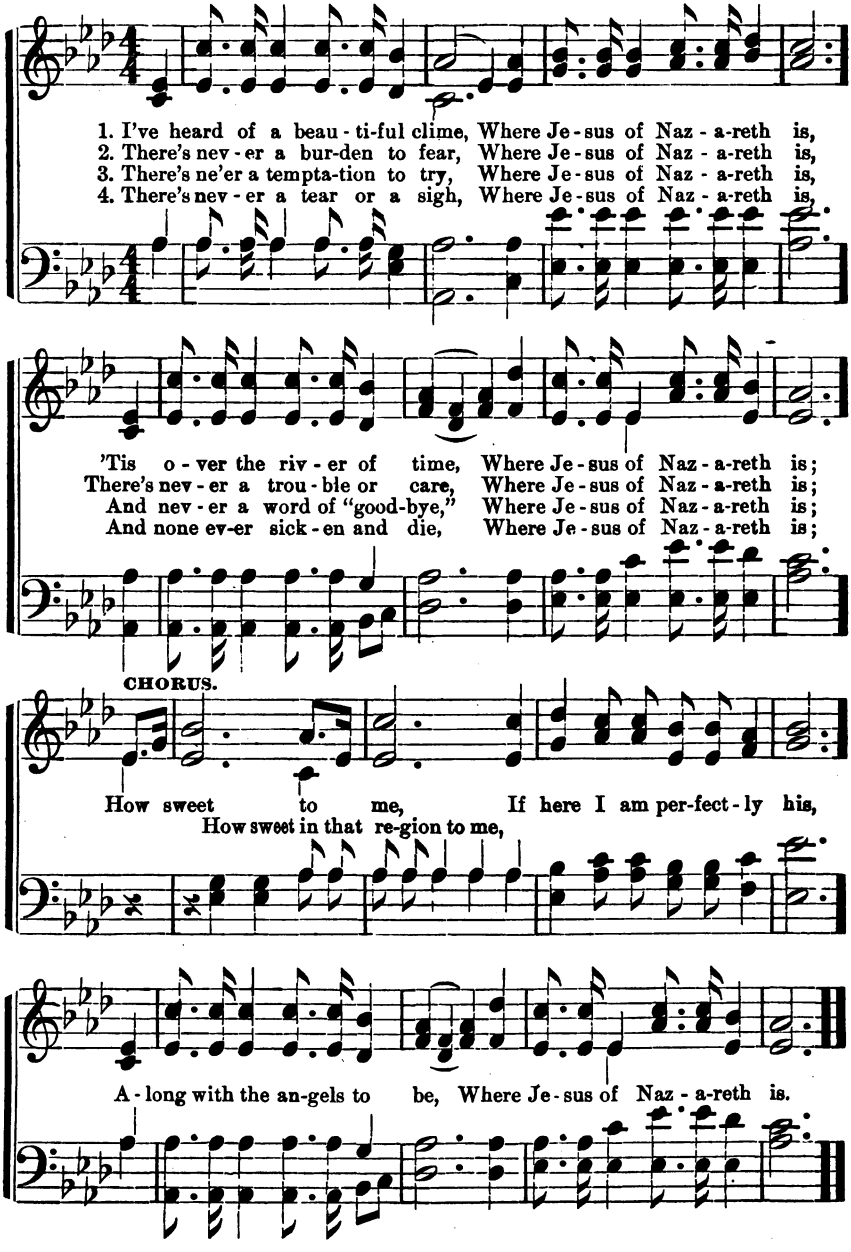
Slowly and with expression.

1. One sweet - ly sol-emn thought. Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. I'm near-er my Father's house, Where heav'nly mansions be;
3. I'm near-er the bound of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;
I'm near - er my home to - day Than ev-er I've been be - fore.
I'm near - er the great white throne, Near - er the Jas - per sea.
I'm near - er the time to leave The cross, and wear the crown.
CHORUS.
I'm near - - - - er my beau - ti - ful home, I'm
I'm near - er my home, I'm
near - - - er my beau - ti - ful home; I'm near - er my
near - er my home,

From "The Gospel Call." By per.

THAT AWFUL DAY WILL COME.

R. S. H. R. S. HANNA.

1. That awful day will surely come, Surely come, Sure-ly come, When I must stand
2. Oh, tell me that my worthless name, Worthless name, Worth- less name, Oh, tell me that
3. Show me some promise in thy book, In thy book, In the book, Show me some prom-
4. Come, sin-ners, seek his grace to-day, Grace to-day, Grace to-day; Fly to the shel-
CHORUS.
be - fore my judge, And hear my solemn doom. Then who on earth can save me?
my worthless name Is graven on thy hands.
ise in thy book, Where my sal- va - tion stands.
ter of the cross, And seek him while you may. 'Tis Je - sus that can save you;
Oh, who in heav'n a - bove, It must be Christ the Savior, The bless-ed son of God.
He lives in heav'n a - bove, For you he's in-ter- ceding, With God in heav'n a - bove.

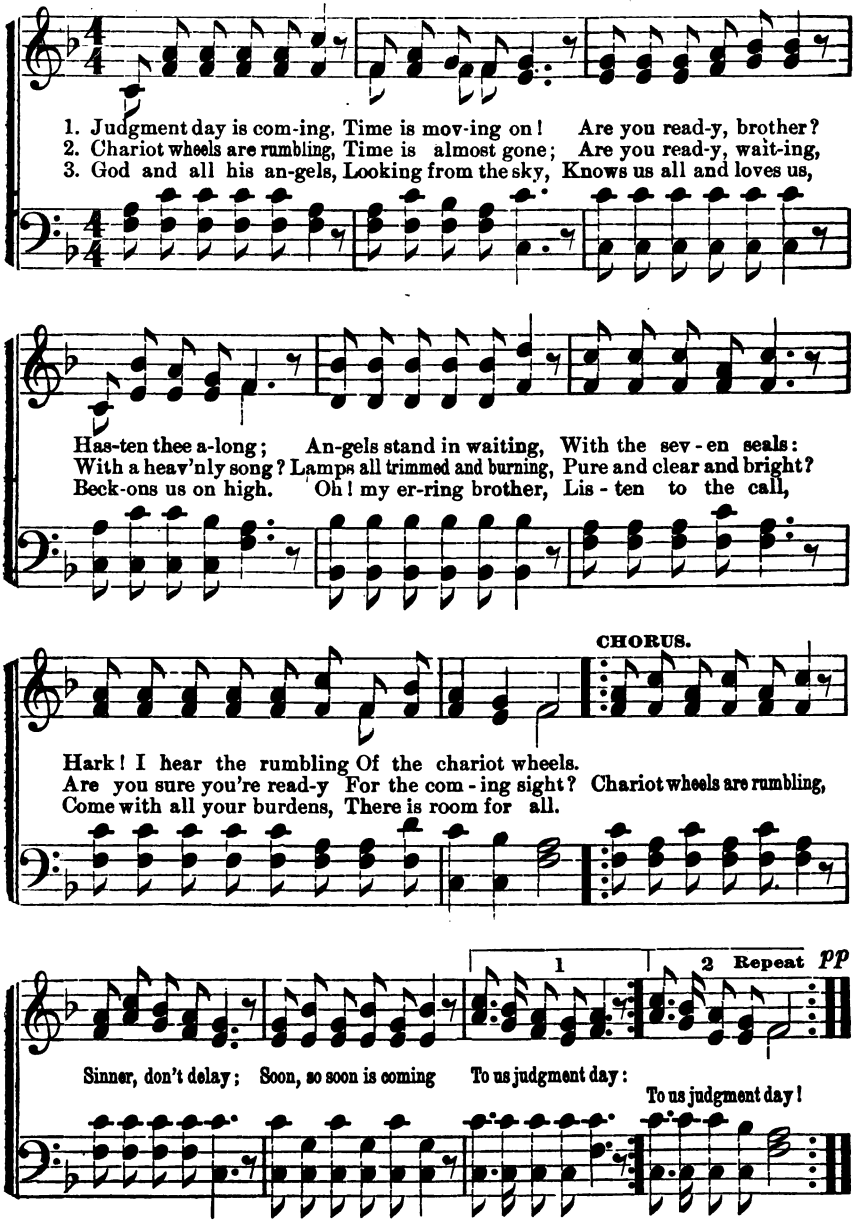
22 WHERE JESUS OF NAZARETH IS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND, LEWIS CASKEY.

E. R. LATTA. R. S. HANNA.

1. I've heard of a beau - ti-ful clime, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is,
2. There's nev - er a bur-den to fear, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is,
3. There's ne'er a tempta-tion to try, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is,
4. There's nev - er a tear or a sigh, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is,
'Tis o - ver the riv - er of time, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is;
There's nev - er a trou - ble or care, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is;
And nev - er a word of "good-bye," Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is;
And none ev-er sick - en and die, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is;
CHORUS.
How sweet to me, If here I am per-fect - ly his,
How sweet in that re-gion to me,
A - long with the an-gels to be, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth is.

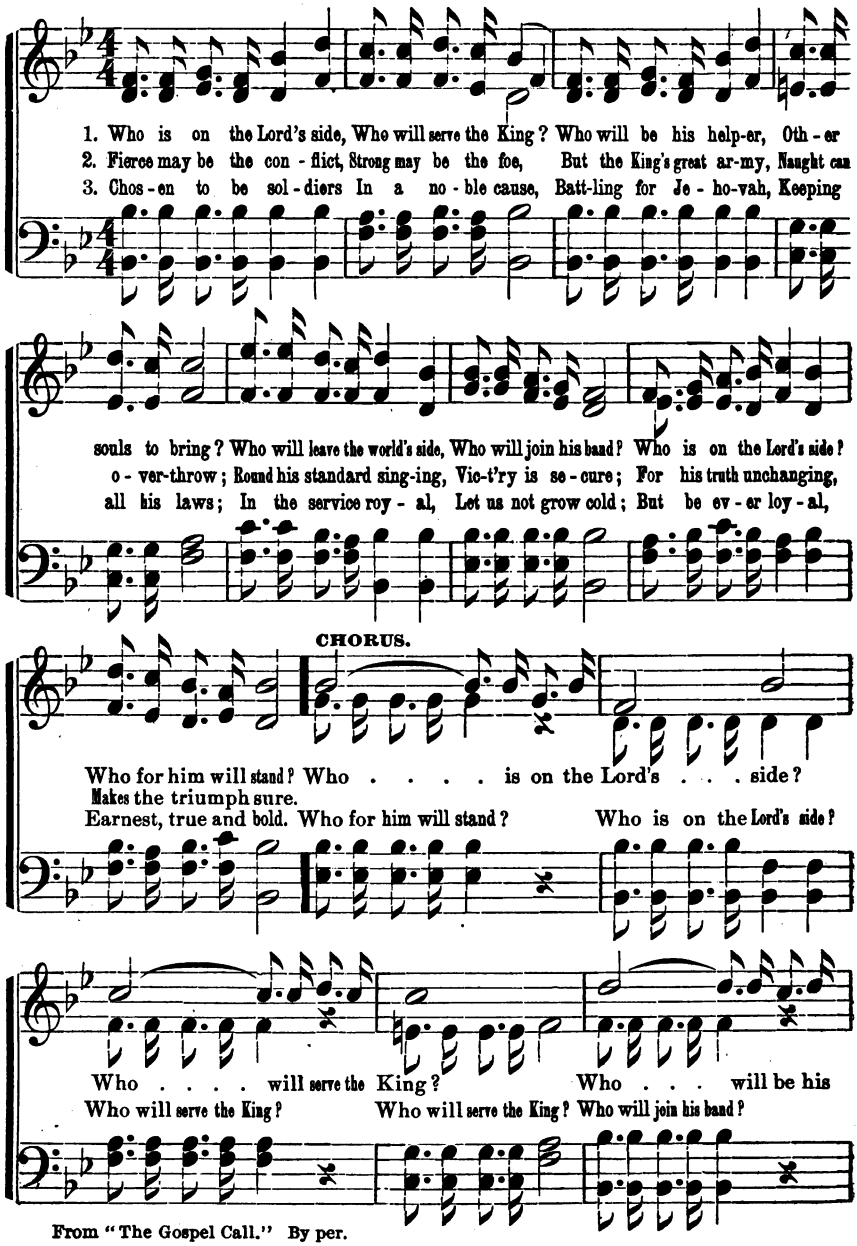
JUDGMENT DAY IS COMING. 23

John 6 : 40.

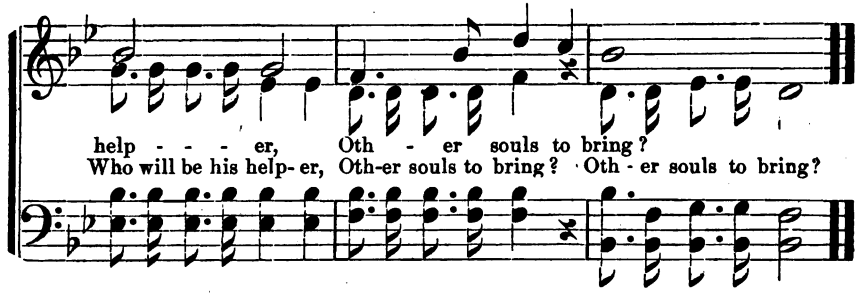
GRACE L. BANKS. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Judgment day is com-ing, Time is mov-ing on! Are you read-y, brother?
2. Chariot wheels are rumbling, Time is almost gone; Are you read-y, wait-ing,
3. God and all his an-gels, Looking from the sky, Knows us all and loves us,
Has-ten thee a-long; An-gels stand in waiting, With the sev-en seals:
With a heav'nly song? Lamps all trimmed and burning, Pure and clear and bright?
Beck-ons us on high. Oh! my er-ring brother, Lis-ten to the call,
CHORUS.
Hark! I hear the rumbling Of the chariot wheels.
Are you sure you're read-y For the com-ing sight? Chariot wheels are rumbling,
Come with all your burdens, There is room for all.
1
2
Repeat
pp
Sinner, don't delay; Soon, so soon is coming To us judgment day:
To us judgment day!

24 WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

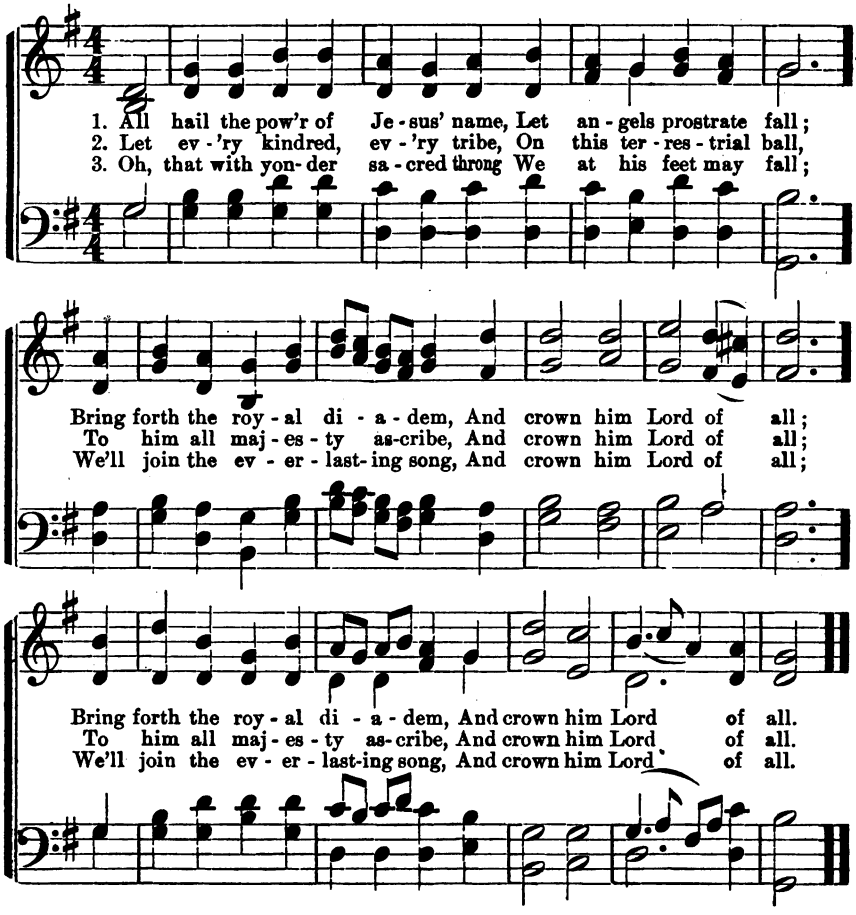
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. T. REESE.


1. Who is on the Lord's side, Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-er, Oth-er
2. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's great ar-my, Naught can
3. Chos-en to be sol-diers In a no-ble cause, Batt-ling for Je-ho-vah, Keeping
souls to bring? Who will leave the world's side, Who will join his band? Who is on the Lord's side?
o-ver-throw; Round his standard sing-ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure; For his truth unchanging,
all his laws; In the service roy-al, Let us not grow cold; But be ev-er loy-al,
CHORUS.
Who for him will stand? Who . . . . is on the Lord's . . . side?
Makes the triumph sure.
Earnest, true and bold. Who for him will stand? Who is on the Lord's side?
Who . . . . will serve the King? Who . . . will be his
Who will serve the King? Who will serve the King? Who will join his band?

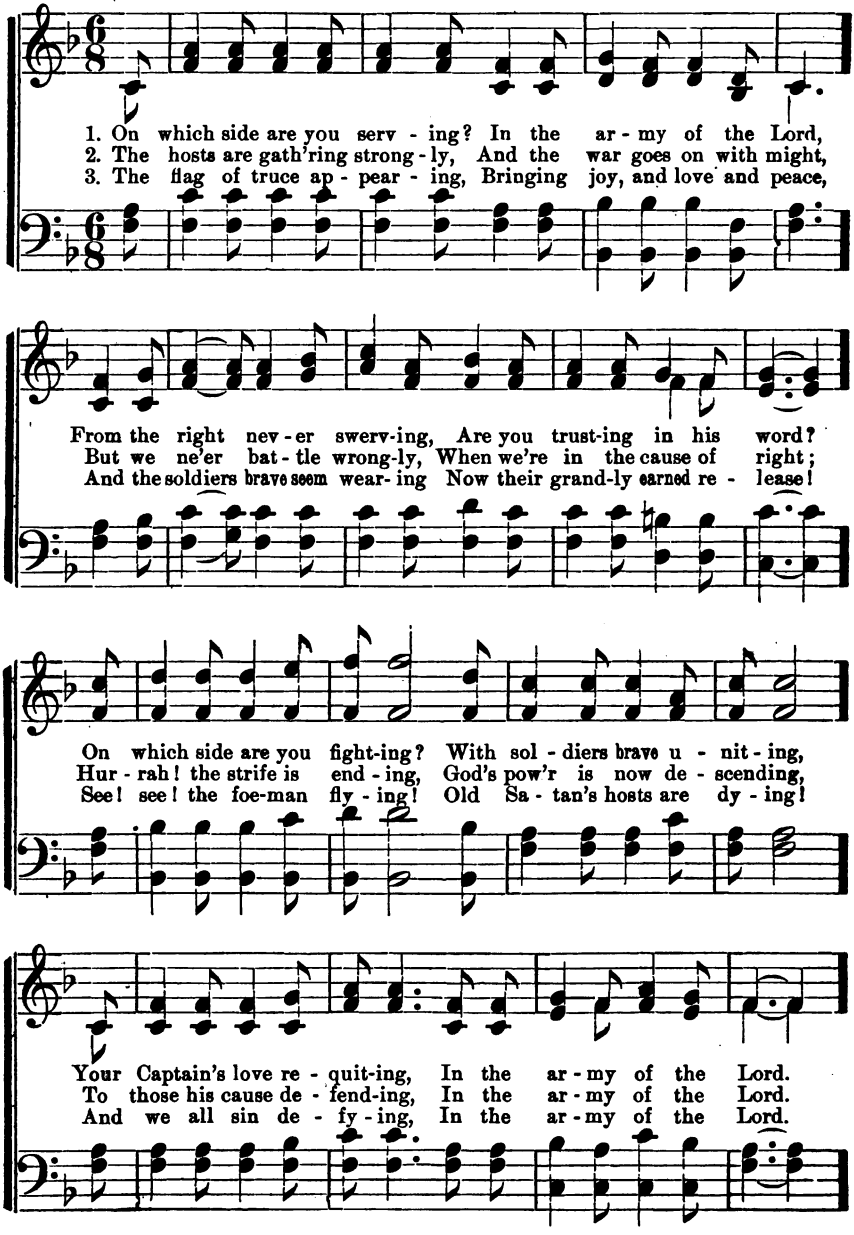
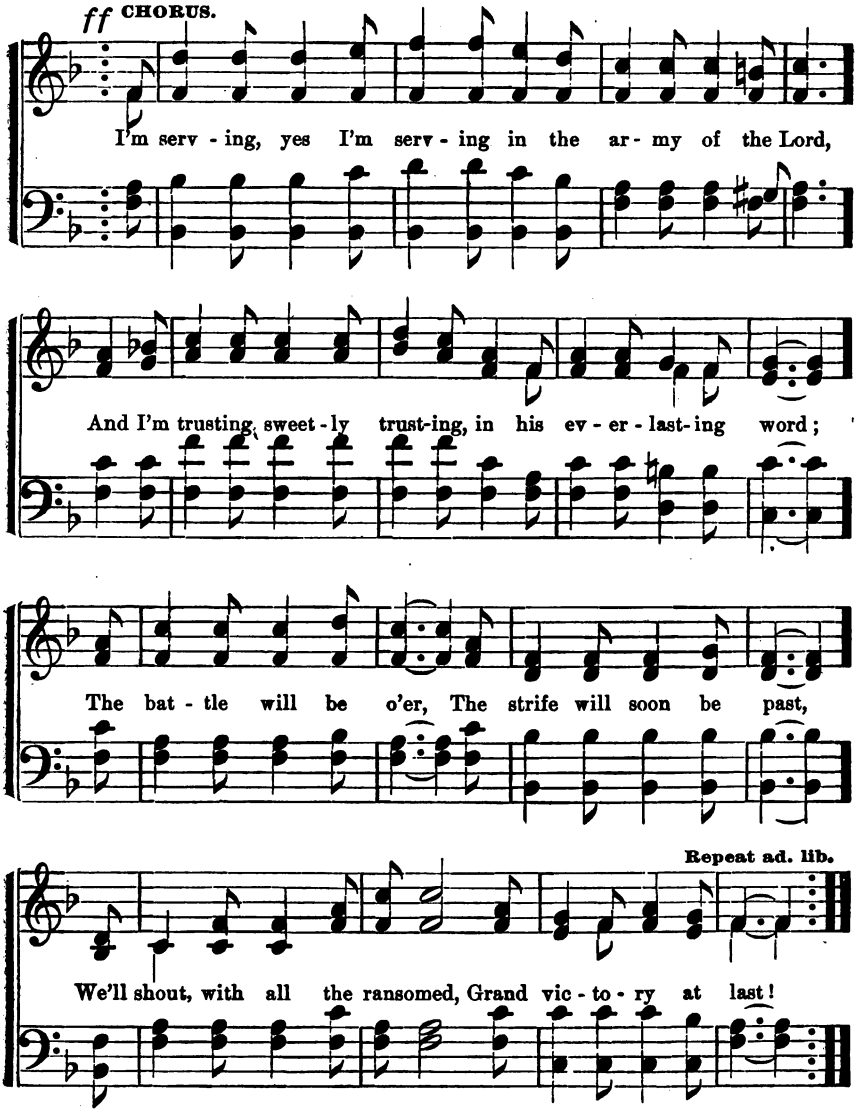
From "The Gospel Call." By per.



ALL HAIL THE POWER.

PERONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon- der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

26 THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

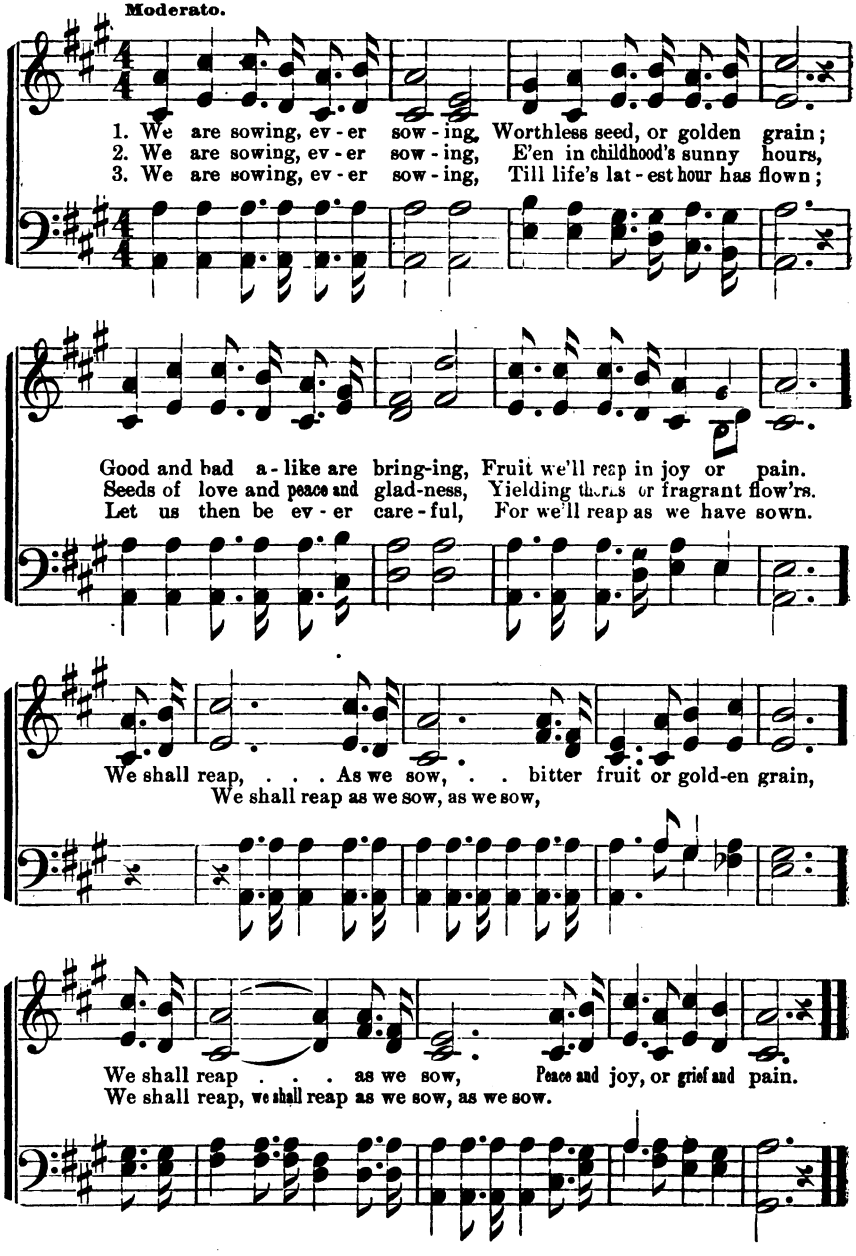
GRACE L. BANKS. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. On which side are you serv - ing? In the ar - my of the Lord,
2. The hosts are gath'ring strong - ly, And the war goes on with might,
3. The flag of truce ap - pear - ing, Bringing joy, and love and peace,
From the right nev - er swerv-ing, Are you trust-ing in his word?
But we ne'er bat - tle wrong-ly, When we're in the cause of right;
And the soldiers brave seem wear- ing Now their grand-ly earned re - lease!
On which side are you fight-ing? With sol - diers brave u - nit - ing,
Hur - rah! the strife is end - ing, God's pow'r is now de - scending,
See! see! the foe-man fly - ing! Old Sa - tan's hosts are dy - ing!
Your Captain's love re - quit-ing, In the ar - my of the Lord.
To those his cause de - fend-ing, In the ar - my of the Lord.
And we all sin de - fy - ing, In the ar - my of the Lord.

ff CHORUS.
I'm serv - ing, yes I'm serv - ing in the ar - my of the Lord,
And I'm trusting, sweet - ly trust-ing, in his ev - er - last-ing word;
The bat - tle will be o'er, The strife will soon be past,
Repeat ad. lib.
We'll shout, with all the ransomed, Grand vic - to - ry at last!

O, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

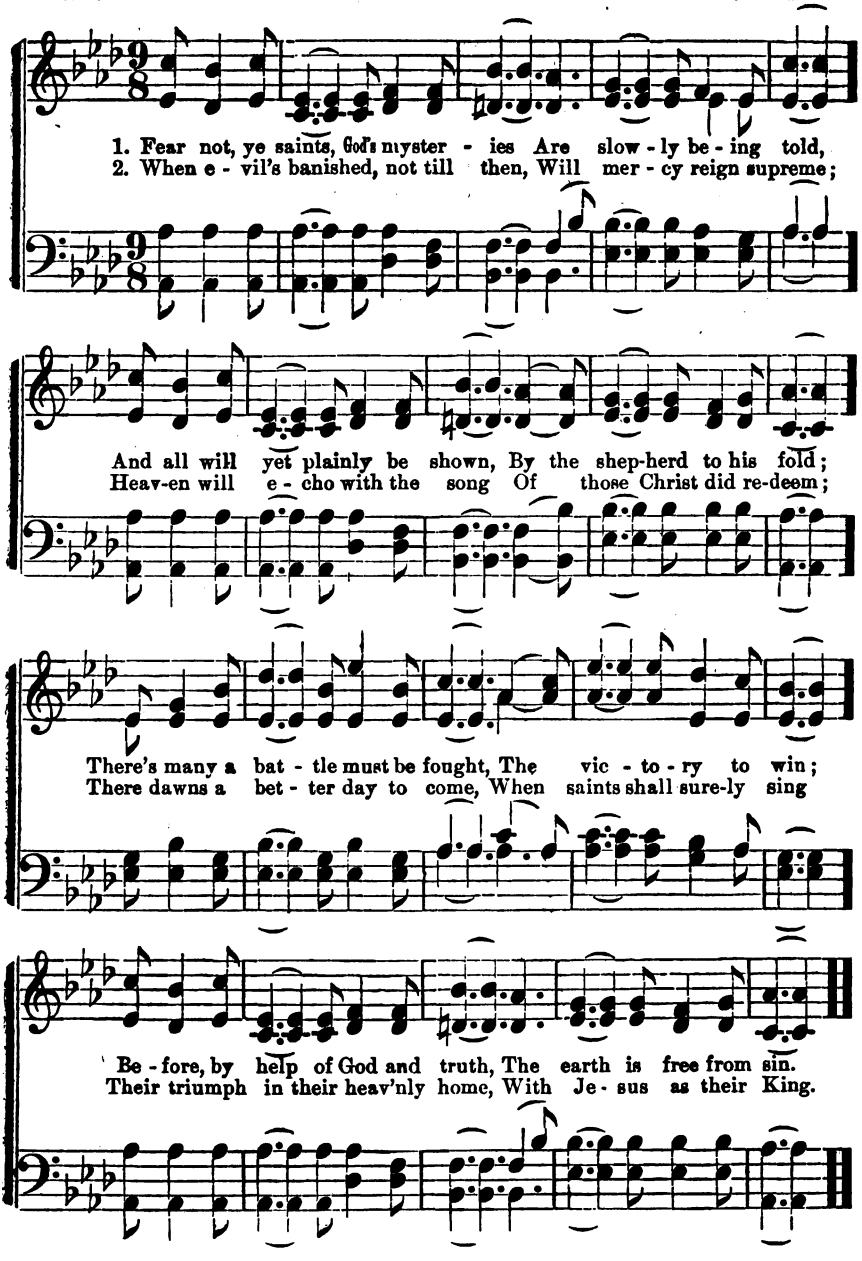
1 O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

28 "WE SHALL REAP."

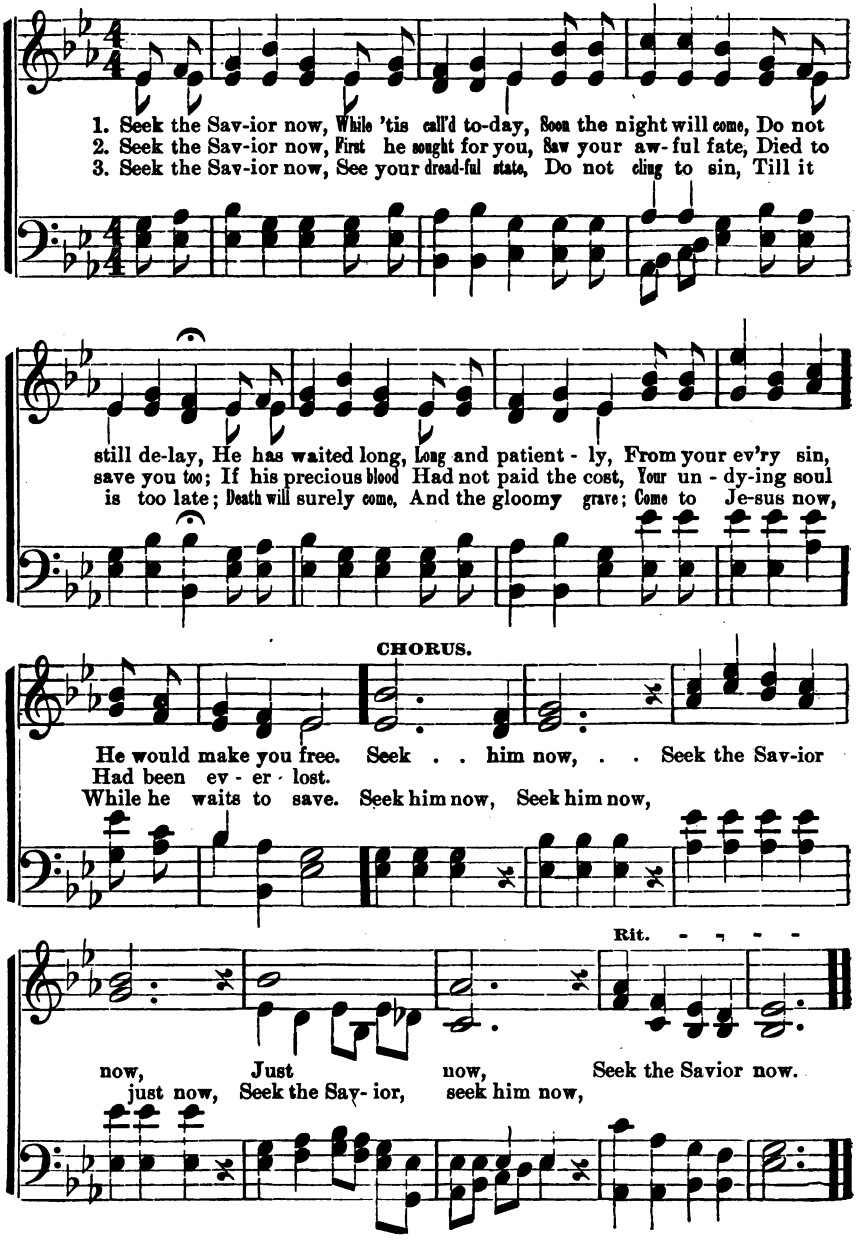
R. S. H. Gal. 6 : 7. R. S. HANNA.

Moderato.
1. We are sowing, ev - er sow - ing, Worthless seed, or golden grain;
2. We are sowing, ev - er sow - ing, E'en in childhood's sunny hours,
3. We are sowing, ev - er sow - ing, Till life's lat - est hour has flown;
Good and bad a - like are bring-ing, Fruit we'll reap in joy or pain.
Seeds of love and peace and glad-ness, Yielding thorns or fragrant flow'rs.
Let us then be ev - er care - ful, For we'll reap as we have sown.
We shall reap, . . . As we sow, . . bitter fruit or gold-en grain,
We shall reap as we sow, as we sow,
We shall reap . . . as we sow, Peace and joy, or grief and pain.
We shall reap, we shall reap as we sow, as we sow.

FEAR NOT, YE SAINTS. 29

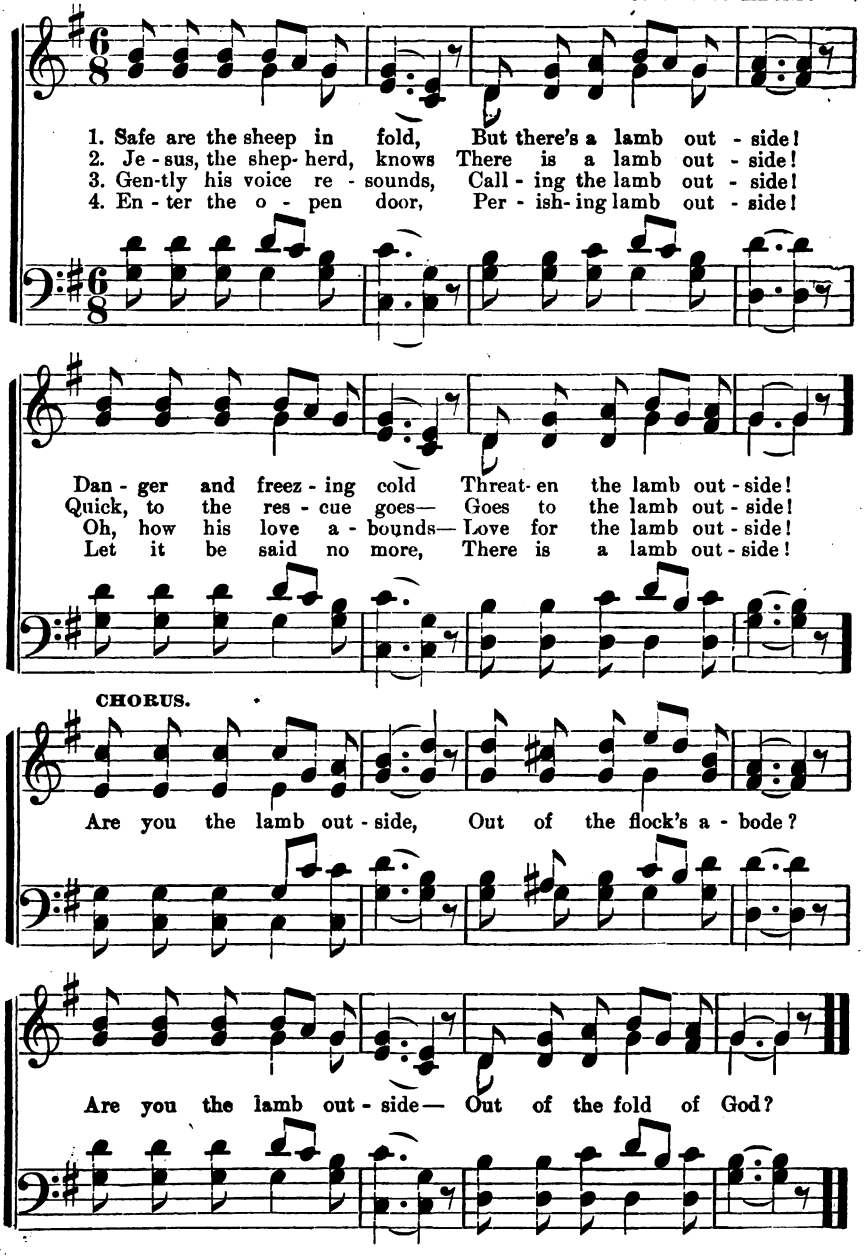
Wm. P. Rees. Luke 12: 32. J. T. Reese.

1. Fear not, ye saints, God's myster - ies Are slow - ly be - ing told,
2. When e - vil's banished, not till then, Will mer - cy reign supreme;
And all will yet plainly be shown, By the shep-herd to his fold;
Heav-en will e - cho with the song Of those Christ did re-deem;
There's many a bat - tle must be fought, The vic - to - ry to win;
There dawns a bet - ter day to come, When saints shall sure-ly sing
Be - fore, by help of God and truth, The earth is free from sin.
Their triumph in their heav'nly home, With Je - sus as their King.

30 SEEK THE SAVIOR NOW.

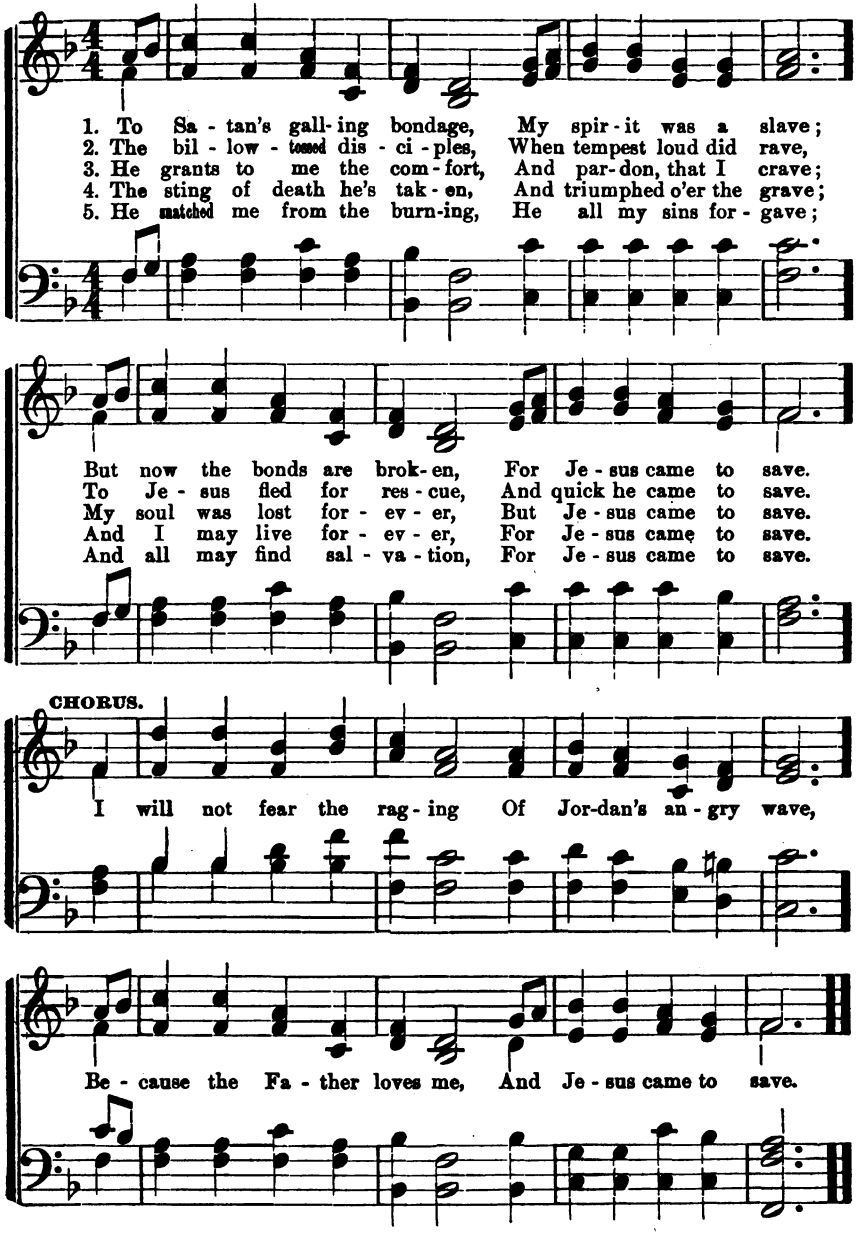
"Come, for all things are now ready." Luke 14: 17.

E. R. LATTA. R. S. HANNA.

1. Seek the Sav-ior now, While 'tis call'd to-day, Soon the night will come, Do not
2. Seek the Sav-ior now, First he sought for you, Saw your aw-ful fate, Died to
3. Seek the Sav-ior now, See your dread-ful state, Do not cling to sin, Till it
still de-lay, He has waited long, Long and patient - ly, From your ev'ry sin,
save you too; If his precious blood Had not paid the cost, Your un - dy-ing soul
is too late; Death will surely come, And the gloomy grave; Come to Je-sus now,
CHORUS.
He would make you free. Seek . . him now, . . Seek the Sav-ior
Had been ev - er - lost.
While he waits to save. Seek him now, Seek him now,
Rit. - - - -
now, Just now, Seek the Savior now.
just now, Seek the Sav-ior, seek him now,

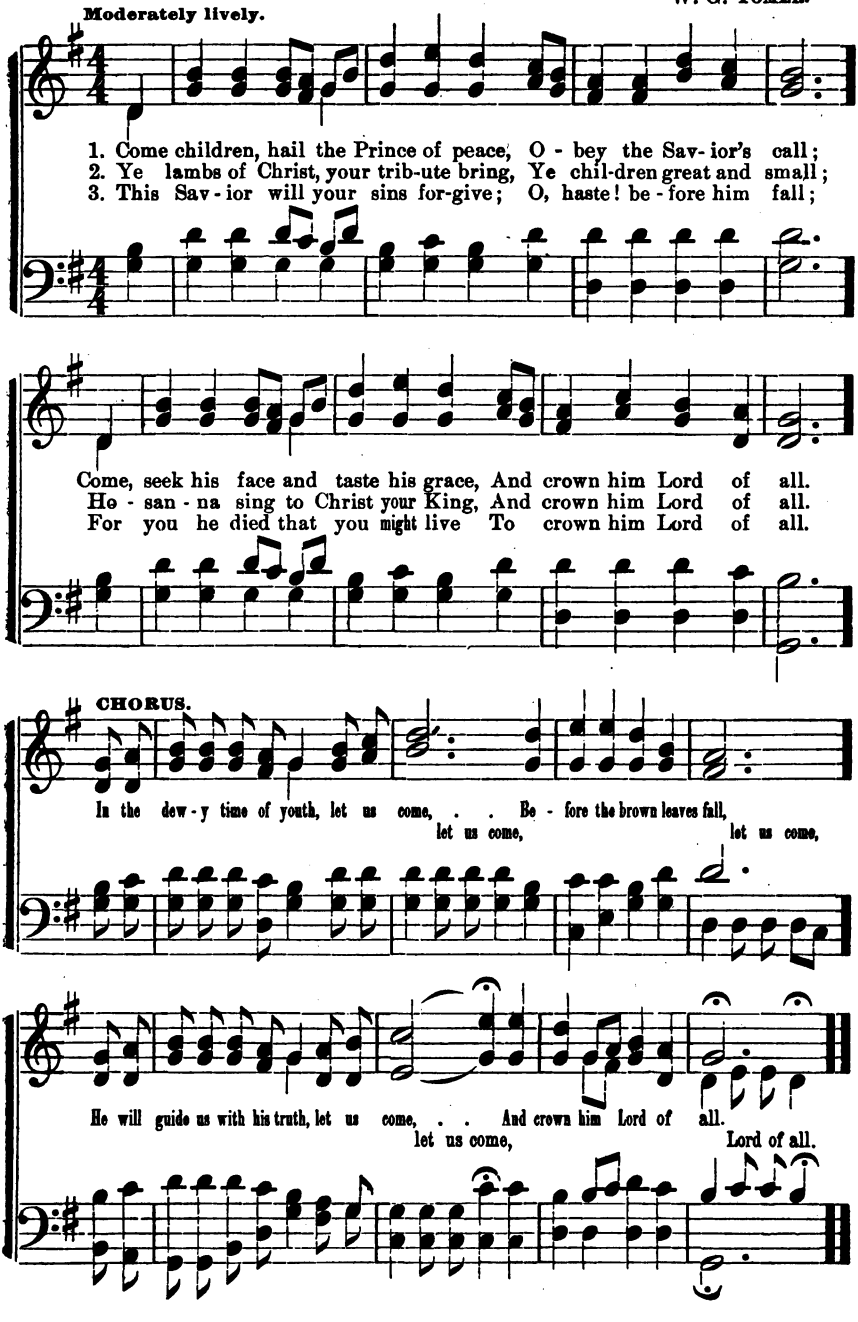
THE LAMB OUTSIDE. 31

E. R. LATTA. John 21: 15. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Safe are the sheep in fold, But there's a lamb out - side!
2. Je - sus, the shep- herd, knows There is a lamb out - side!
3. Gen-tly his voice re - sounds, Call - ing the lamb out - side!
4. En - ter the o - pen door, Per - ish- ing lamb out - side!
Dan - ger and freez - ing cold Threat- en the lamb out - side!
Quick, to the res - cue goes— Goes to the lamb out - side!
Oh, how his love a - bounds— Love for the lamb out - side!
Let it be said no more, There is a lamb out - side!
CHORUS.
Are you the lamb out - side, Out of the flock's a - bode?
Are you the lamb out - side— Out of the fold of God?

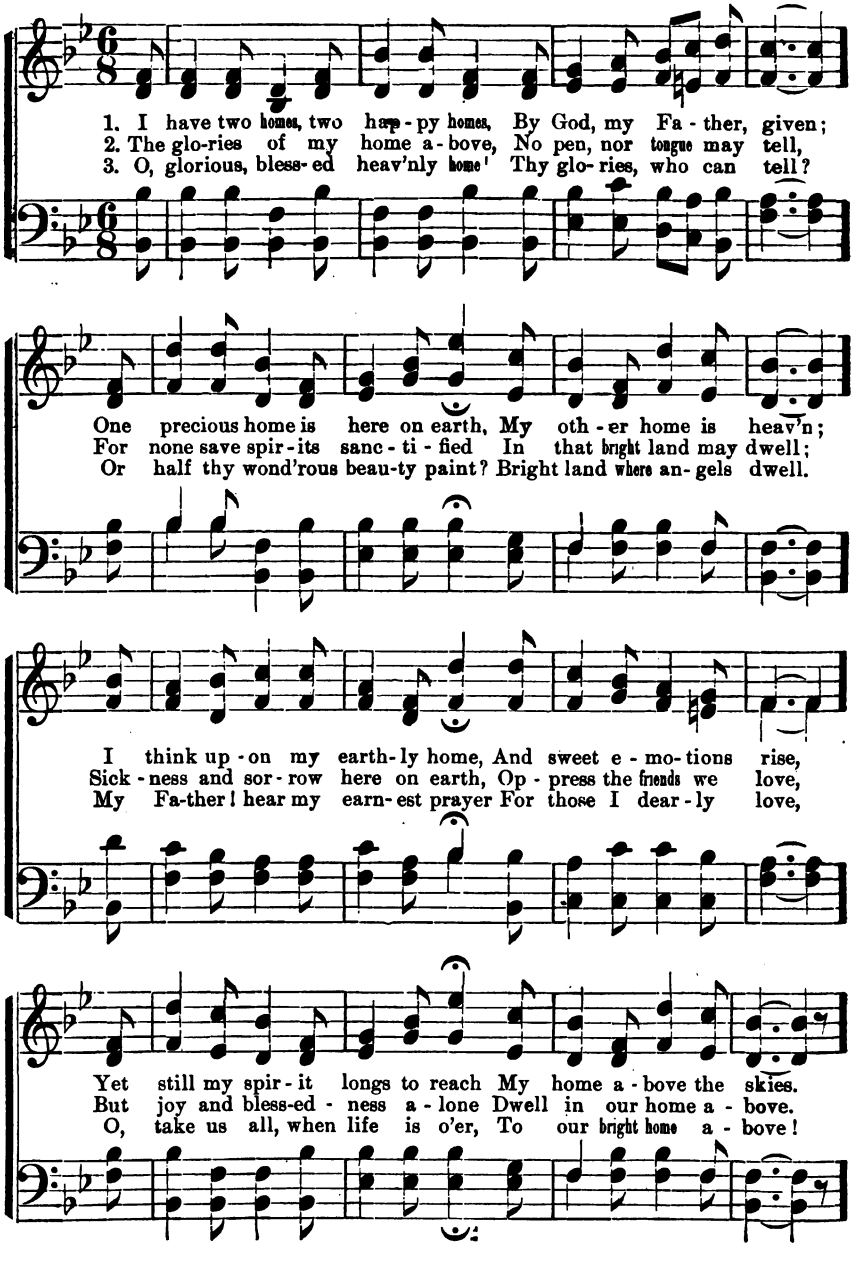
32 JESUS CAME TO SAVE.

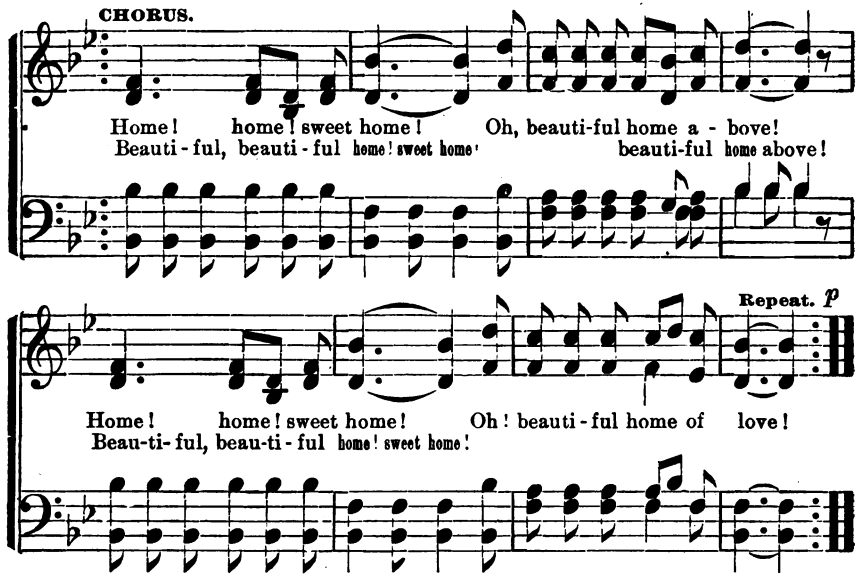
E. R. LATTA. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1: 21. R. S. HANNA.

1. To Sa - tan's gall - ing bondage, My spir - it was a slave;
2. The bil - low - tossed dis - ci - ples, When tempest loud did rave,
3. He grants to me the com - fort, And par - don, that I crave;
4. The sting of death he's tak - en, And triumphed o'er the grave;
5. He snatched me from the burn - ing, He all my sins for - gave;
But now the bonds are brok - en, For Je - sus came to save.
To Je - sus fled for res - cue, And quick he came to save.
My soul was lost for - ev - er, But Je - sus came to save.
And I may live for - ev - er, For Je - sus came to save.
And all may find sal - va - tion, For Je - sus came to save.
CHORUS.
I will not fear the rag - ing Of Jor - dan's an - gry wave,
Be - cause the Fa - ther loves me, And Je - sus came to save.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL! 33

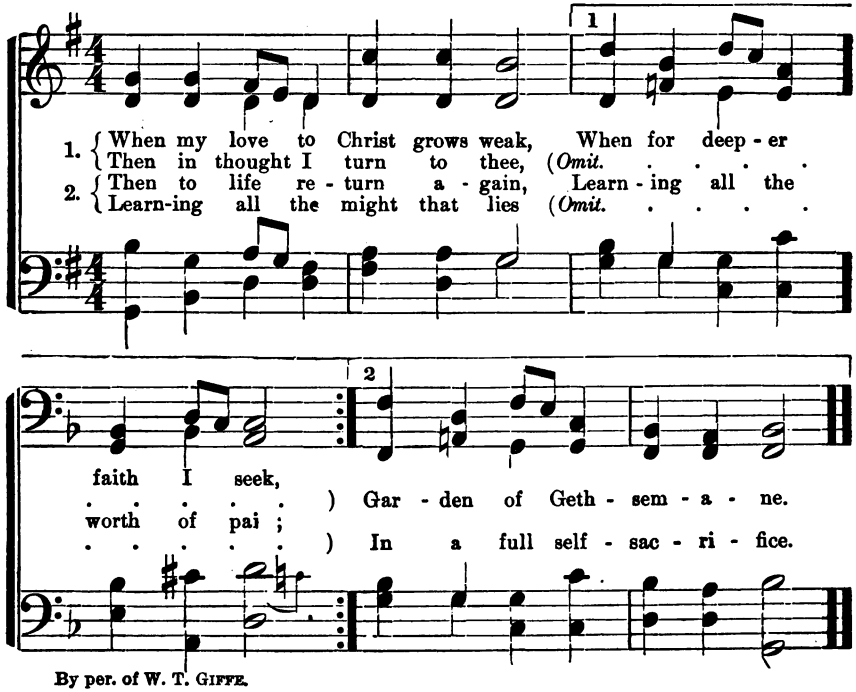
W. G. TOMER.

Moderately lively.
1. Come children, hail the Prince of peace, O - bey the Sav- ior's call;
2. Ye lambs of Christ, your trib-ute bring, Ye chil-dren great and small;
3. This Sav - ior will your sins for-give; O, haste! be - fore him fall;
Come, seek his face and taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
He - san - na sing to Christ your King, And crown him Lord of all.
For you he died that you might live To crown him Lord of all.
CHORUS.
In the dew - y time of youth, let us come, . . Be - fore the brown leaves fall,
let us come, let us come,
He will guide us with his truth, let us come, . . And crown him Lord of all.
let us come, Lord of all.

34 THE TWO HOMES.

EMILY CARROLL. W. G. TOMER.

1. I have two homes, two happy homes, By God, my Father, given;
2. The glories of my home above, No pen, nor tongue may tell,
3. O, glorious, blessed heav'nly home! Thy glories, who can tell?
One precious home is here on earth, My other home is heav'n;
For none save spirits sanctified In that bright land may dwell;
Or half thy wond'rous beauty paint? Bright land where angels dwell.
I think upon my earthly home, And sweet emotions rise,
Sickness and sorrow here on earth, Oppress the friends we love,
My Father! hear my earnest prayer For those I dearly love,
Yet still my spirit longs to reach My home above the skies.
But joy and blessedness alone Dwell in our home above.
O, take us all, when life is o'er, To our bright home above!


CHORUS.
Home! home! sweet home! Oh, beauti-ful home a - bove!
Beauti-ful, beauti-ful home! sweet home! beauti-ful home above!
Repeat. p
Home! home! sweet home! Oh! beauti-ful home of love!
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! sweet home!

GETHSEMANE.

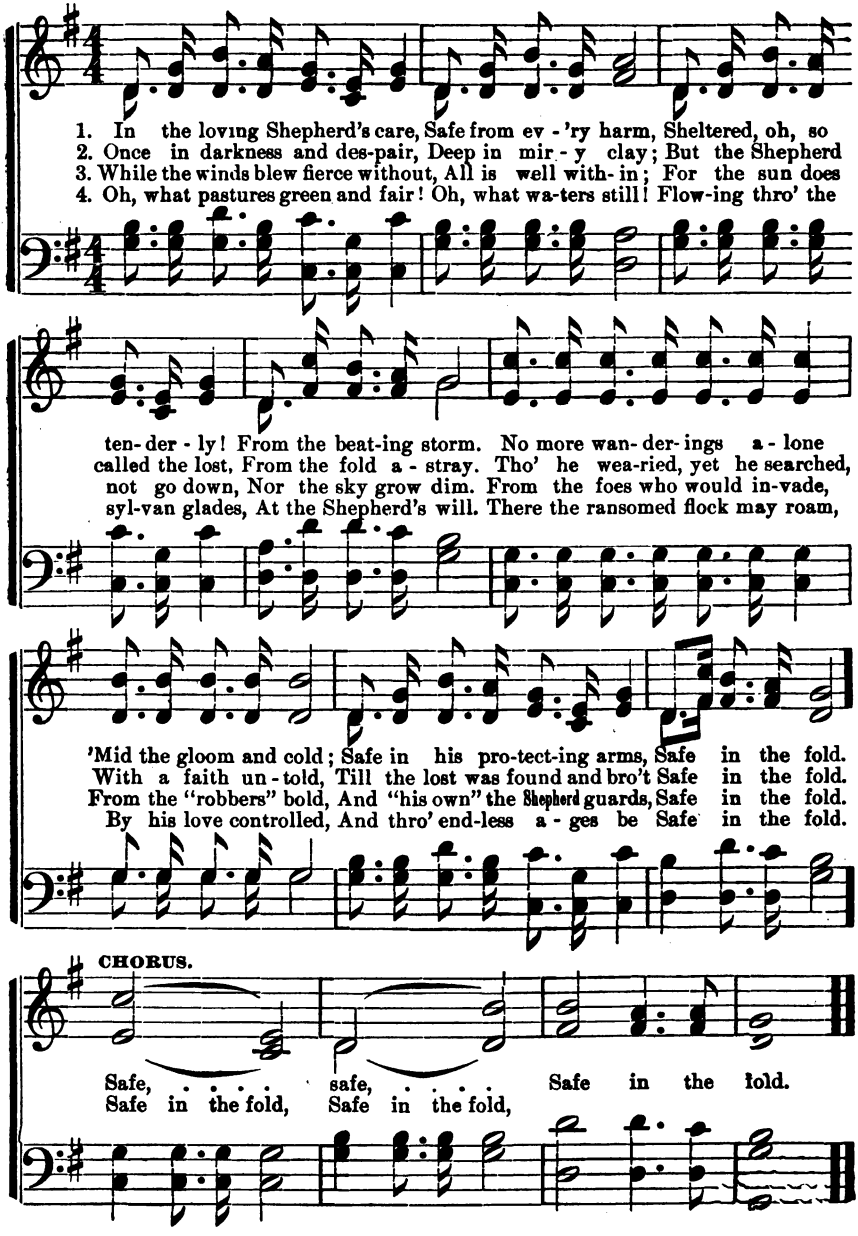
Pet. 4: 13. Arr. from MOZART.

1
1. When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deep - er
Then in thought I turn to thee, (Omit. . . . .
2. Then to life re - turn a - gain, Learn - ing all the
Learn-ing all the might that lies (Omit. . . . .
2
faith I seek,
. . . . .) Gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne.
worth of pai ;
. . . . .) In a full self - sac - ri - fice.

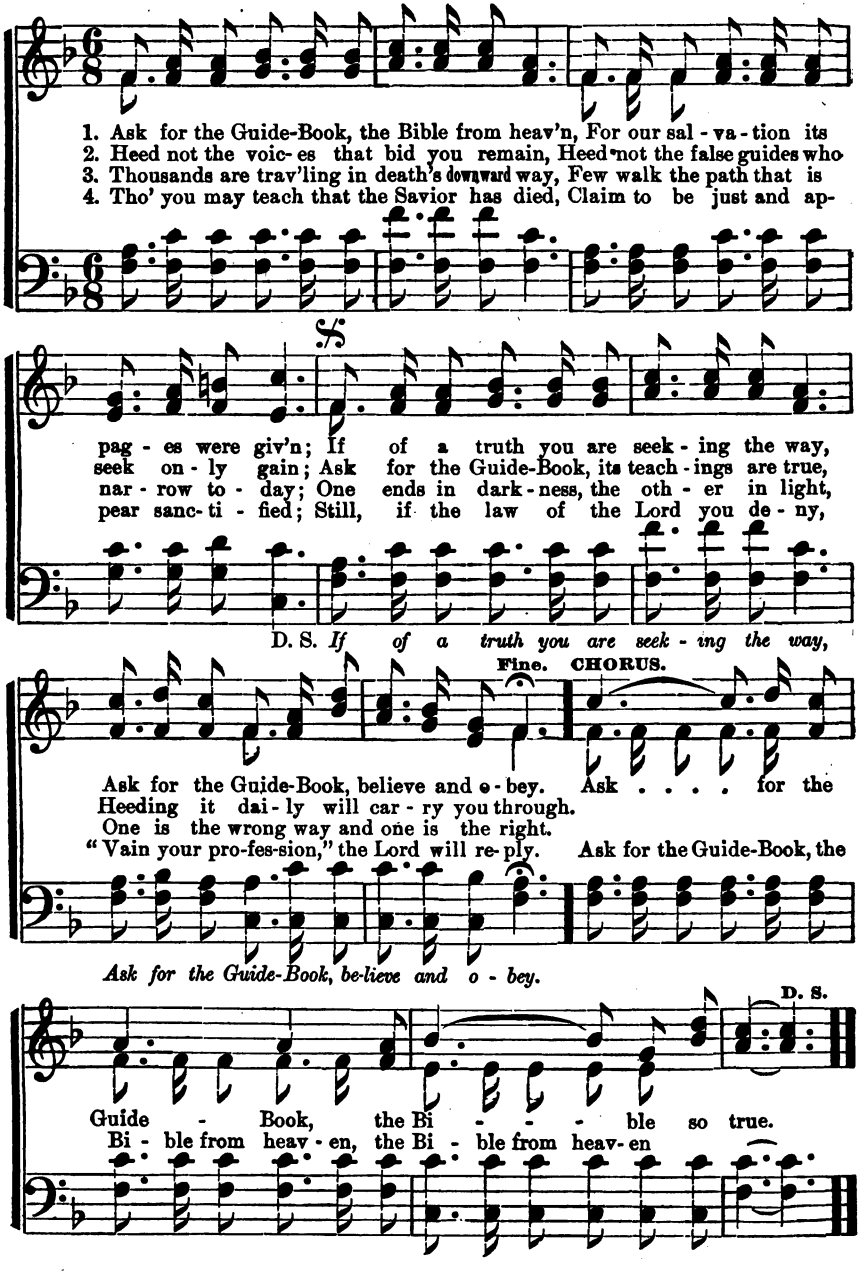
By per. of W. T. GIFFE.

36 SAFE IN THE FOLD.

"And there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."—John 10 : 16.

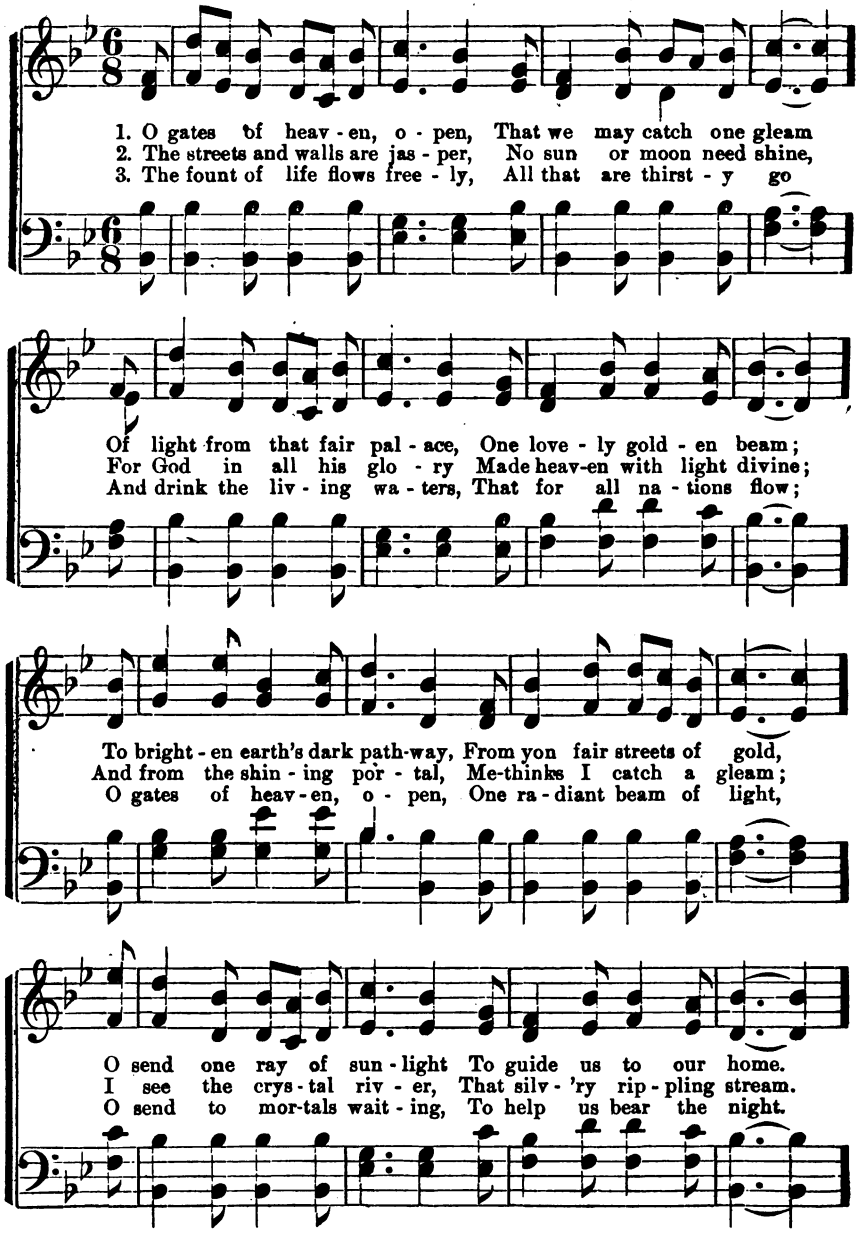
MRS. M. WARNER. C. V. STRICKLAND.

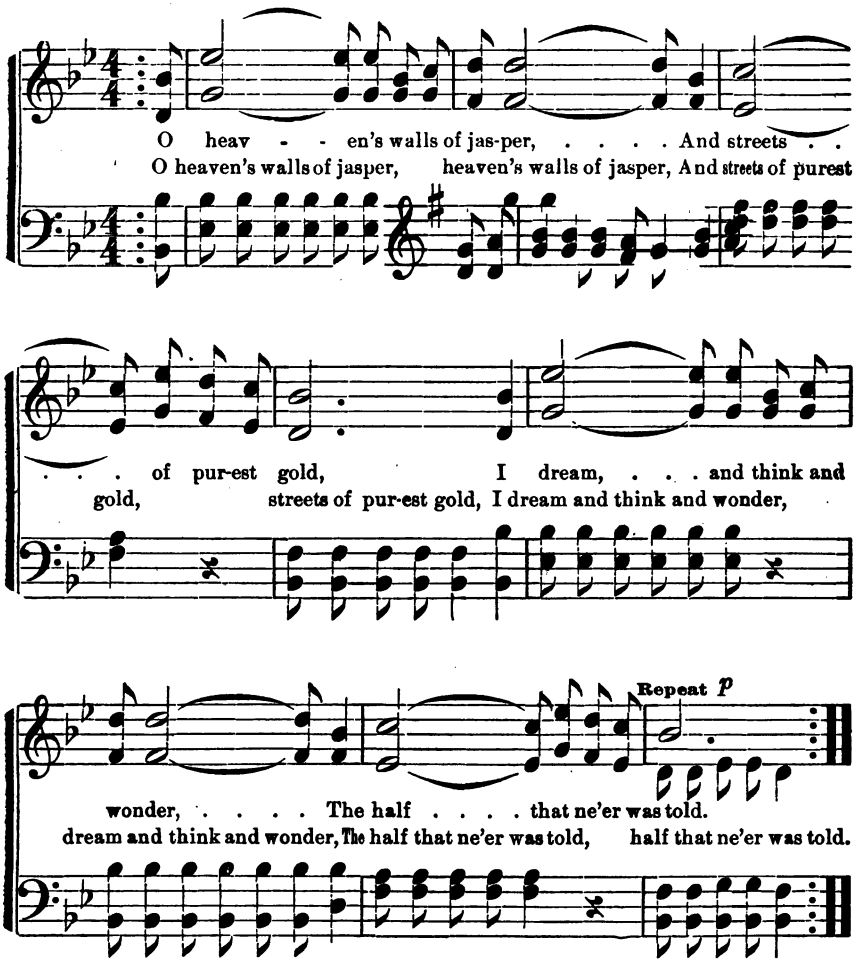

1. In the loving Shepherd's care, Safe from ev - 'ry harm, Sheltered, oh, so
2. Once in darkness and des-pair, Deep in mir - y clay; But the Shepherd
3. While the winds blew fierce without, All is well with- in; For the sun does
4. Oh, what pastures green and fair! Oh, what wa-ters still! Flow-ing thro' the
ten- der - ly! From the beat-ing storm. No more wan- der- ings a - lone
called the lost, From the fold a - stray. Tho' he wea-ried, yet he searched,
not go down, Nor the sky grow dim. From the foes who would in-vade,
syl-van glades, At the Shepherd's will. There the ransomed flock may roam,
'Mid the gloom and cold; Safe in his pro-tect-ing arms, Safe in the fold.
With a faith un - told, Till the lost was found and bro't Safe in the fold.
From the "robbers" bold, And "his own" the Shepherd guards, Safe in the fold.
By his love controlled, And thro' end-less a - ges be Safe in the fold.
CHORUS.
Safe, ... safe, ... Safe in the fold.
Safe in the fold, Safe in the fold,

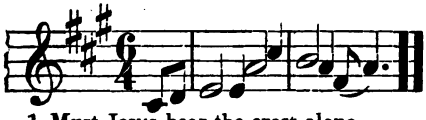
MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. Ask for the Guide-Book, the Bible from heav'n, For our sal - va - tion its
2. Heed not the voic- es that bid you remain, Heed not the false guides who
3. Thousands are trav'ling in death's downward way, Few walk the path that is
4. Tho' you may teach that the Savior has died, Claim to be just and ap-
pag - es were giv'n; If of a truth you are seek - ing the way,
seek on - ly gain; Ask for the Guide-Book, its teach - ings are true,
nar - row to - day; One ends in dark - ness, the oth - er in light,
pear sanc- ti - fied; Still, if the law of the Lord you de - ny,
D. S. If of a truth you are seek - ing the way,
Fine. CHORUS.
Ask for the Guide-Book, believe and o - bey. Ask . . . . for the
Heeding it dai - ly will car - ry you through.
One is the wrong way and one is the right.
"Vain your pro-fes-sion," the Lord will re-ply. Ask for the Guide-Book, the
Ask for the Guide-Book, be-lieve and o - bey.
D. S.
Guide - Book, the Bi - - - - ble so true.
Bi - ble from heav - en, the Bi - ble from heav- en

38 ONE GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." Rev. 7: 16.

GRACE L. BANKS. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. O gates of heav - en, o - pen, That we may catch one gleam
2. The streets and walls are jas - per, No sun or moon need shine,
3. The fount of life flows free - ly, All that are thirst - y go
Of light from that fair pal - ace, One love - ly gold - en beam;
For God in all his glo - ry Made heav-en with light divine;
And drink the liv - ing wa - ters, That for all na - tions flow;
To bright - en earth's dark path-way, From yon fair streets of gold,
And from the shin - ing por - tal, Me-thinks I catch a gleam;
O gates of heav - en, o - pen, One ra - diant beam of light,
O send one ray of sun - light To guide us to our home.
I see the crys - tal riv - er, That silv - 'ry rip - pling stream.
O send to mor-tals wait - ing, To help us bear the night.

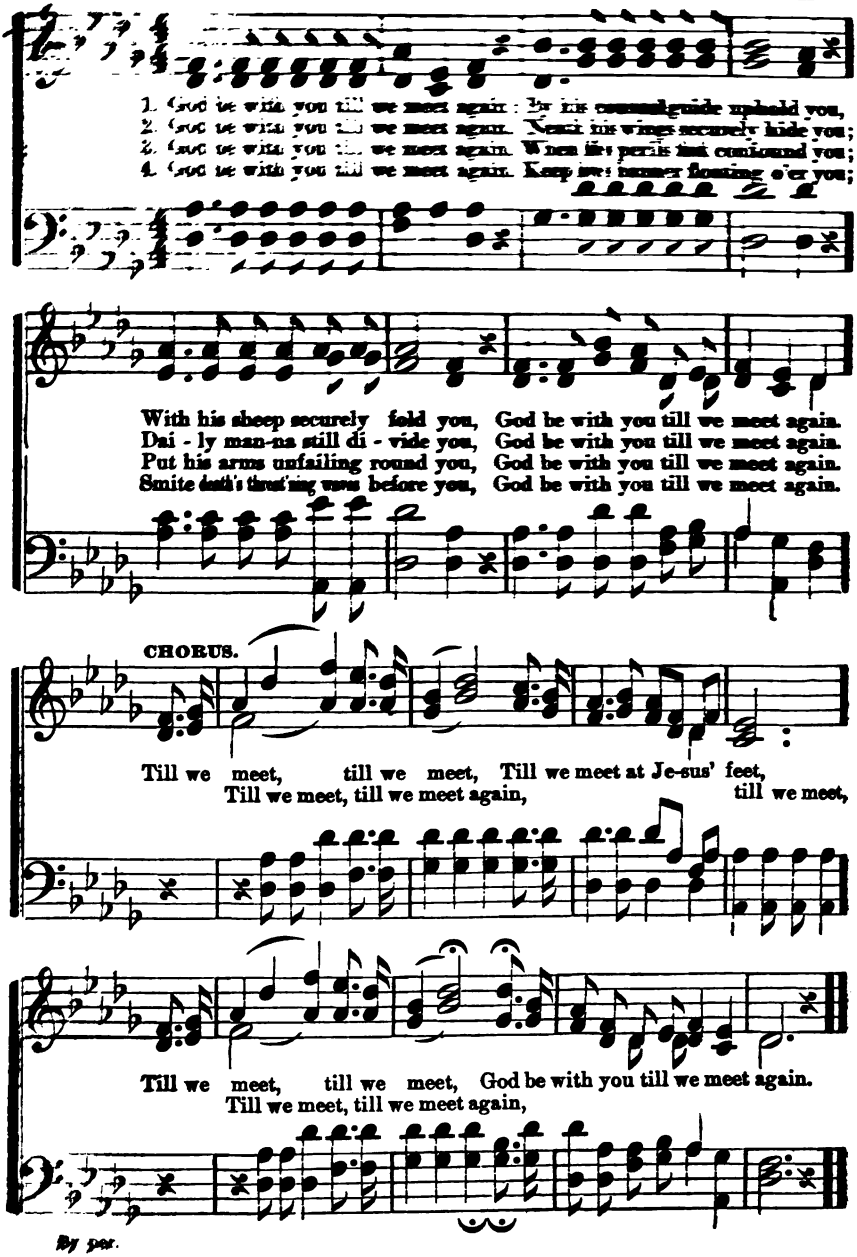
ONE GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN. Concluded. 39

O heav - - en's walls of jas-per, ... And streets . .
O heaven's walls of jasper, heaven's walls of jasper, And streets of purest
. . . of pur-est gold, I dream, . . . and think and
gold, streets of pur-est gold, I dream and think and wonder,
Repeat p
wonder, ... The half . . . . that ne'er was told.
dream and think and wonder, The half that ne'er was told, half that ne'er was told.

MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS?

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 O precious cross, O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

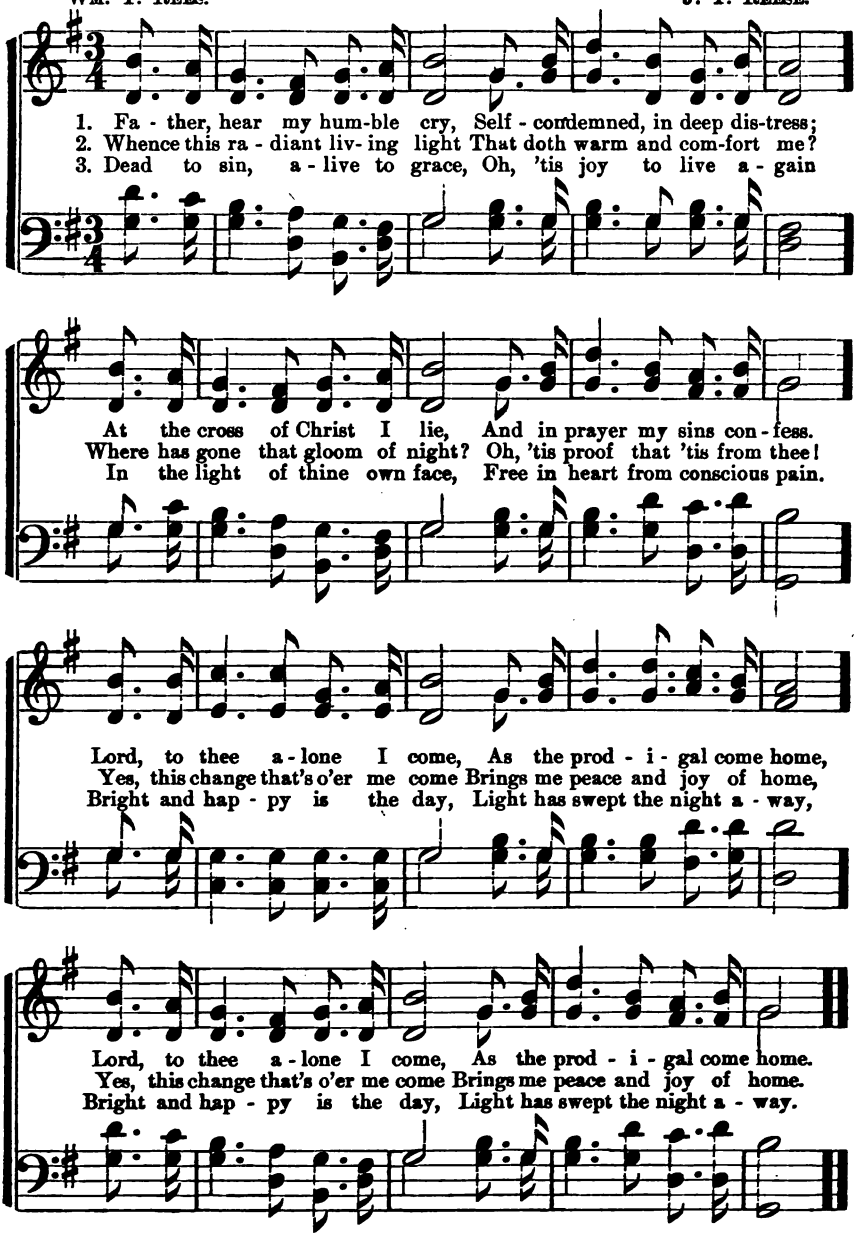
40 GOD BE WITH YOU.

Rev. J. R. Eastes, D.D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again: By his counsel guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again. Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again. When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet again. Keep you under shadow o'er you;
With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

By per.

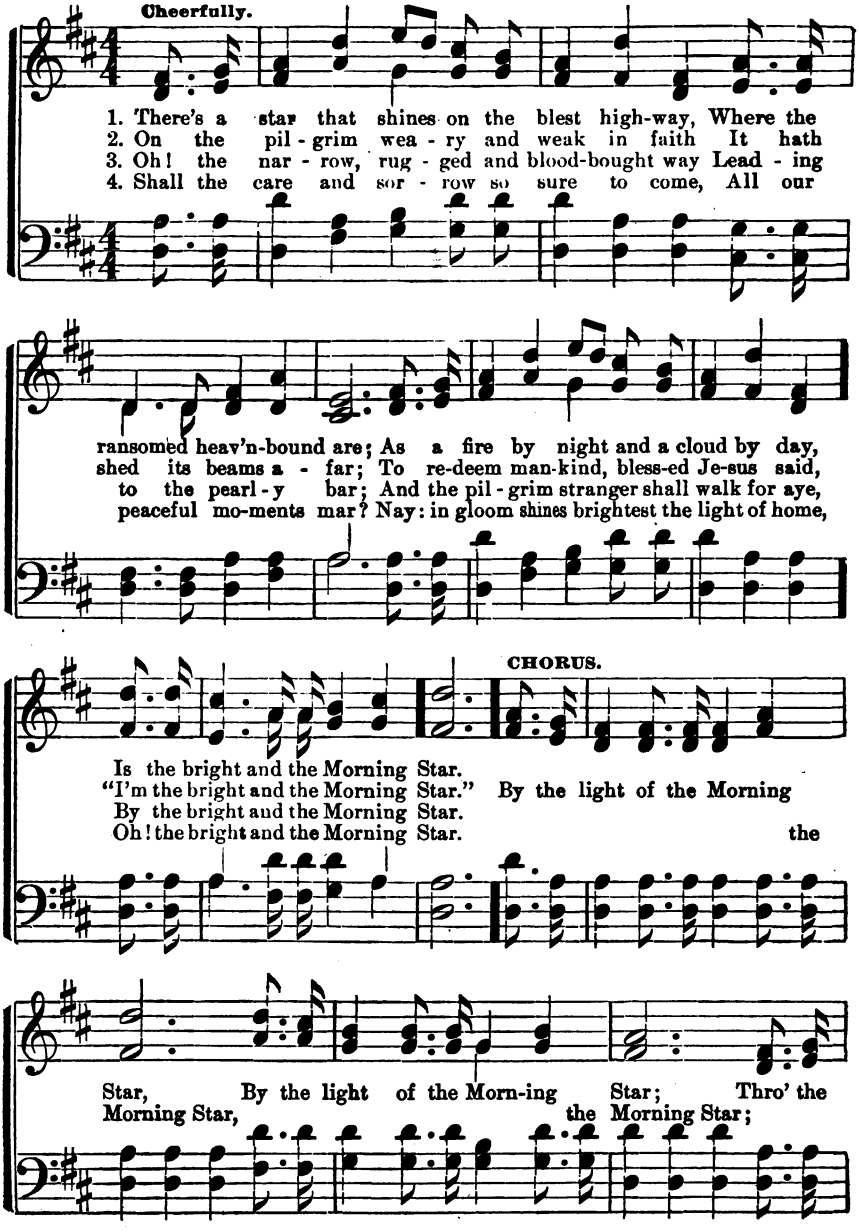
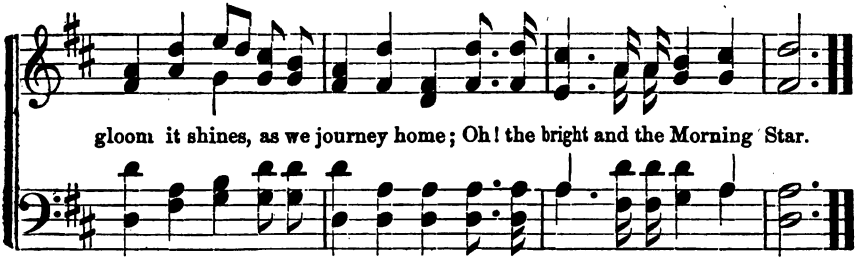
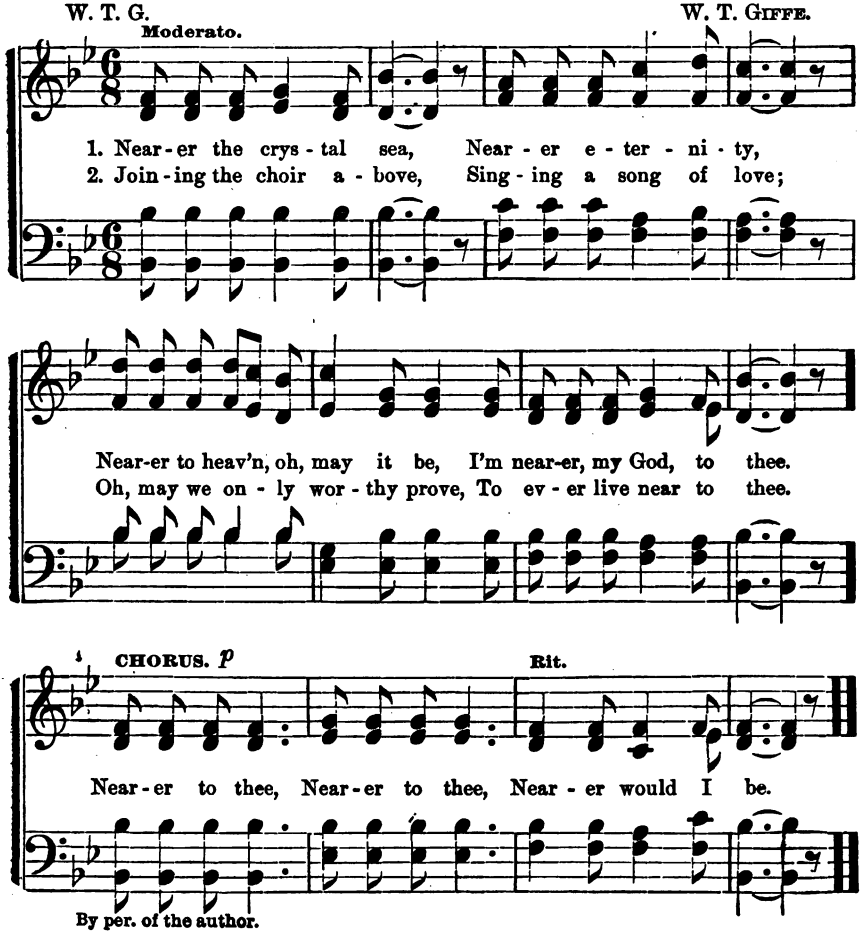
THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

WM. T. REES. J. T. REESE.

1. Fa - ther, hear my hum-ble cry, Self - condemned, in deep dis-tress;
2. Whence this ra - diant liv- ing light That doth warm and com-fort me?
3. Dead to sin, a - live to grace, Oh, 'tis joy to live a - gain
At the cross of Christ I lie, And in prayer my sins con - fess.
Where has gone that gloom of night? Oh, 'tis proof that 'tis from thee!
In the light of thine own face, Free in heart from conscious pain.
Lord, to thee a - lone I come, As the prod - i - gal come home,
Yes, this change that's o'er me come Brings me peace and joy of home,
Bright and hap - py is the day, Light has swept the night a - way,
Lord, to thee a - lone I come, As the prod - i - gal come home.
Yes, this change that's o'er me come Brings me peace and joy of home.
Bright and hap - py is the day, Light has swept the night a - way.

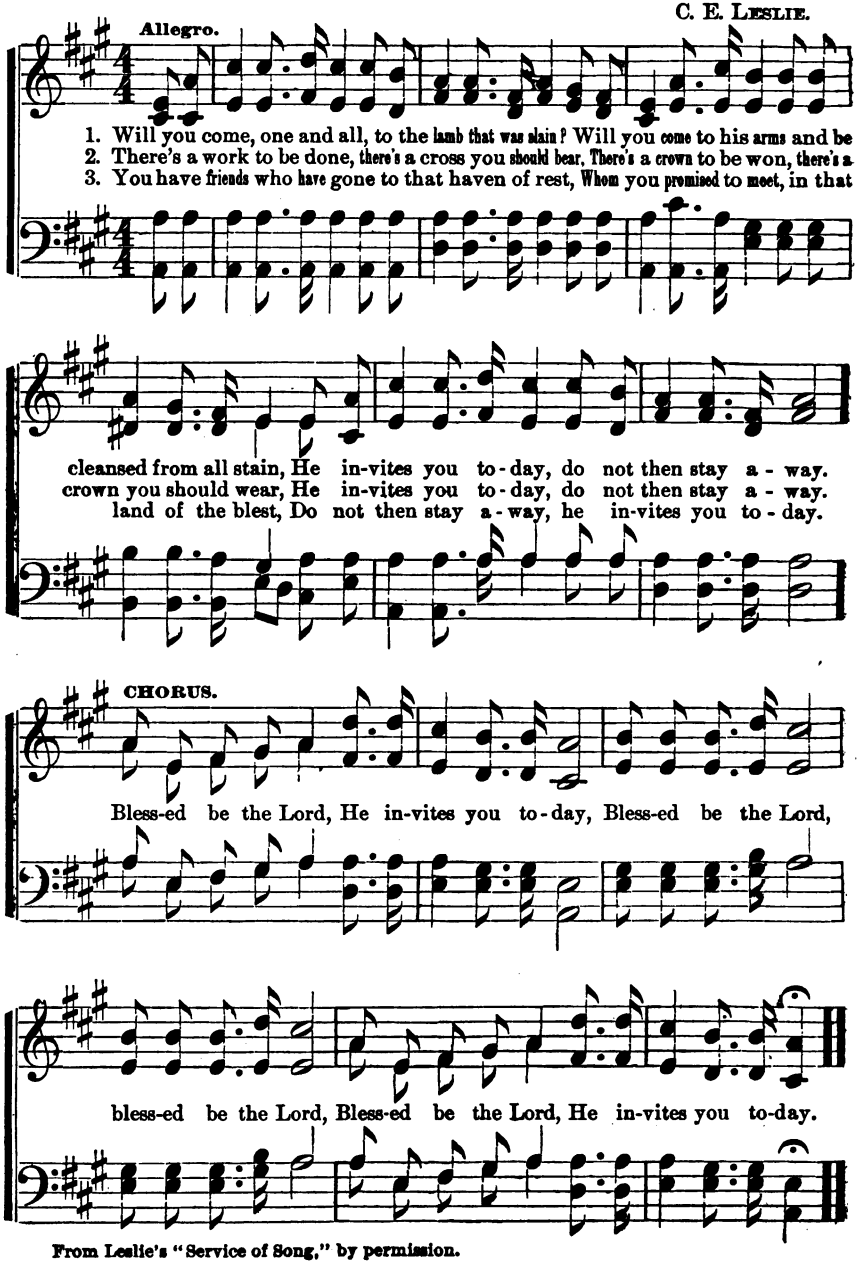
42 THE BRIGHT MORNING STAR.

"And I will give him the morning star."—Rev. 2: 28.

W. G. TOMER.

Cheerfully.
1. There's a star that shines on the blest high-way, Where the
2. On the pil - grim wea - ry and weak in faith It hath
3. Oh! the nar - row, rug - ged and blood-bought way Lead - ing
4. Shall the care and sor - row so sure to come, All our
ransomed heav'n-bound are; As a fire by night and a cloud by day,
shed its beams a - far; To re-deem man-kind, bless-ed Je-sus said,
to the pearl - y bar; And the pil - grim stranger shall walk for aye,
peaceful mo-ments mar? Nay: in gloom shines brightest the light of home,
CHORUS.
Is the bright and the Morning Star.
"I'm the bright and the Morning Star." By the light of the Morning
By the bright and the Morning Star.
Oh! the bright and the Morning Star. the
Star, By the light of the Morn-ing Star; Thro' the
Morning Star, the Morning Star;

NEARER TO THEE.

W. T. G.
W. T. GIFFE.
Moderato.
1. Near-er the crys-tal sea, Near-er e-ter-ni-ty,
2. Join-ing the choir a-bove, Sing-ing a song of love;
Near-er to heav'n, oh, may it be, I'm near-er, my God, to thee.
Oh, may we on-ly wor-thy prove, To ev-er live near to thee.
CHORUS. p
Rit.
Near-er to thee, Near-er to thee, Near-er would I be.

By per. of the author.

44 WILL YOU COME?

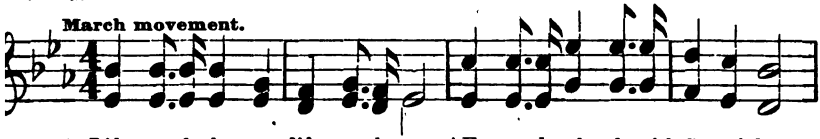
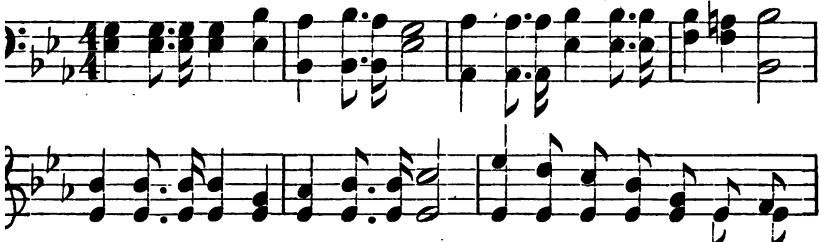
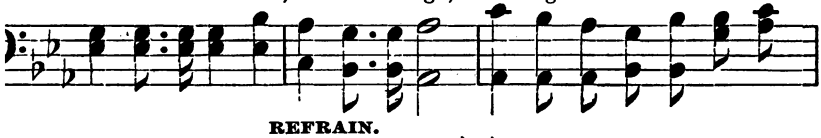
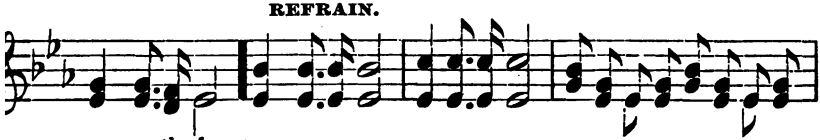
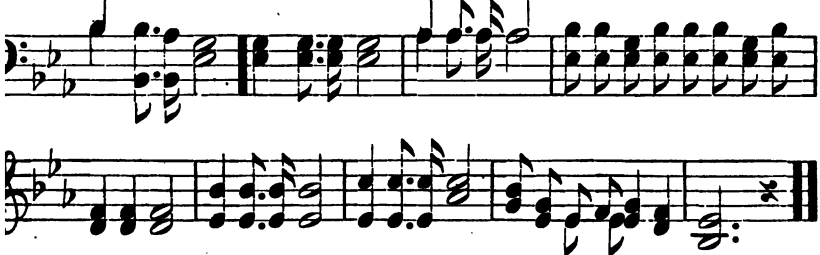
C. E. LESLIE.

Allegro.
1. Will you come, one and all, to the lamb that was slain? Will you come to his arms and be
2. There's a work to be done, there's a cross you should bear, There's a crown to be won, there's a
3. You have friends who have gone to that haven of rest, Whom you promised to meet, in that
cleansed from all stain, He in-vites you to-day, do not then stay a-way.
crown you should wear, He in-vites you to-day, do not then stay a-way.
land of the blest, Do not then stay a-way, he in-vites you to-day.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed be the Lord, He in-vites you to-day, Bless-ed be the Lord,
bless-ed be the Lord, Bless-ed be the Lord, He in-vites you to-day.

From Leslie's "Service of Song," by permission.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

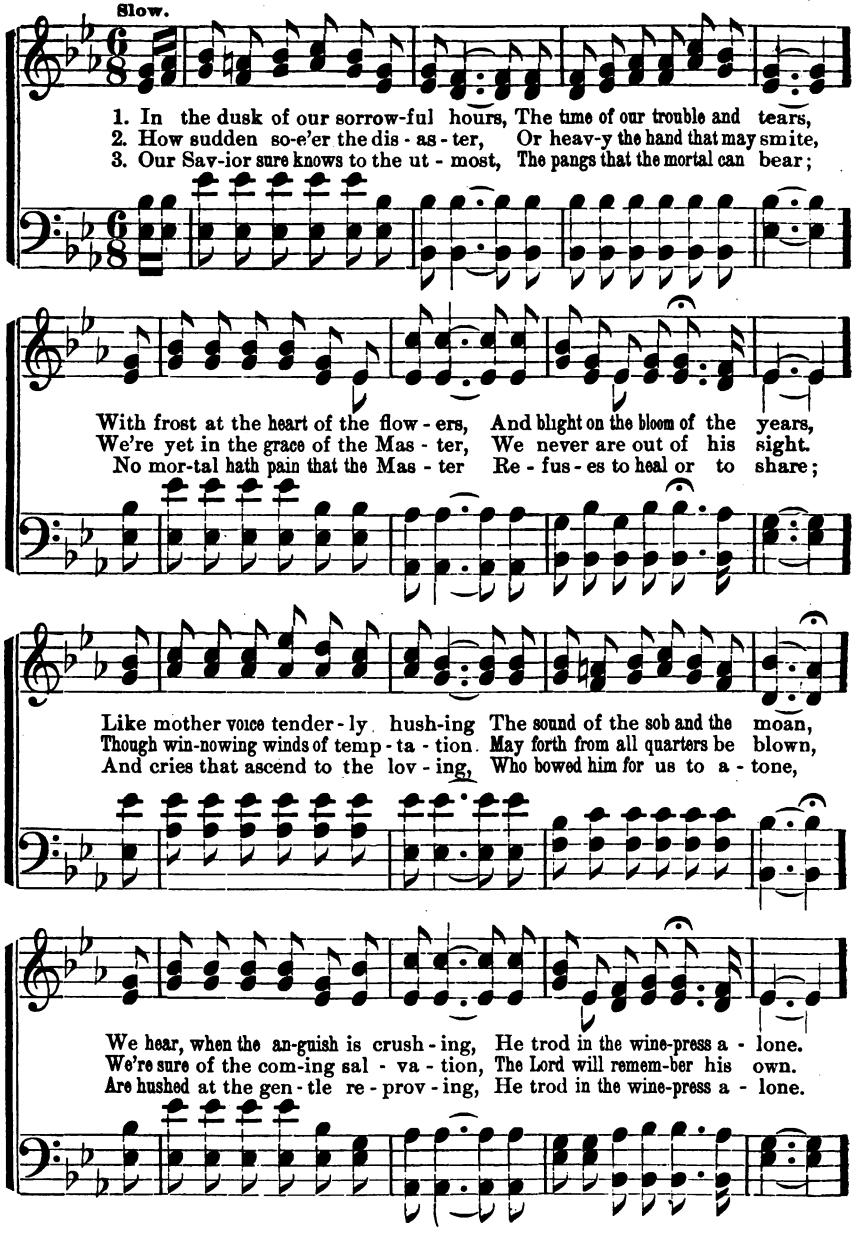
"In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Ps. 20: 5.

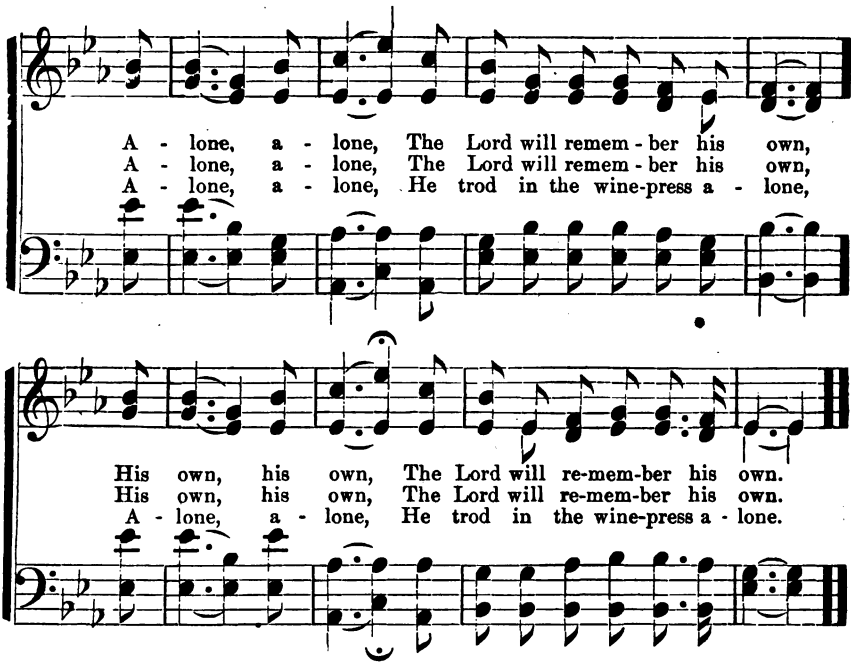
R. S. H. R. S. HANNA.

March movement.

1. Lift up the banner, lift up the cross! Forward to battle with Satan's host;
2. We must encourage bearing the cross, Fighting for Jesus thro' pain and loss;
3. With all our trials end - ed at last, We shall go home, there to be at rest;

Christ is our captain, forward we go, Shout hal - le - lu - jah, we will
We must be faithful while here below, Tak-ing the gos-pel with us
Nev - er a mur-mer, nev-er a sigh, Rest-ing with Je-sus in the

REFRAIN.

conquer the foe.
where-e'er we go. Marching along, marching along, Jesus is our captain and our
"sweet by-and-by."

ranks are strong, Marching along, marching along, Till we meet around the throne.

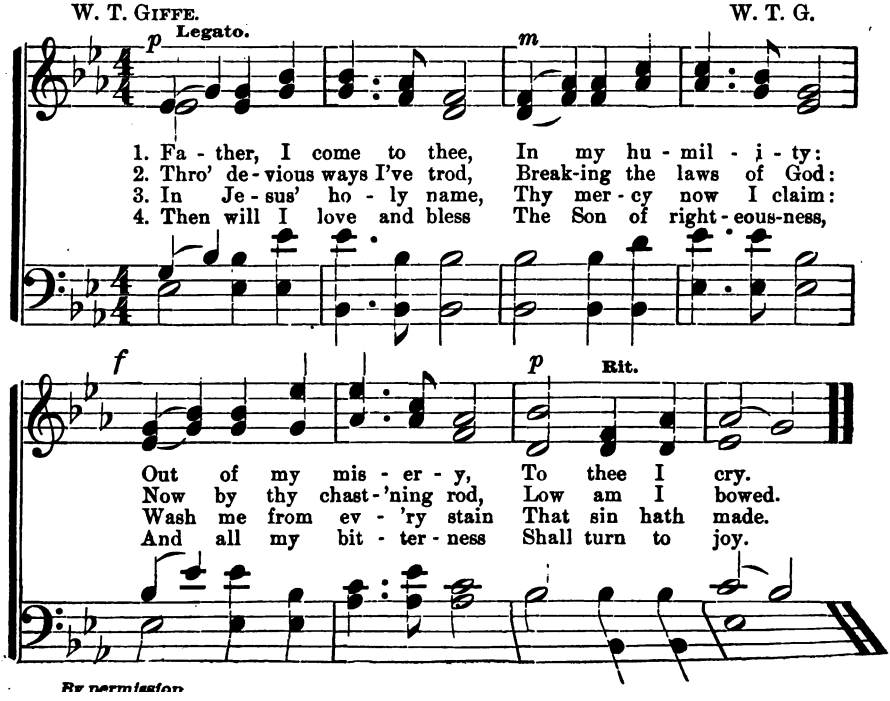
HE TROD ALONE.

"I have trodden the wine-press alone."—Isa. 63: 3.

J. A. SUTTON.

Slow.
1. In the dusk of our sorrow-ful hours, The time of our trouble and tears,
2. How sudden so-e'er the dis - as - ter, Or heav-y the hand that may smite,
3. Our Sav-ior sure knows to the ut - most, The pangs that the mortal can bear;
With frost at the heart of the flow - ers, And blight on the bloom of the years,
We're yet in the grace of the Mas - ter, We never are out of his sight.
No mor-tal hath pain that the Mas - ter Re - fus - es to heal or to share;
Like mother voice tender - ly hush-ing The sound of the sob and the moan,
Though win-nowing winds of temp - ta - tion May forth from all quarters be blown,
And cries that ascend to the lov - ing, Who bowed him for us to a - tone,
We hear, when the an-guish is crush - ing, He trod in the wine-press a - lone.
We're sure of the com-ing sal - va - tion, The Lord will remem-ber his own.
Are hushed at the gen - tle re - prov - ing, He trod in the wine-press a - lone.

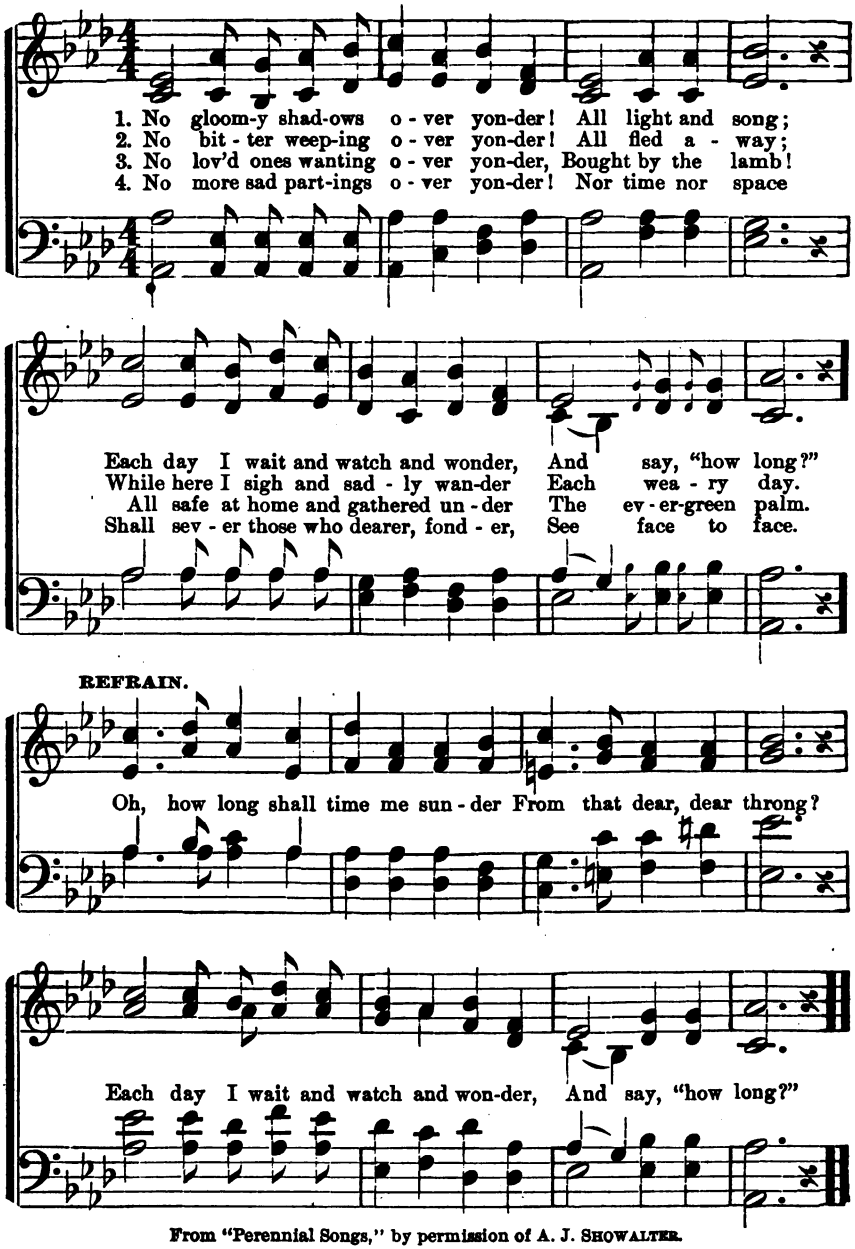

A - lone, a - lone, The Lord will remem - ber his own,
A - lone, a - lone, The Lord will remem - ber his own,
A - lone, a - lone, He trod in the wine-press a - lone,
His own, his own, The Lord will re-mem-ber his own.
His own, his own, The Lord will re-mem-ber his own.
A - lone, a - lone, He trod in the wine-press a - lone.

HUMILITY.


W. T. GIFFE.
W. T. G.
p Legato.
m
1. Fa - ther, I come to thee, In my hu - mil - i - ty:
2. Thro' de - vious ways I've trod, Break-ing the laws of God:
3. In Je - sus' ho - ly name, Thy mer - cy now I claim:
4. Then will I love and bless The Son of right - eous-ness,
f
p Rit.
Out of my mis - er - y, To thee I cry.
Now by thy chast - 'ning rod, Low am I bowed.
Wash me from ev - 'ry stain That sin hath made.
And all my bit - ter - ness Shall turn to joy.

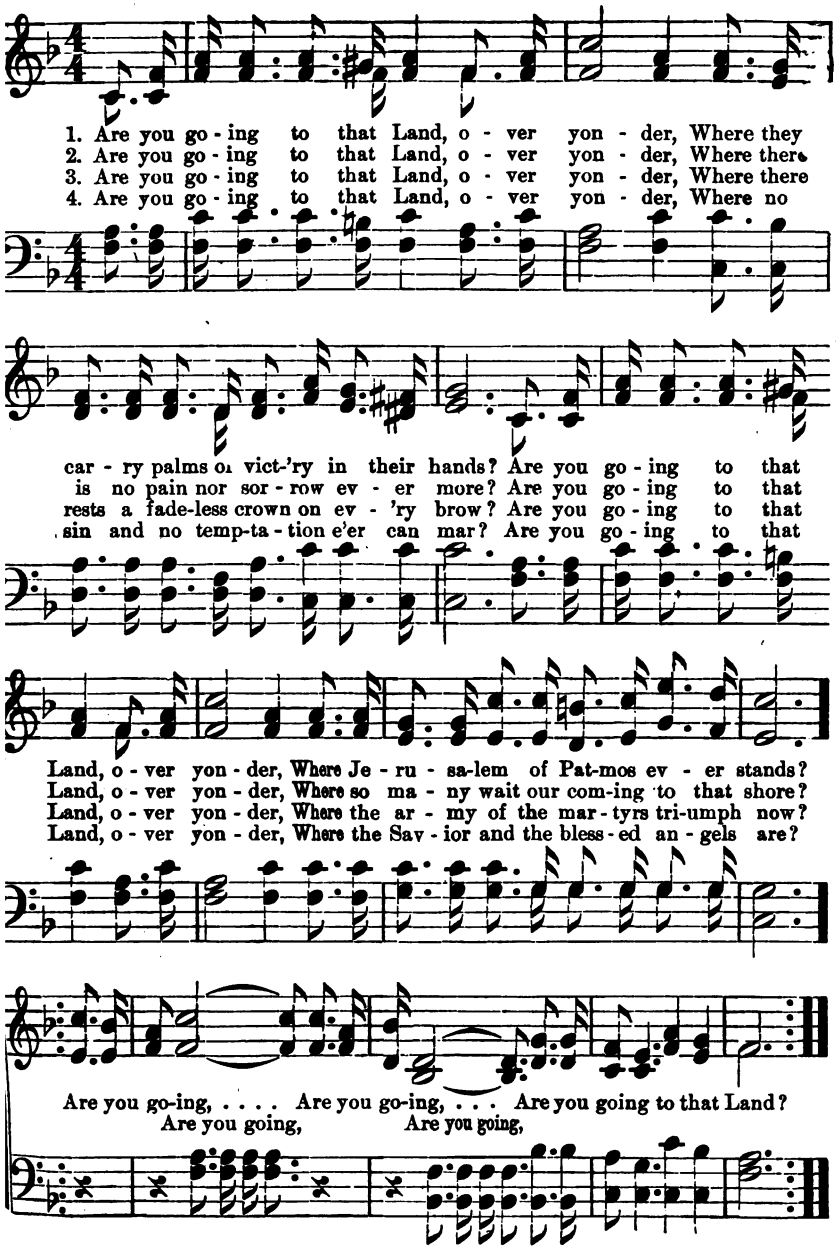
By permission

48 HOW LONG?

Arr. and partly written by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. No gloom-y shad-ows o - ver yon-der! All light and song;
2. No bit - ter weep-ing o - ver yon-der! All fled a - way;
3. No lov'd ones wanting o - ver yon-der, Bought by the lamb!
4. No more sad part-ings o - ver yon-der! Nor time nor space
Each day I wait and watch and wonder, And say, "how long?"
While here I sigh and sad - ly wan-der Each wea - ry day.
All safe at home and gathered un - der The ev - er-green palm.
Shall sev - er those who dearer, fond - er, See face to face.
REFRAIN.
Oh, how long shall time me sun - der From that dear, dear throng?
Each day I wait and watch and won-der, And say, "how long?"

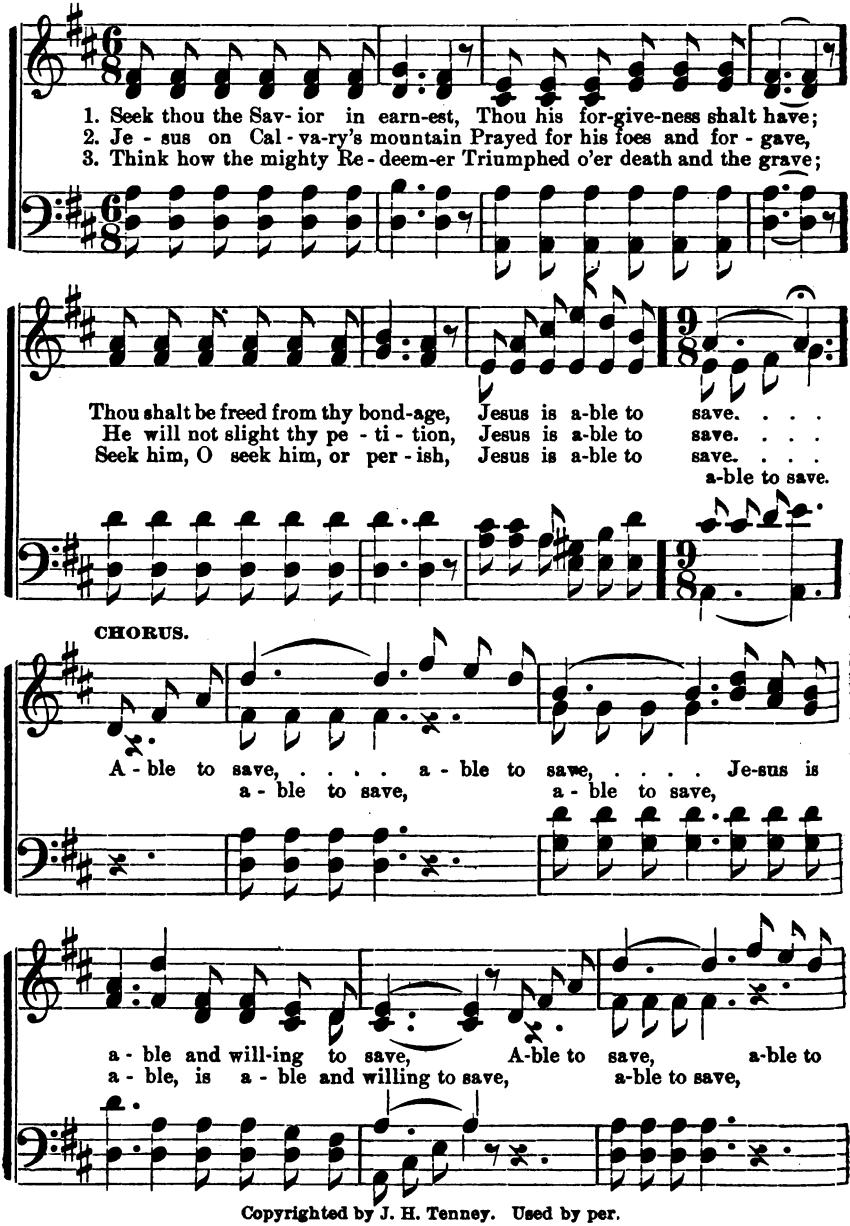
From "Perennial Songs," by permission of A. J. SHOWALTER.

ARE YOU GOING TO THAT LAND? 49

E. R. LATTA. R. S. HANNA.

1. Are you go - ing to that Land, o - ver yon - der, Where they
2. Are you go - ing to that Land, o - ver yon - der, Where there
3. Are you go - ing to that Land, o - ver yon - der, Where there
4. Are you go - ing to that Land, o - ver yon - der, Where no
car - ry palms of vict-'ry in their hands? Are you go - ing to that
is no pain nor sor - row ev - er more? Are you go - ing to that
rests a fade-less crown on ev - 'ry brow? Are you go - ing to that
sin and no temp-ta - tion e'er can mar? Are you go - ing to that
Land, o - ver yon - der, Where Je - ru - sa-lem of Pat-mos ev - er stands?
Land, o - ver yon - der, Where so ma - ny wait our com-ing to that shore?
Land, o - ver yon - der, Where the ar - my of the mar - tyrs tri-umph now?
Land, o - ver yon - der, Where the Sav - ior and the bless - ed an - gels are?
Are you go-ing, ... Are you go-ing, . . . Are you going to that Land?
Are you going, Are you going,

50 ABLE TO SAVE.

"There is one . . . who is able to save, and to destroy."—JAMES 4 : 12.

EDEN R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Seek thou the Sav- ior in earn-est, Thou his for-give-ness shalt have;
2. Je - sus on Cal - va-ry's mountain Prayed for his foes and for - gave,
3. Think how the mighty Re - deem-er Triumphed o'er death and the grave;
Thou shalt be freed from thy bond-age, Jesus is a-ble to save. . . .
He will not slight thy pe - ti - tion, Jesus is a-ble to save. . . .
Seek him, O seek him, or per - ish, Jesus is a-ble to save. . . .
a-ble to save.
CHORUS.
A - ble to save, ... a - ble to save, ... Je-sus is
a - ble to save, a - ble to save,
a - ble and will-ing to save, A-ble to save, a-ble to
a - ble, is a - ble and willing to save, a-ble to save,

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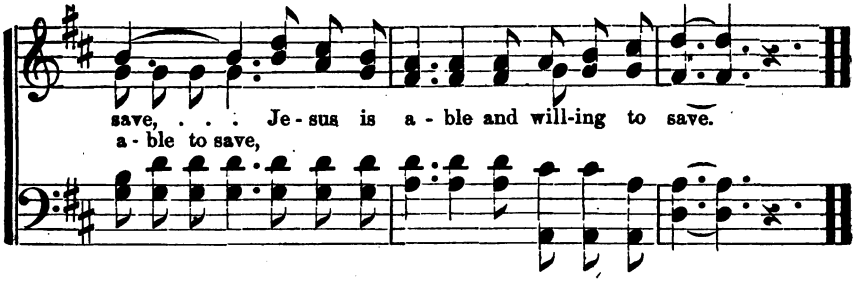
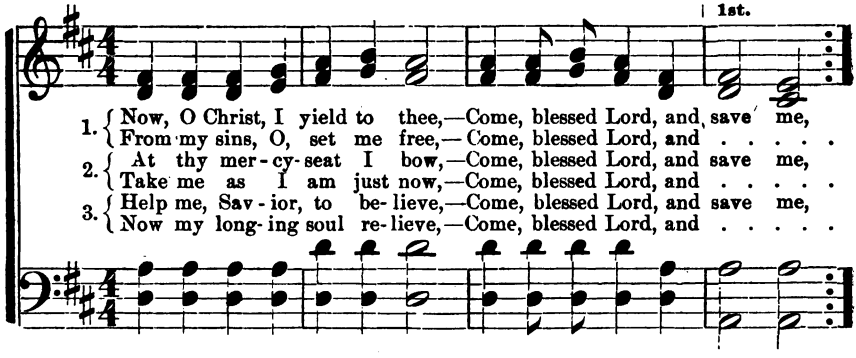
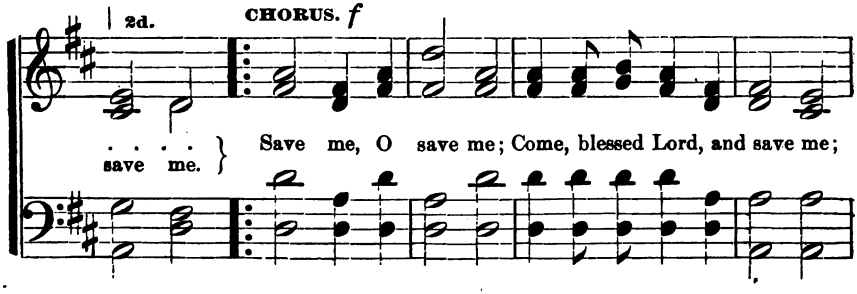
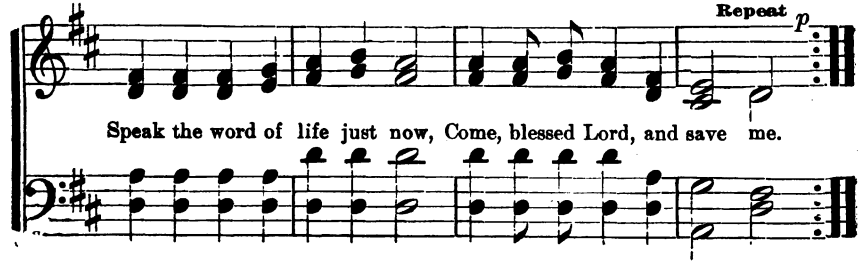
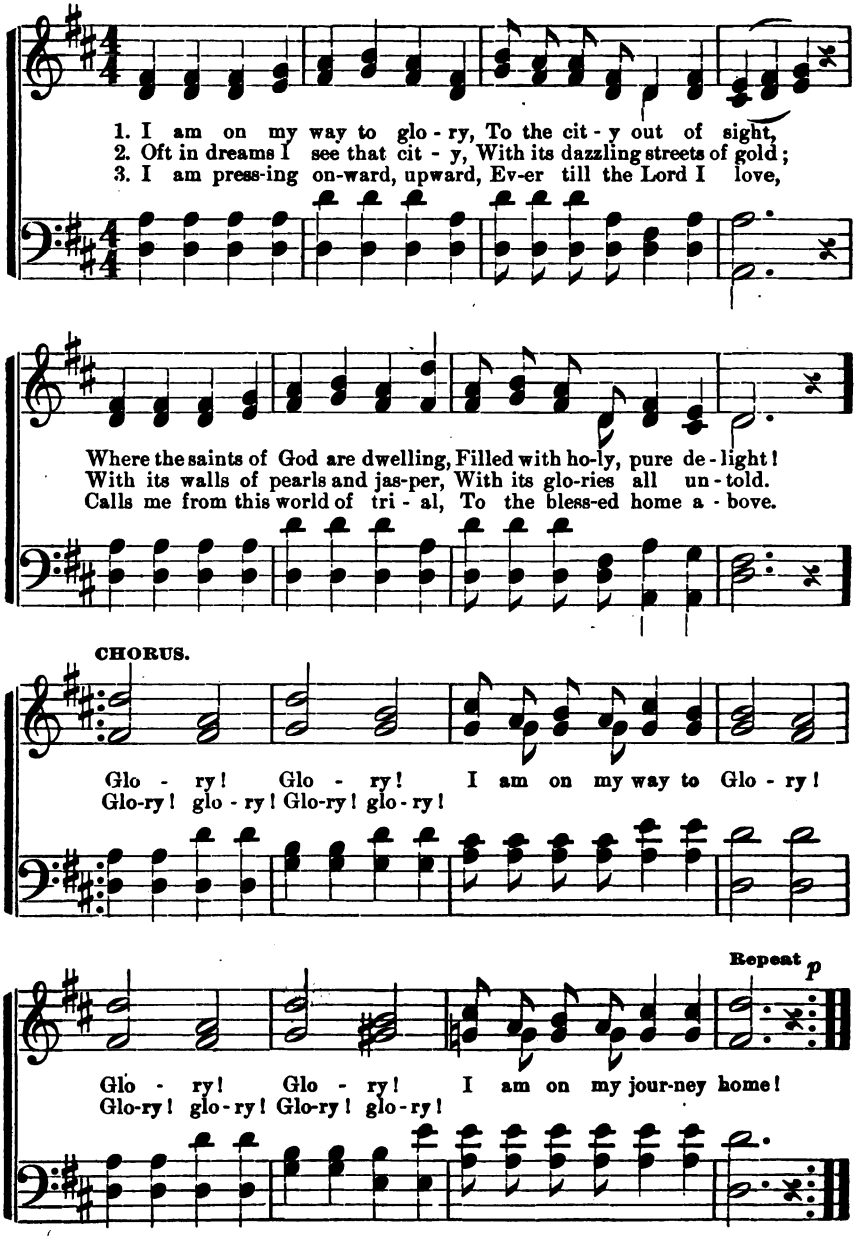

COME, BLESSED LORD, AND SAVE ME.

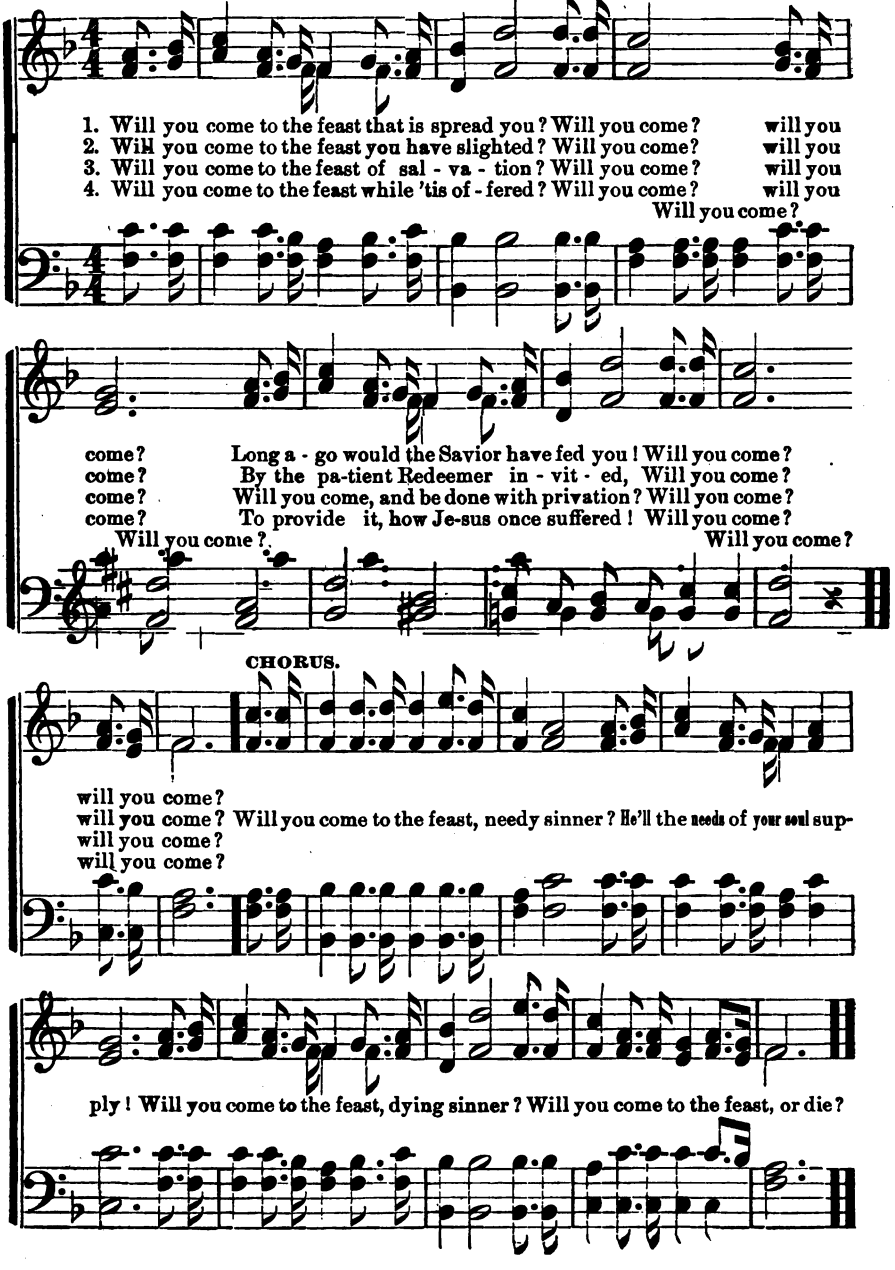
"For we are saved by hope."—ROM. 8 : 24. REV. T. C. NEAL.


1st.
1. Now, O Christ, I yield to thee,—Come, blessed Lord, and save me,
From my sins, O, set me free,—Come, blessed Lord, and . . . . .
2. At thy mer - cy - seat I bow,—Come, blessed Lord, and save me,
Take me as I am just now,—Come, blessed Lord, and . . . . .
3. Help me, Sav - ior, to be - lieve,—Come, blessed Lord, and save me,
Now my long - ing soul re - lieve,—Come, blessed Lord, and . . . . .



52 ON THE WAY TO GLORY.

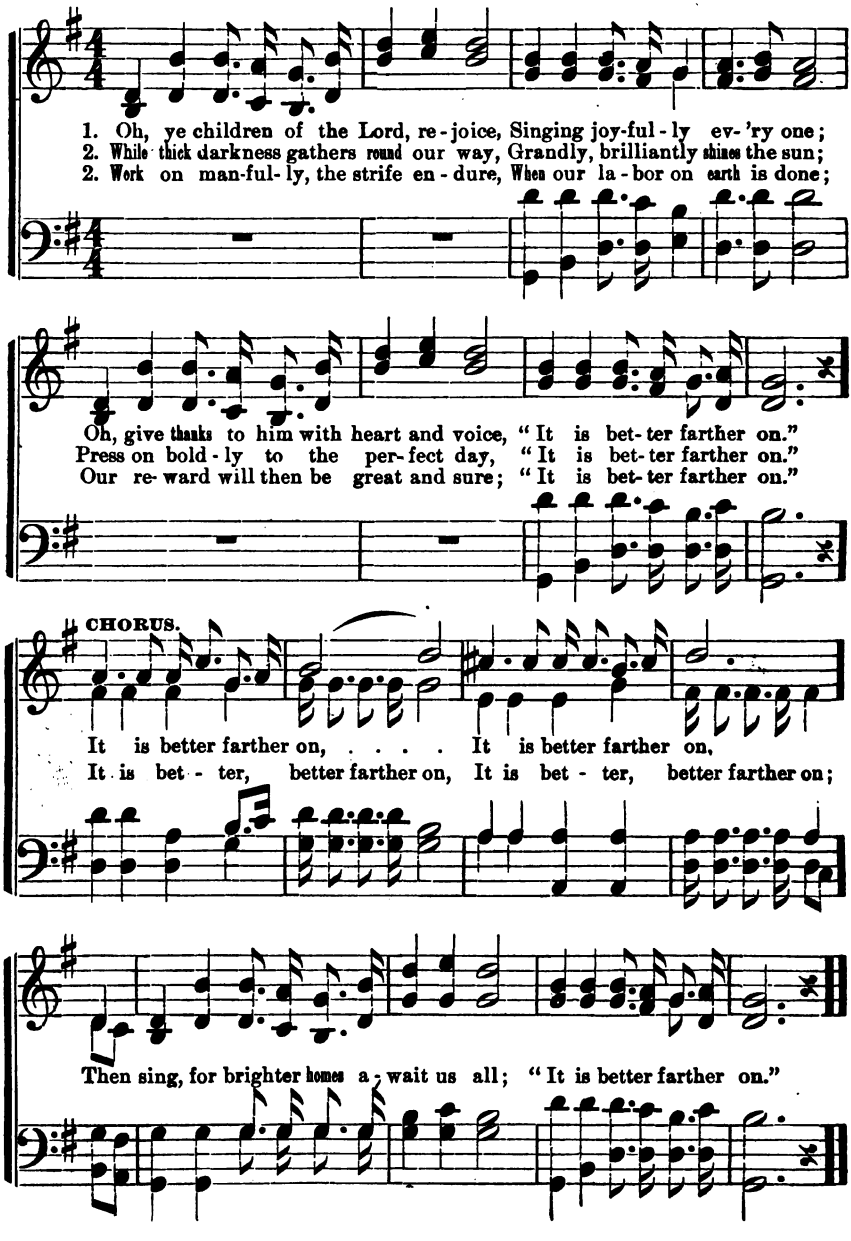
Rev. T. C. NEAL. Rev. W. D. SAMUEL.

1. I am on my way to glo - ry, To the cit - y out of sight,
2. Oft in dreams I see that cit - y, With its dazzling streets of gold;
3. I am press-ing on-ward, upward, Ev-er till the Lord I love,
Where the saints of God are dwelling, Filled with ho-ly, pure de - light!
With its walls of pearls and jas-per, With its glo-ries all un - told.
Calls me from this world of tri - al, To the bless-ed home a - bove.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! Glo - ry! I am on my way to Glo - ry!
Glo-ry! glo - ry! Glo-ry! glo - ry!
Repeat p
Glo - ry! Glo - ry! I am on my jour-ney home!
Glo-ry! glo-ry! Glo-ry! glo-ry!

WILL YOU COME TO THE FEAST? 53

E. R. LATTA. John 7 : 37. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Will you come to the feast that is spread you? Will you come? will you
2. Will you come to the feast you have slighted? Will you come? will you
3. Will you come to the feast of sal - va - tion? Will you come? will you
4. Will you come to the feast while 'tis of - fered? Will you come? will you
Will you come?
come? Long a - go would the Savior have fed you! Will you come?
come? By the pa-tient Redeemer in - vit - ed, Will you come?
come? Will you come, and be done with privation? Will you come?
come? To provide it, how Je-sus once suffered! Will you come?
Will you come? Will you come?
CHORUS.
will you come?
will you come? Will you come to the feast, needy sinner? He'll the needs of your soul sup-
will you come?
will you come?
ply! Will you come to the feast, dying sinner? Will you come to the feast, or die?

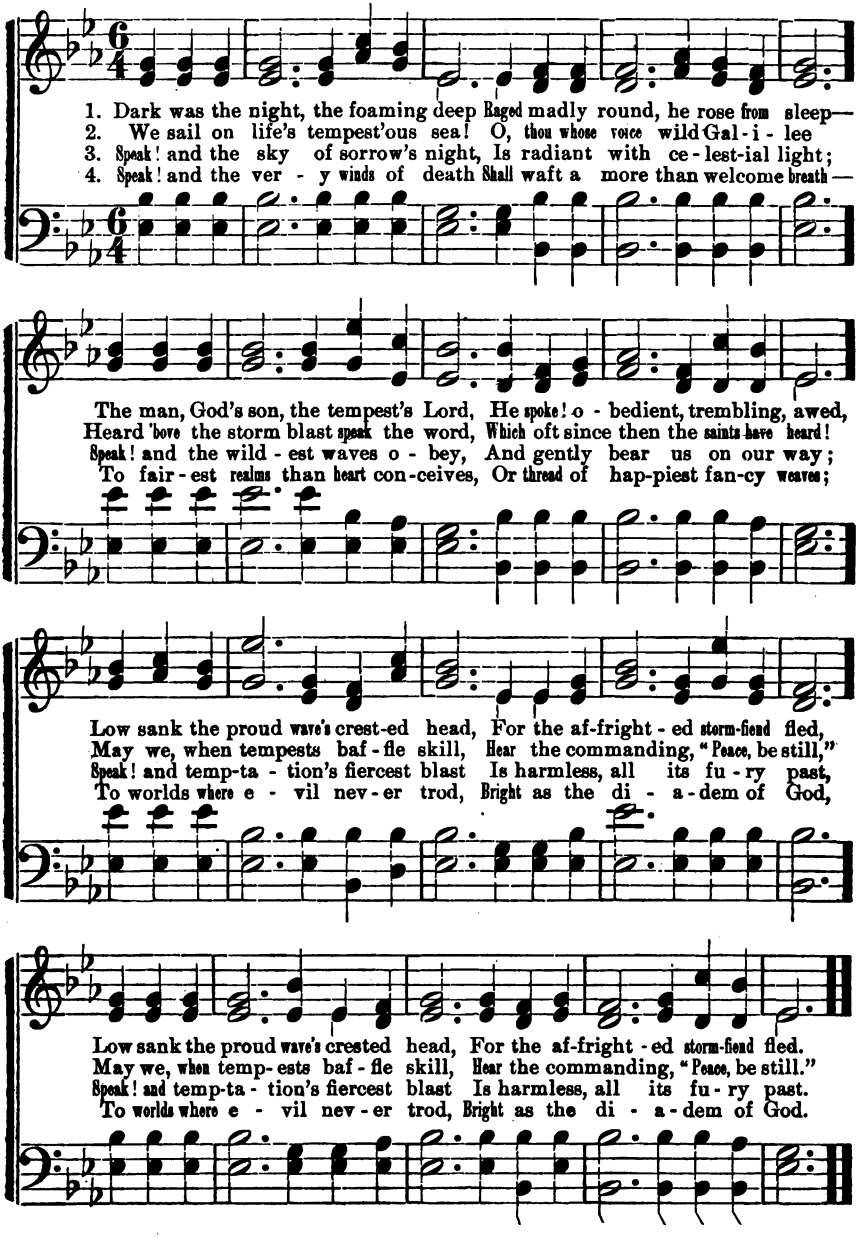
54 BETTER FARTHER ON.

Heb. 11: 16.

Rev. W. D. PARR. Arr. J. T. REESE.

1. Oh, ye children of the Lord, re-joice, Singing joy-ful-ly ev-'ry one;
2. While thick darkness gathers round our way, Grandly, brilliantly shines the sun;
2. Work on man-ful-ly, the strife en-dure, When our la-bor on earth is done;
Oh, give thanks to him with heart and voice, "It is bet-ter farther on."
Press on bold-ly to the per-fect day, "It is bet-ter farther on."
Our re-ward will then be great and sure; "It is bet-ter farther on."
CHORUS.
It is better farther on, ... It is better farther on,
It is bet-ter, better farther on, It is bet-ter, better farther on;
Then sing, for brighter homes a-wait us all; "It is better farther on."

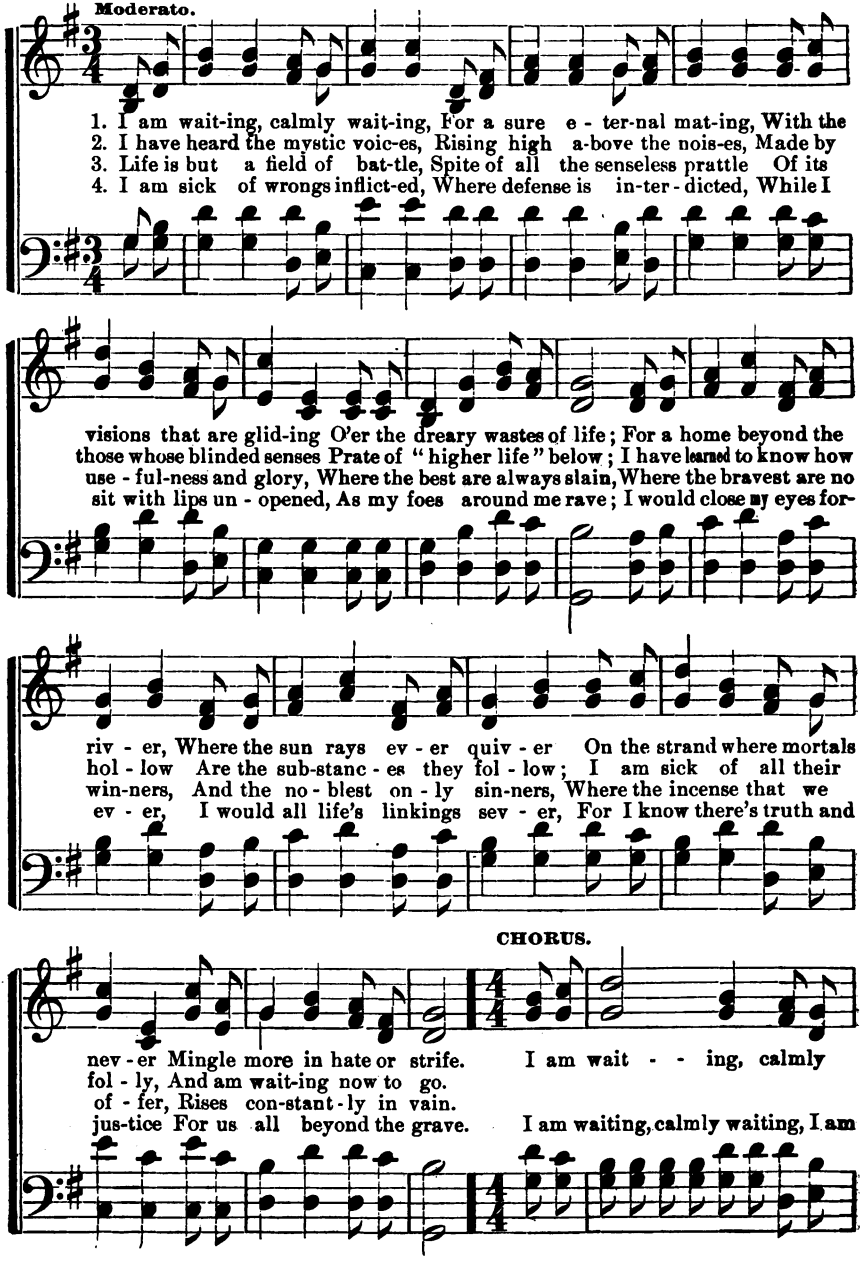
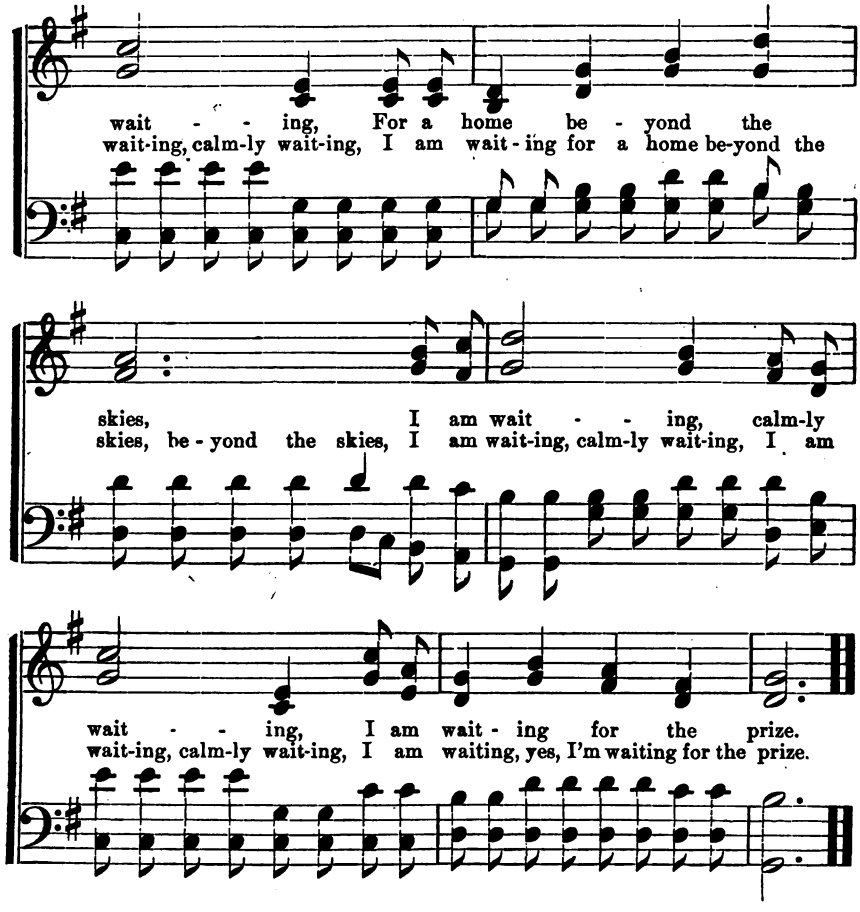
"PEACE, BE STILL."

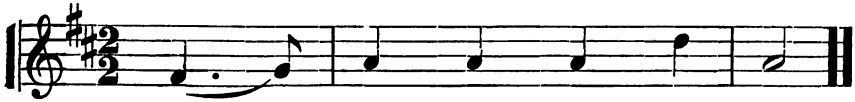
Mark 4: 39.

ARTHUR V. HALL. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. Dark was the night, the foaming deep Raged madly round, he rose from sleep—
2. We sail on life's tempest'ous sea! O, thou whose voice wild Gal-i-lee
3. Speak! and the sky of sorrow's night, Is radiant with ce-lest-ial light;
4. Speak! and the ver-y winds of death Shall waft a more than welcome breath—
The man, God's son, the tempest's Lord, He spoke! o-bedient, trembling, awed,
Heard 'bove the storm blast speak the word, Which oft since then the saints have heard!
Speak! and the wild-est waves o-bey, And gently bear us on our way;
To fair-est realms than heart con-ceives, Or thread of hap-piest fan-cy weaves;
Low sank the proud wave's crest-ed head, For the af-fright-ed storm-fiend fled,
May we, when tempests baf-fle skill, Hear the commanding, "Peace, be still,"
Speak! and temp-ta-tion's fiercest blast Is harmless, all its fu-ry past,
To worlds where e-vil nev-er trod, Bright as the di-a-dem of God,
Low sank the proud wave's crested head, For the af-fright-ed storm-fiend fled.
May we, when temp-ests baf-fle skill, Hear the commanding, "Peace, be still."
Speak! and temp-ta-tion's fiercest blast Is harmless, all its fu-ry past.
To worlds where e-vil nev-er trod, Bright as the di-a-dem of God.

56 WAITING, CALMLY WAITING.

FRANK B. COPP. W. G. TOMER.

Moderato.

1. I am wait-ing, calmly wait-ing, For a sure e - ter-nal mat-ing, With the
2. I have heard the mystic voic-es, Rising high a-bove the nois-es, Made by
3. Life is but a field of bat-tle, Spite of all the senseless prattle Of its
4. I am sick of wrongs inflict-ed, Where defense is in-ter - dicted, While I
visions that are glid-ing O'er the dreary wastes of life; For a home beyond the
those whose blinded senses Prate of "higher life" below; I have learned to know how
use - ful-ness and glory, Where the best are always slain, Where the bravest are no
sit with lips un - opened, As my foes around me rave; I would close my eyes for-
riv - er, Where the sun rays ev - er quiv - er On the strand where mortals
hol - low Are the sub-stanc - es they fol - low; I am sick of all their
win-ners, And the no - blest on - ly sin-ners, Where the incense that we
ev - er, I would all life's linkings sev - er, For I know there's truth and
CHORUS.
nev - er Mingle more in hate or strife. I am wait - - ing, calmly
fol - ly, And am wait-ing now to go.
of - fer, Rises con-stant - ly in vain.
jus-tice For us all beyond the grave. I am waiting, calmly waiting, I am

wait - - ing, For a home be - yond the
wait-ing, calm-ly wait-ing, I am wait - ing for a home be-yond the
skies, I am wait - - ing, calm-ly
skies, be - yond the skies, I am wait-ing, calm-ly wait-ing, I am
wait - - ing, I am wait - ing for the prize.
wait-ing, calm-ly wait-ing, I am waiting, yes, I'm waiting for the prize.

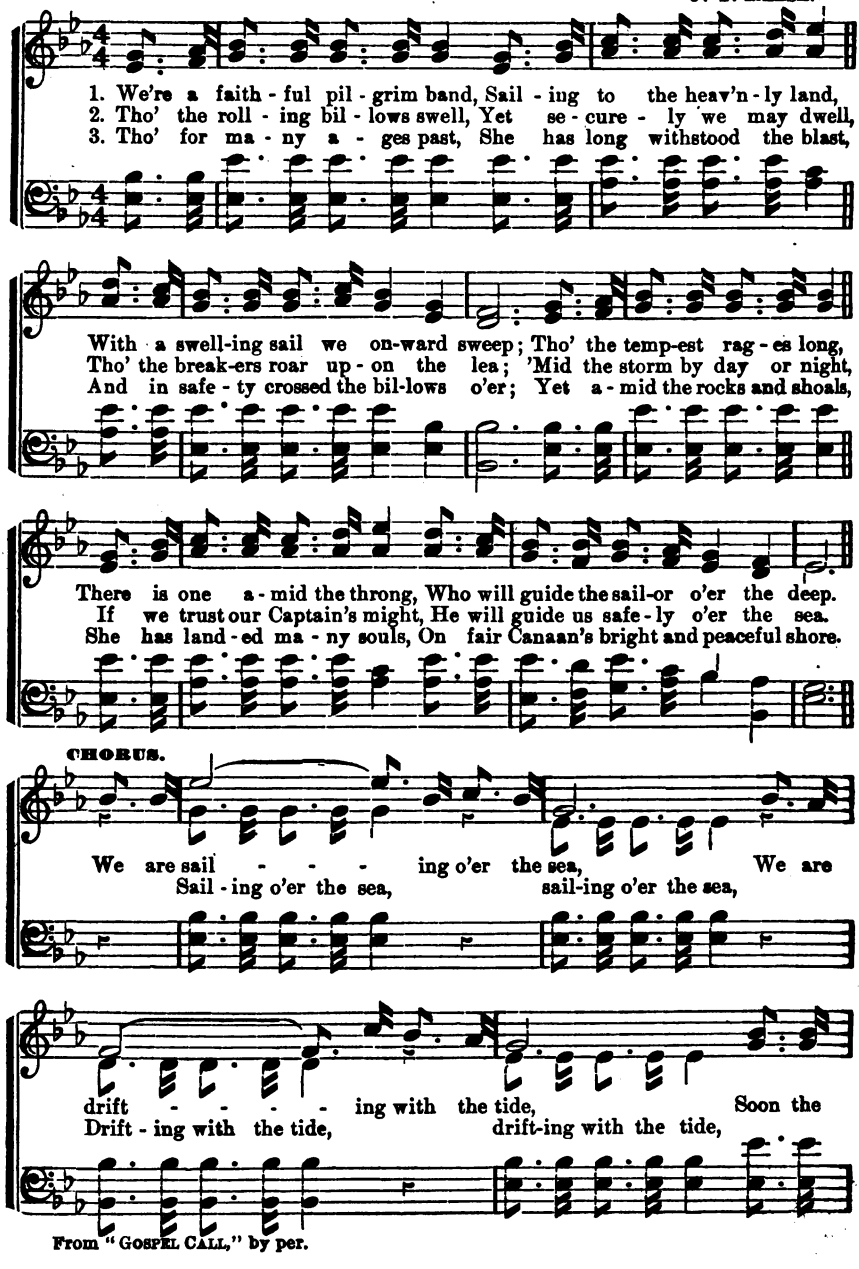
MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

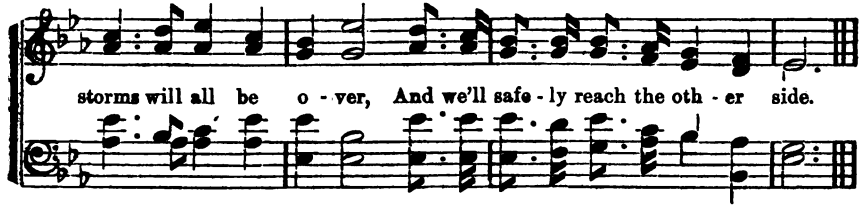
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down,
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

58 SAILING O'ER THE SEA.

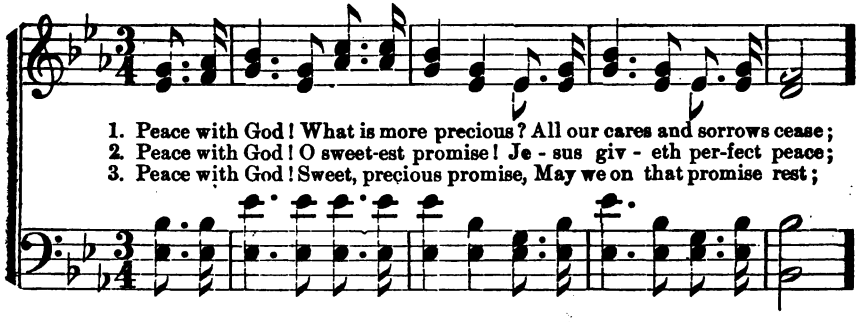
J. T. Reese.

1. We're a faith - ful pil - grim band, Sail - ing to the heav'n - ly land,
2. Tho' the roll - ing bil - lows swell, Yet se - cure - ly we may dwell,
3. Tho' for ma - ny a - ges past, She has long withstood the blast,
With a swell-ing sail we on-ward sweep; Tho' the temp-est rag - es long,
Tho' the break-ers roar up - on the lea; 'Mid the storm by day or night,
And in safe - ty crossed the bil-lows o'er; Yet a - mid the rocks and shoals,
There is one a - mid the throng, Who will guide the sail-or o'er the deep.
If we trust our Captain's might, He will guide us safe - ly o'er the sea.
She has land - ed ma - ny souls, On fair Canaan's bright and peaceful shore.
CHORUS.
We are sail - - - - ing o'er the sea, We are
Sail - ing o'er the sea, sail-ing o'er the sea,
drift - - - - - ing with the tide, Soon the
Drift - ing with the tide, drift-ing with the tide,

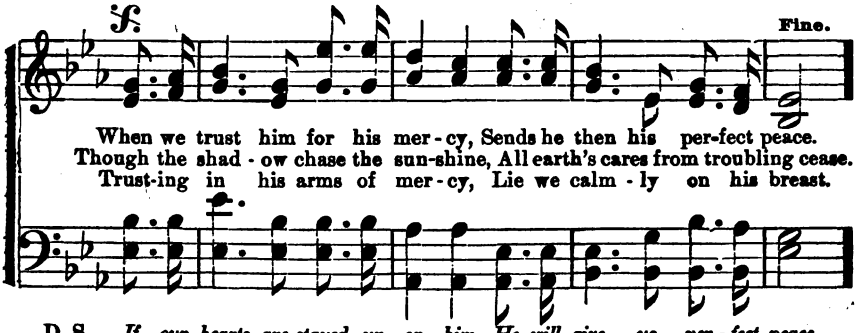
From "Gospel Call," by per.



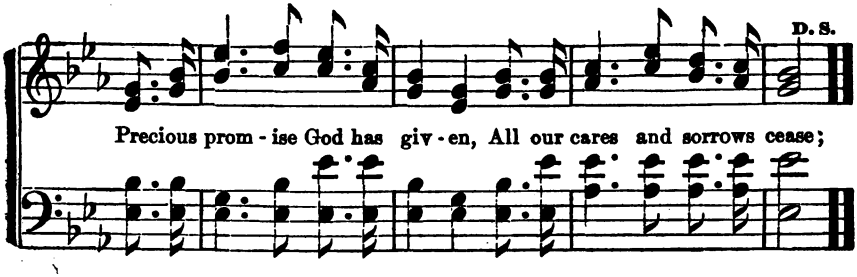
PEACE.

M. W. N. John 14: 27. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.


1. Peace with God! What is more precious? All our cares and sorrows cease;
2. Peace with God! O sweet-est promise! Je - sus giv - eth per-fect peace;
3. Peace with God! Sweet, precious promise, May we on that promise rest;

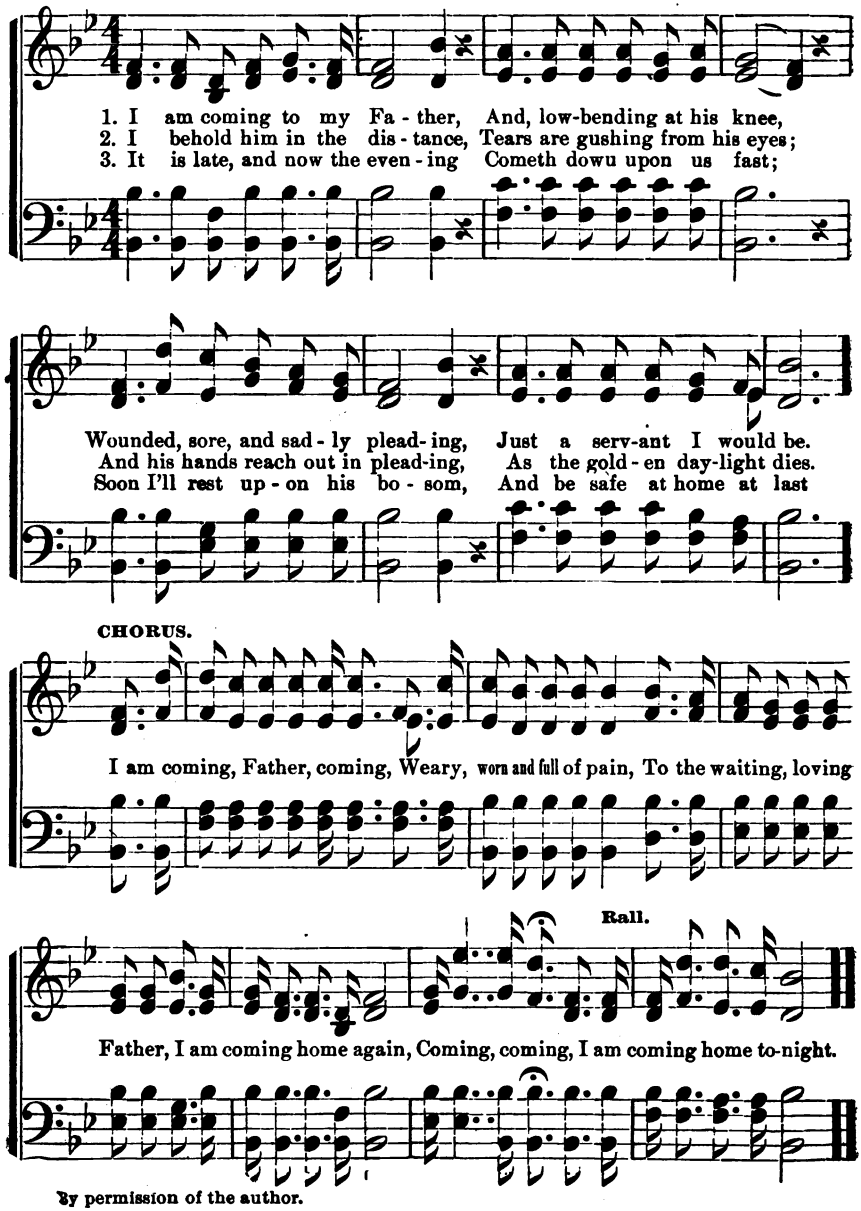

f.
Fine.
When we trust him for his mer - cy, Sends he then his per-fect peace.
Though the shad - ow chase the sun-shine, All earth's cares from troubling cease.
Trust-ing in his arms of mer - cy, Lie we calm - ly on his breast.

D. S. *If our hearts are stayed up - on him, He will give us per - fect peace.*



60 I AM COMING, FATHER.

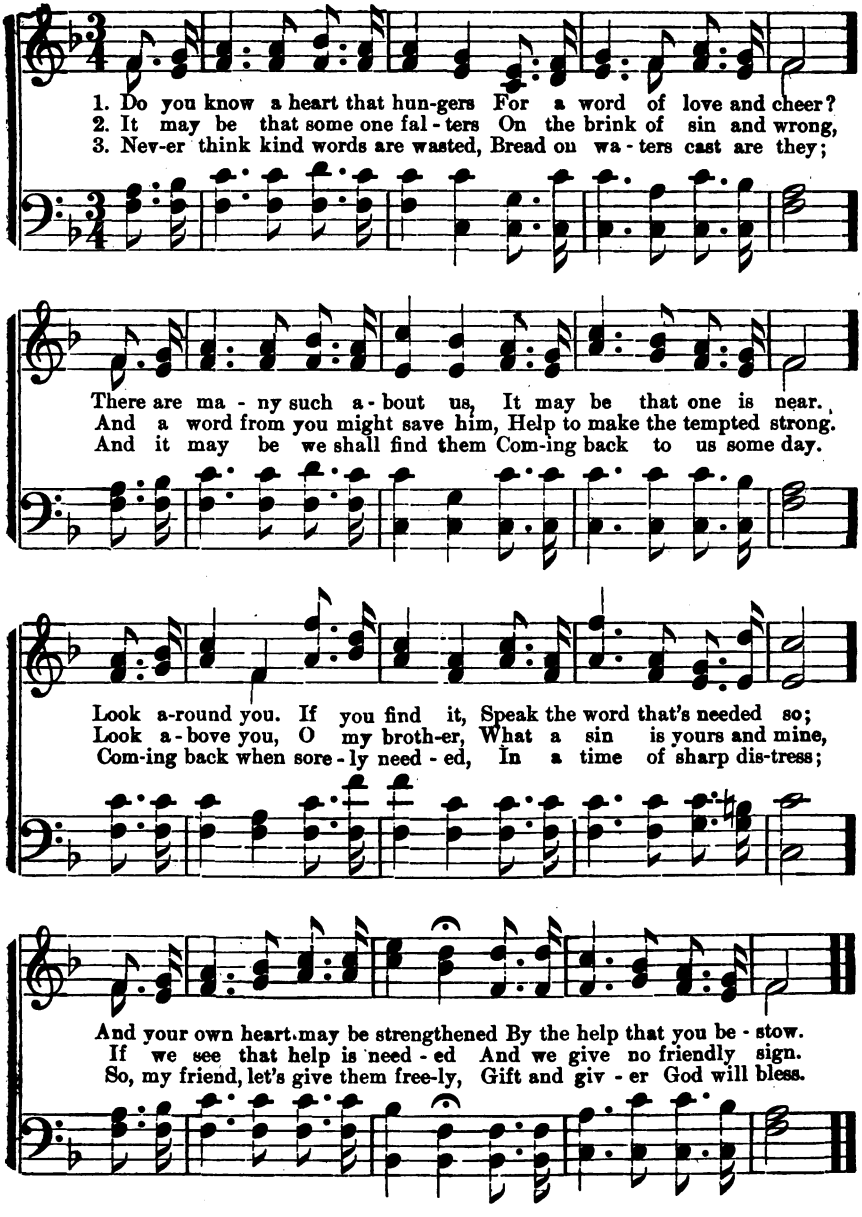
LUKE 25 : 18.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am coming to my Fa - ther, And, low-bending at his knee,
2. I behold him in the dis - tance, Tears are gushing from his eyes;
3. It is late, and now the even - ing Cometh dowu upon us fast;
Wounded, sore, and sad - ly plead - ing, Just a serv-ant I would be.
And his hands reach out in plead-ing, As the gold - en day-light dies.
Soon I'll rest up - on his bo - som, And be safe at home at last
CHORUS.
I am coming, Father, coming, Weary, worn and full of pain, To the waiting, loving
Rall.
Father, I am coming home again, Coming, coming, I am coming home to-night.

By permission of the author.

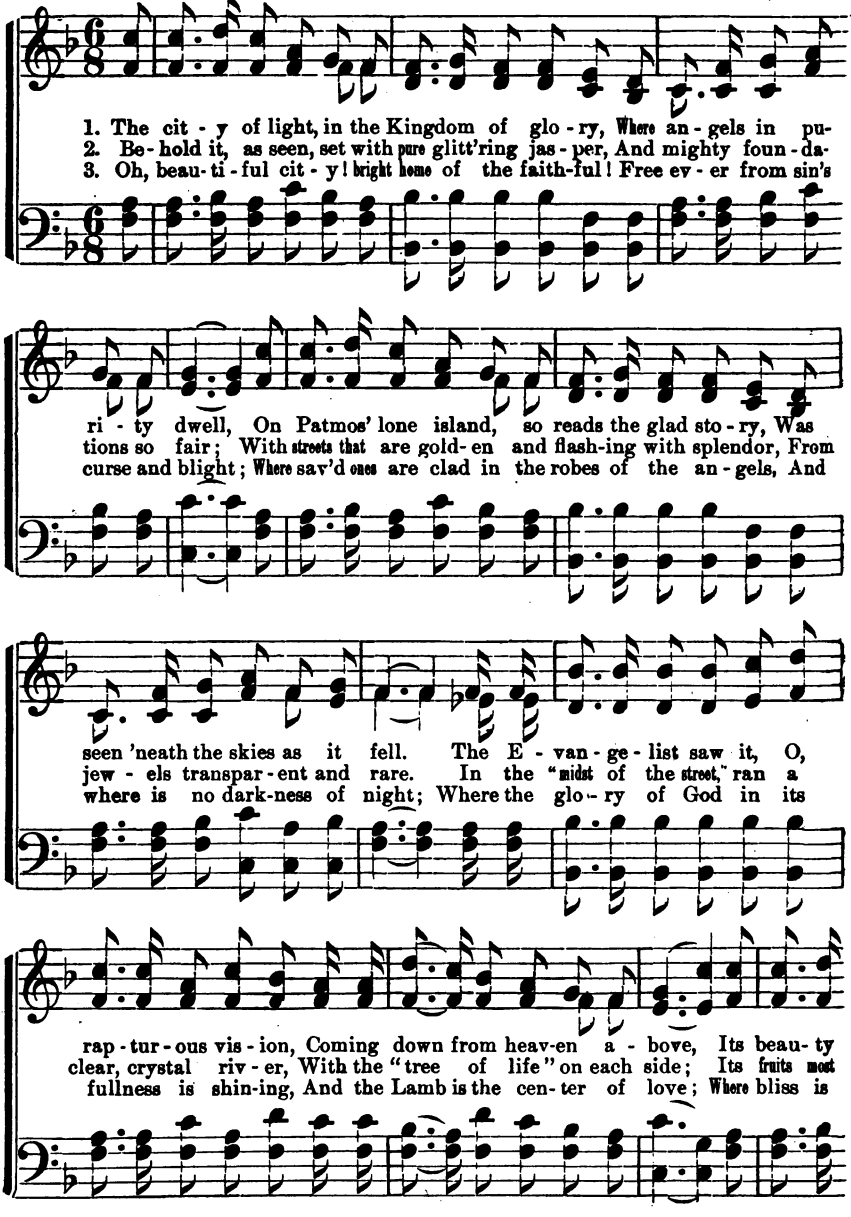
GIVE A KIND WORD. 61

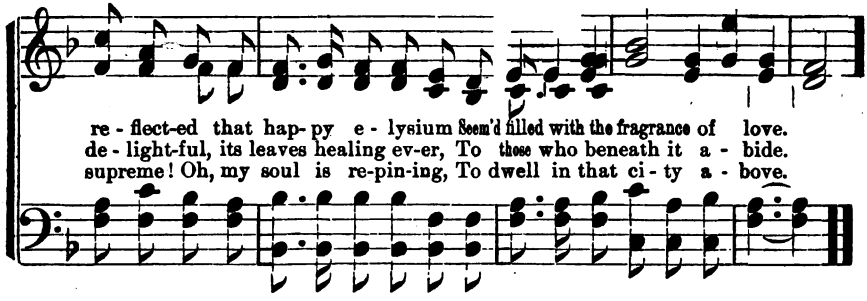
"Give, and it shall be given unto you."—LUKE 6 : 38.

ANON. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. Do you know a heart that hun-gers For a word of love and cheer?
2. It may be that some one fal - ters On the brink of sin and wrong,
3. Nev-er think kind words are wasted, Bread on wa - ters cast are they;
There are ma - ny such a - bout us, It may be that one is near.
And a word from you might save him, Help to make the tempted strong.
And it may be we shall find them Com-ing back to us some day.
Look a-round you. If you find it, Speak the word that's needed so;
Look a - bove you, O my broth-er, What a sin is yours and mine,
Com-ing back when sore - ly need - ed, In a time of sharp dis-tress;
And your own heart may be strengthened By the help that you be - stow.
If we see that help is need - ed And we give no friendly sign.
So, my friend, let's give them free-ly, Gift and giv - er God will bless.

62 THE CITY OF LIGHT.

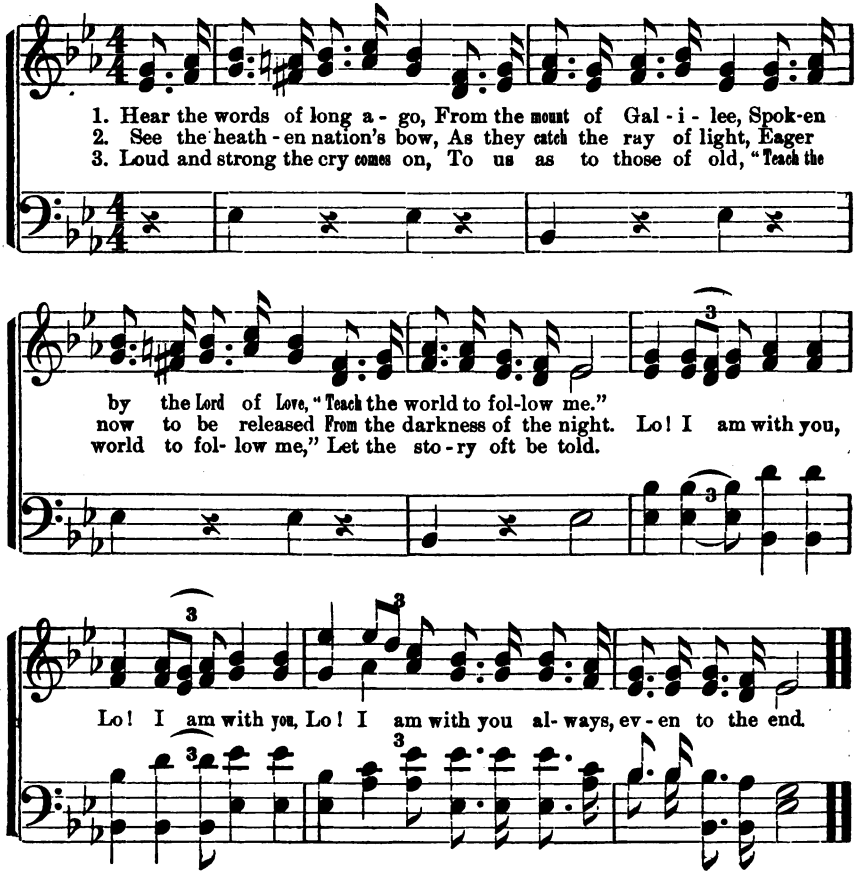
And the Lamb is the light thereof. Rev. 21: 23.

Rev. D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. The cit - y of light, in the Kingdom of glo - ry, Where an - gels in pu-
2. Be - hold it, as seen, set with pure glitt'ring jas - per, And mighty foun - da-
3. Oh, beau - ti - ful cit - y! bright home of the faith-ful! Free ev - er from sin's
ri - ty dwell, On Patmos' lone island, so reads the glad sto - ry, Was
tions so fair; With streets that are gold - en and flash-ing with splendor, From
curse and blight; Where sav'd ones are clad in the robes of the an - gels, And
seen 'neath the skies as it fell. The E - van - ge - list saw it, O,
jew - els transpar - ent and rare. In the "midst of the street," ran a
where is no dark-ness of night; Where the glo - ry of God in its
rap - tur - ous vis - ion, Coming down from heav-en a - bove, Its beau - ty
clear, crystal riv - er, With the "tree of life" on each side; Its fruits most
fullness is shin-ing, And the Lamb is the cen - ter of love; Where bliss is


re - flect-ed that hap- py e - lysium Seem'd filled with the fragrance of love.
de - light-ful, its leaves healing ev-er, To those who beneath it a - bide.
supreme! Oh, my soul is re-pin-ing, To dwell in that ci - ty a - bove.

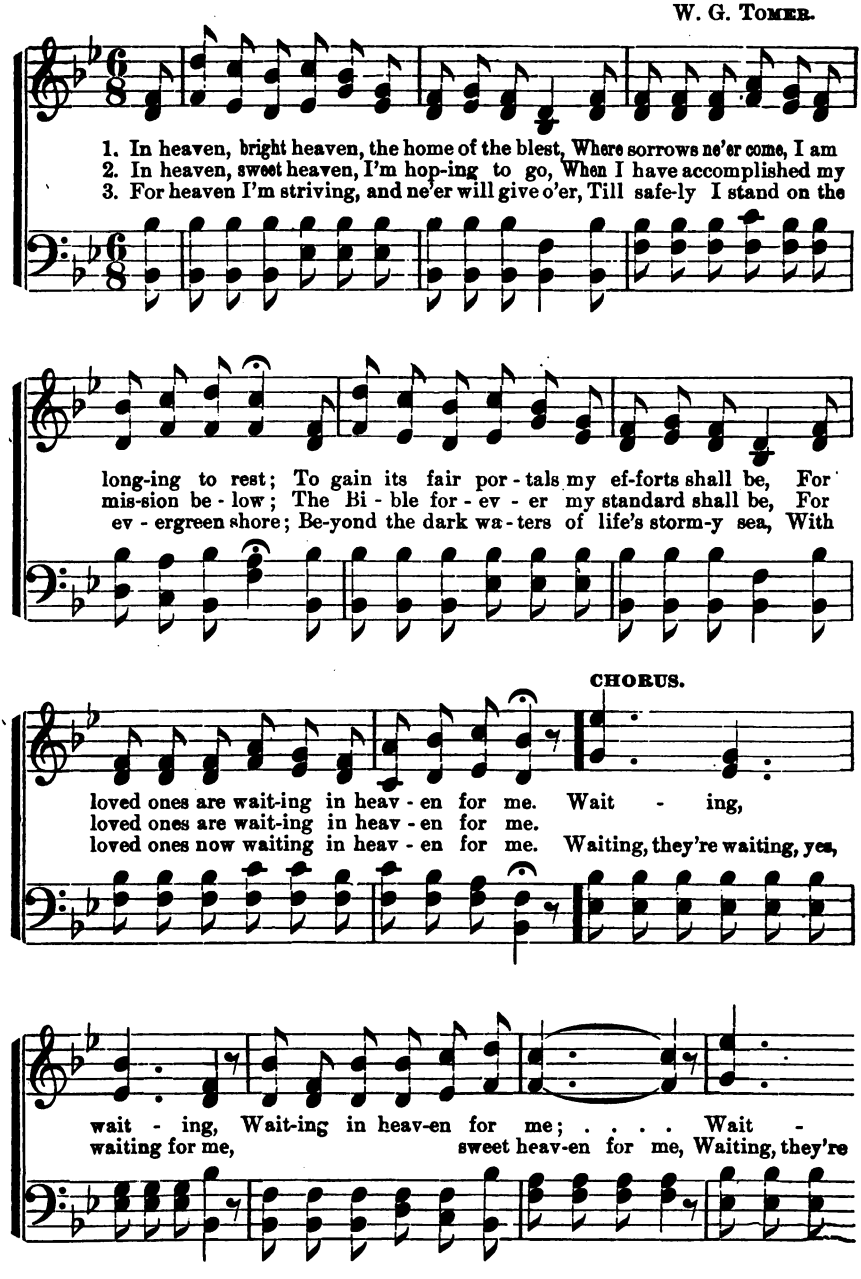
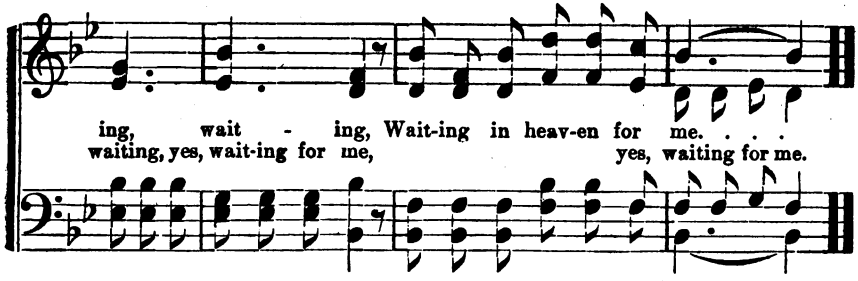
LO, I AM WITH YOU.

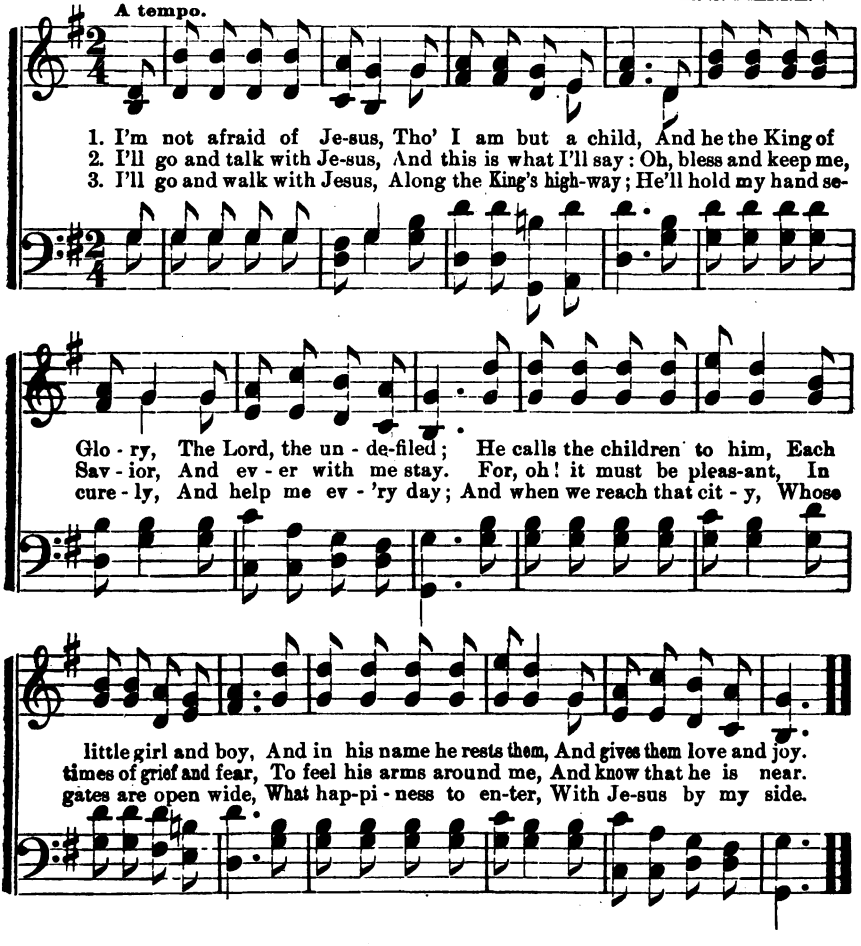
Matt. 28: 20.

Mrs. J. V. C. Mrs. J. V. Coombs.

1. Hear the words of long a - go, From the mount of Gal - i - lee, Spok-en
2. See the heath - en nation's bow, As they catch the ray of light, Eager
3. Loud and strong the cry comes on, To us as to those of old, "Teach the
by the Lord of Love, "Teach the world to fol-low me."
now to be released From the darkness of the night. Lo! I am with you,
world to fol- low me," Let the sto - ry oft be told.
Lo! I am with you, Lo! I am with you al- ways, ev - en to the end.

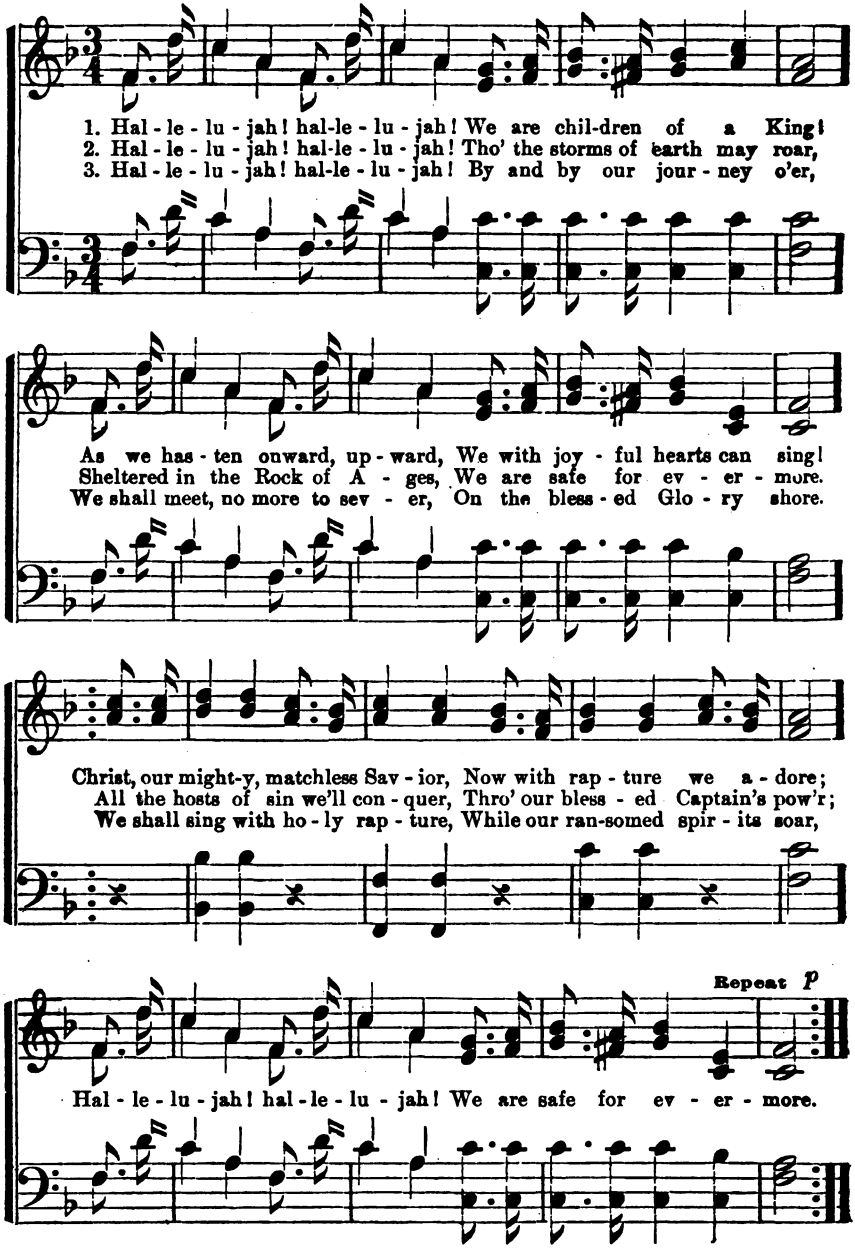
64 WAITING IN HEAVEN FOR ME.

W. G. TOMER.

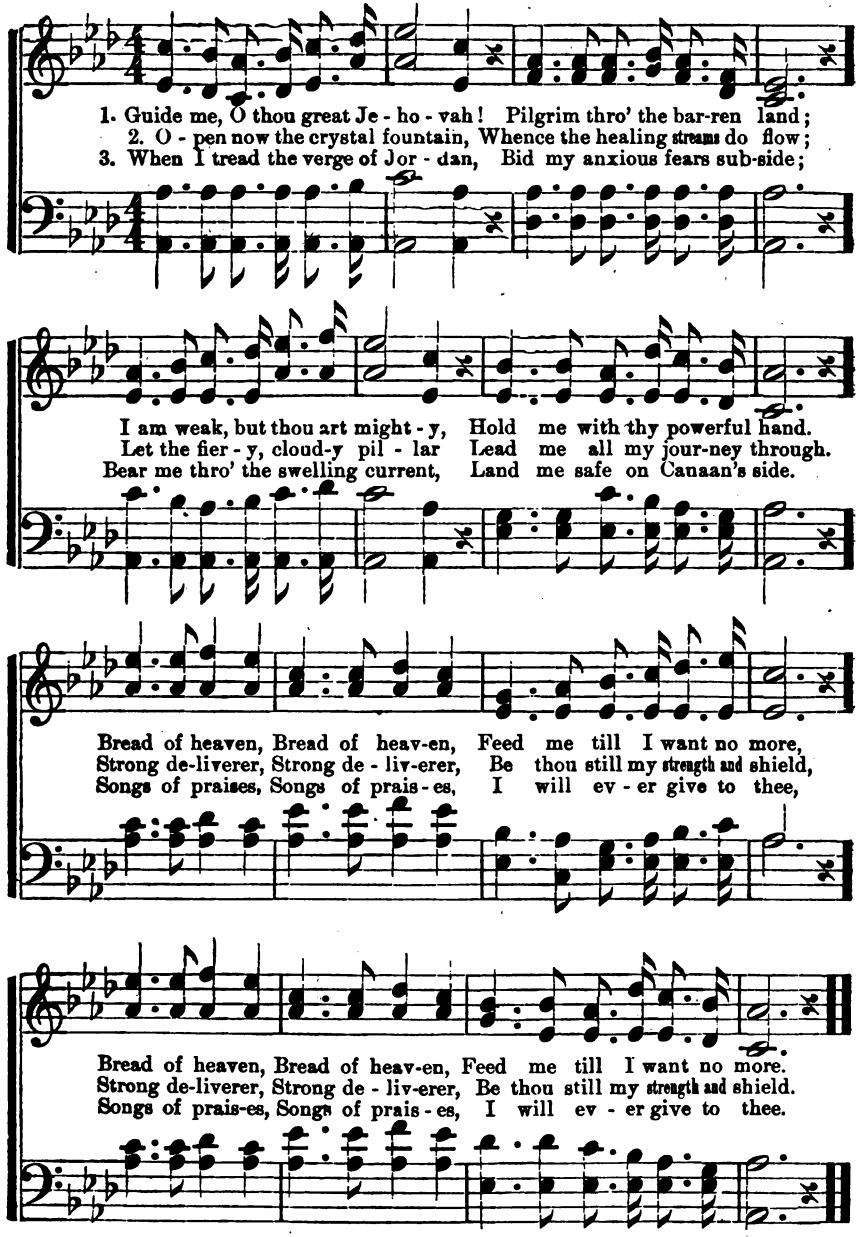

1. In heaven, bright heaven, the home of the blest, Where sorrows ne'er come, I am
2. In heaven, sweet heaven, I'm hop-ing to go, When I have accomplished my
3. For heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er, Till safe-ly I stand on the
long-ing to rest; To gain its fair por-tals my ef-forts shall be, For
mis-sion be-low; The Bi-ble for-ev-er my standard shall be, For
ev-ergreen shore; Be-yond the dark wa-ters of life's storm-y sea, With
CHORUS.
loved ones are wait-ing in heav-en for me. Wait - ing,
loved ones are wait-ing in heav-en for me.
loved ones now waiting in heav-en for me. Waiting, they're waiting, yes,
wait - ing, Wait-ing in heav-en for me; . . . . Wait -
waiting for me, sweet heav-en for me, Waiting, they're

I'M NOT AFRAID OF JESUS.

R. S. H. R. S. HANNA.

A tempo.
1. I'm not afraid of Je-sus, Tho' I am but a child, And he the King of
2. I'll go and talk with Je-sus, And this is what I'll say: Oh, bless and keep me,
3. I'll go and walk with Jesus, Along the King's high-way; He'll hold my hand se-
Glo - ry, The Lord, the un - de-filed; He calls the children to him, Each
Sav - ior, And ev - er with me stay. For, oh! it must be pleas-ant, In
cure - ly, And help me ev - 'ry day; And when we reach that cit - y, Whose
little girl and boy, And in his name he rests them, And gives them love and joy.
times of grief and fear, To feel his arms around me, And know that he is near.
gates are open wide, What hap-pi - ness to en-ter, With Je-sus by my side.

66 SAFE FOR EVERMORE.

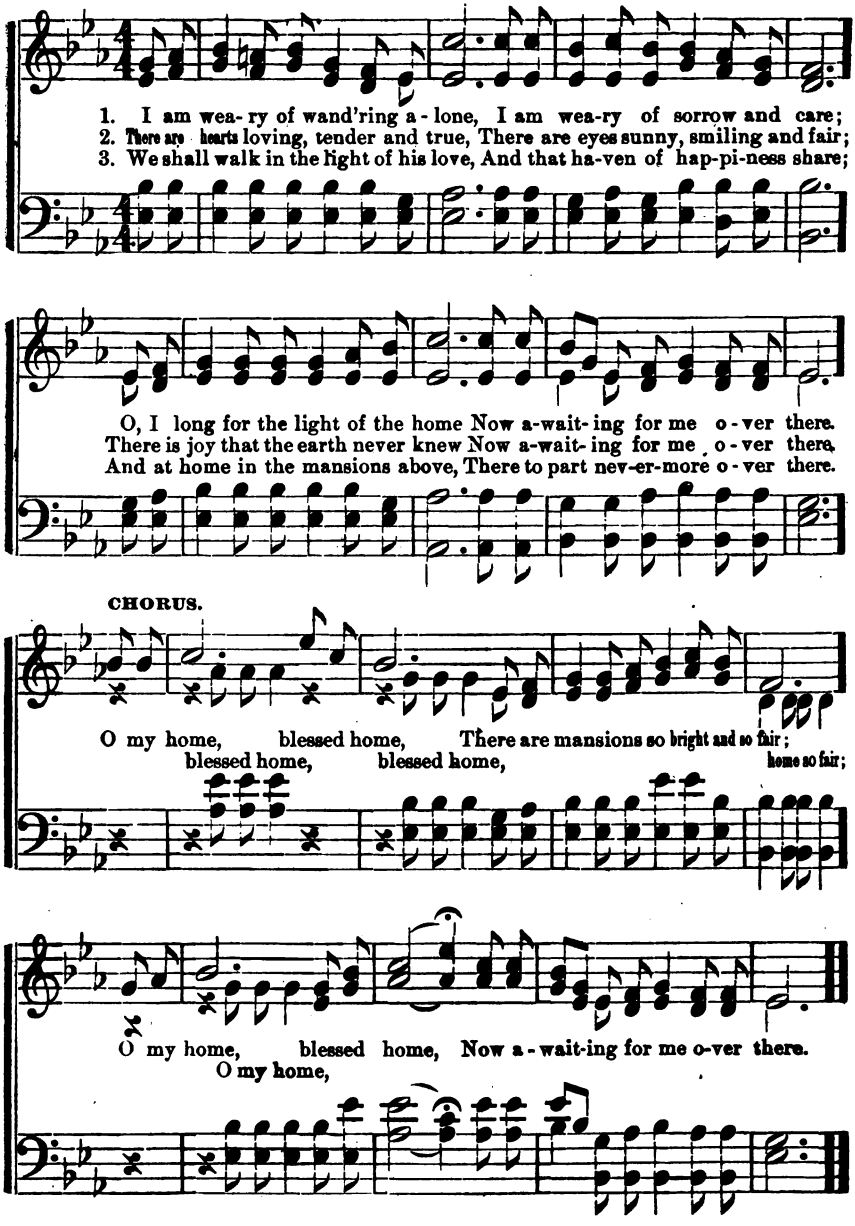
Prov. 18 : 10. REV. T. C. NEAL.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! We are chil-dren of a King!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! Tho' the storms of earth may roar,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! By and by our jour - ney o'er,
As we has - ten onward, up - ward, We with joy - ful hearts can sing!
Sheltered in the Rock of A - ges, We are safe for ev - er - more.
We shall meet, no more to sev - er, On the bless - ed Glo - ry shore.
Christ, our might-y, matchless Sav - ior, Now with rap - ture we a - dore;
All the hosts of sin we'll con - quer, Thro' our bless - ed Captain's pow'r;
We shall sing with ho - ly rap - ture, While our ran-somed spir - its soar,
Repeat p
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are safe for ev - er - more.

GUIDE ME.

WILLIAMS. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pilgrim thro' the bar-ren land;
2. O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side;
I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through.
Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Bread of heaven, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong de-liverer, Strong de - liv-erer, Be thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of praises, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee,
Bread of heaven, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong de-liverer, Strong de - liv-erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee.

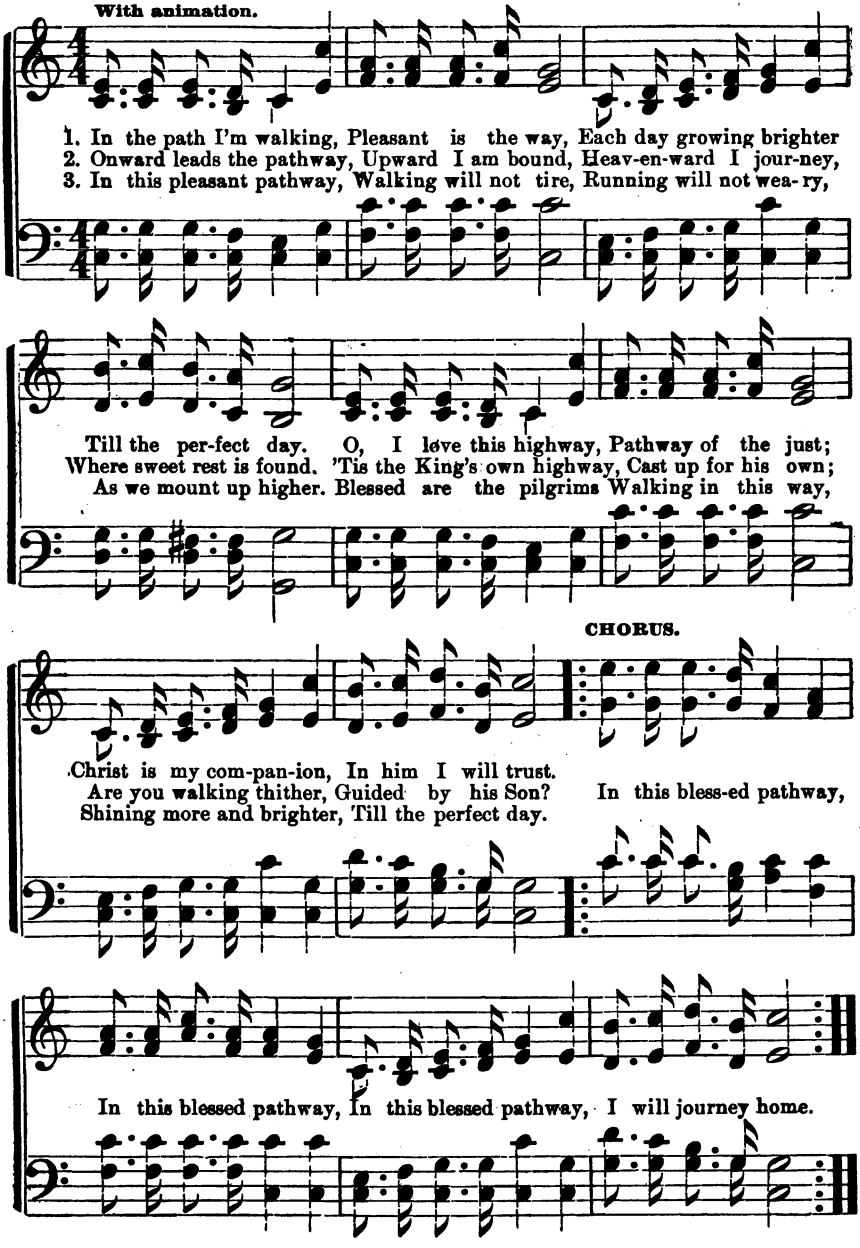
68 BLESSED HOME.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14:2.

J. A. SUTTON.

1. I am wea-ry of wand'ring a-lone, I am wea-ry of sorrow and care;
2. There are hearts loving, tender and true, There are eyes sunny, smiling and fair;
3. We shall walk in the light of his love, And that ha-ven of hap-pi-ness share;
O, I long for the light of the home Now a-wait-ing for me o-ver there.
There is joy that the earth never knew Now a-wait-ing for me o-ver there.
And at home in the mansions above, There to part nev-er-more o-ver there.
CHORUS.
O my home, blessed home, There are mansions so bright and so fair;
blessed home, blessed home, home so fair;
O my home, blessed home, Now a-wait-ing for me o-ver there.
O my home,

THE BLESSED PATHWAY. 69

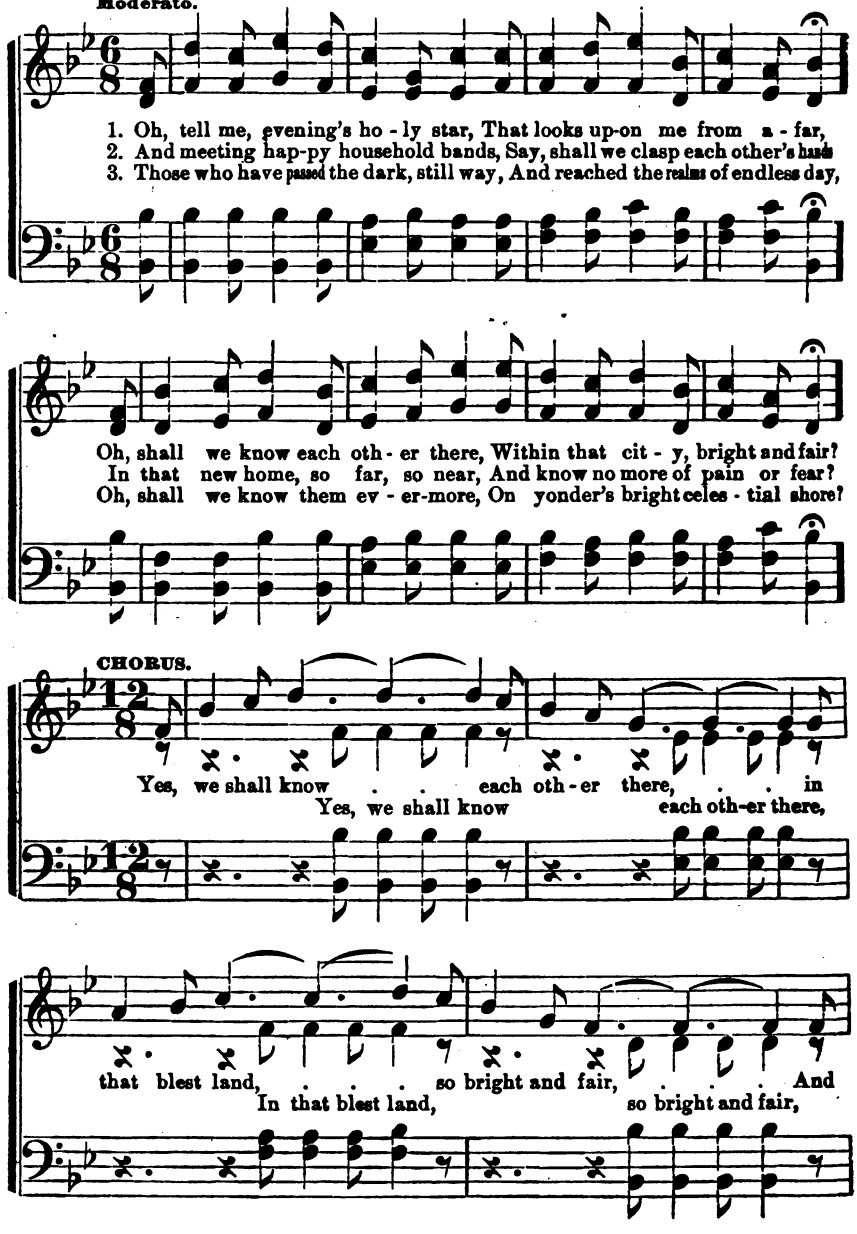
REV. J. B. ATCHISON. W. G. TOMER.

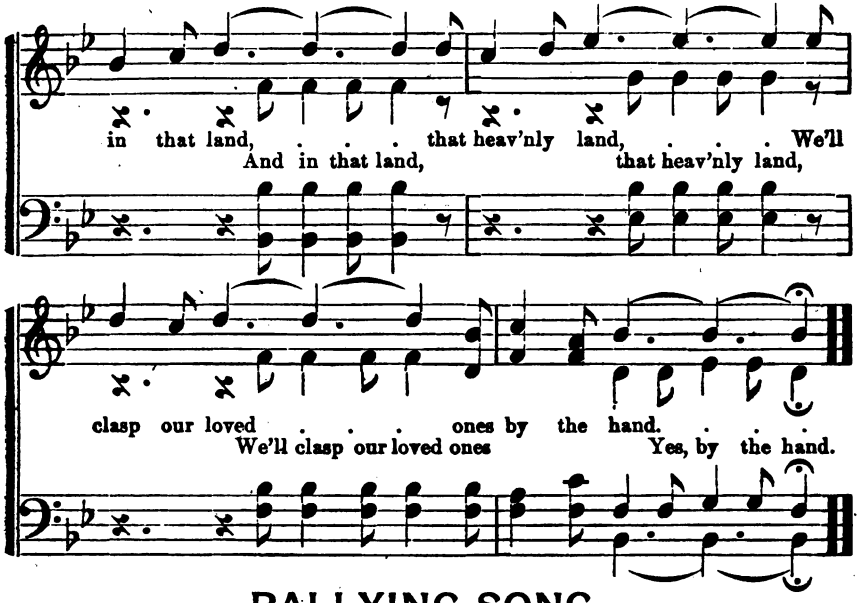
With animation.

1. In the path I'm walking, Pleasant is the way, Each day growing brighter
2. Onward leads the pathway, Upward I am bound, Heav-en-ward I jour-ney,
3. In this pleasant pathway, Walking will not tire, Running will not wea-ry,
Till the per-fect day. O, I love this highway, Pathway of the just;
Where sweet rest is found. 'Tis the King's own highway, Cast up for his own;
As we mount up higher. Blessed are the pilgrims Walking in this way,
CHORUS.
Christ is my com-pan-ion, In him I will trust.
Are you walking thither, Guided by his Son? In this bless-ed pathway,
Shining more and brighter, Till the perfect day.
In this blessed pathway, In this blessed pathway, I will journey home.

70 YES, WE SHALL KNOW.

1 John 3 : 2.

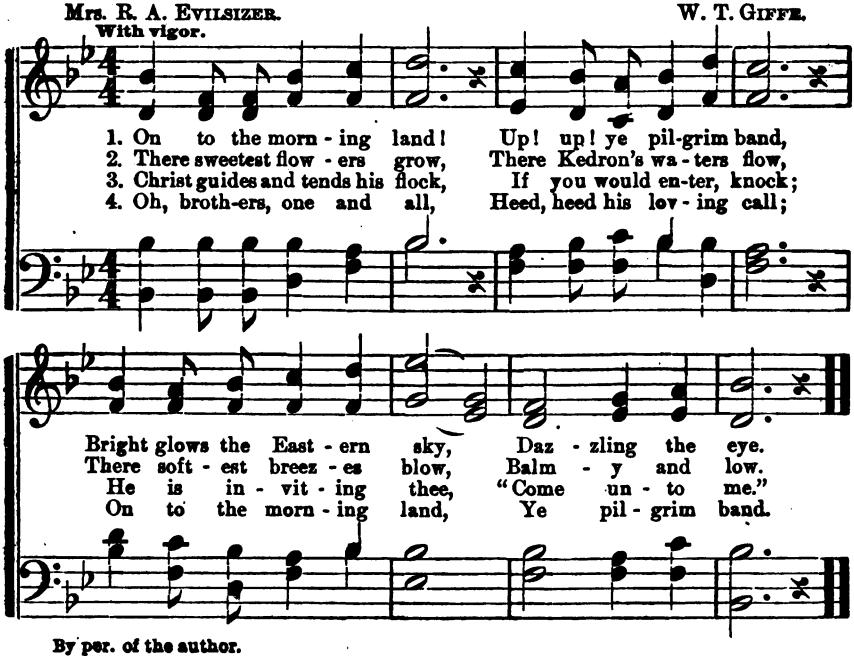
Moss Rose. Melody by Miss Flora B. Tomer. Arr. by W. G. Tomer.

Moderato.

1. Oh, tell me, evening's ho - ly star, That looks up-on me from a - far,
2. And meeting hap-py household bands, Say, shall we clasp each other's hands
3. Those who have passed the dark, still way, And reached the realms of endless day,
Oh, shall we know each oth - er there, Within that cit - y, bright and fair?
In that new home, so far, so near, And know no more of pain or fear?
Oh, shall we know them ev - er-more, On yonder's bright celes - tial shore?
CHORUS.
Yes, we shall know . . each oth - er there, . . . in
Yes, we shall know each oth-er there,
that blest land, ... so bright and fair, ... And
In that blest land, so bright and fair,

YES, WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded. 71

in that land, . . . that heav'nly land, . . . We'll
And in that land, that heav'nly land,
clasp our loved . . . ones by the hand. . . .
We'll clasp our loved ones Yes, by the hand.

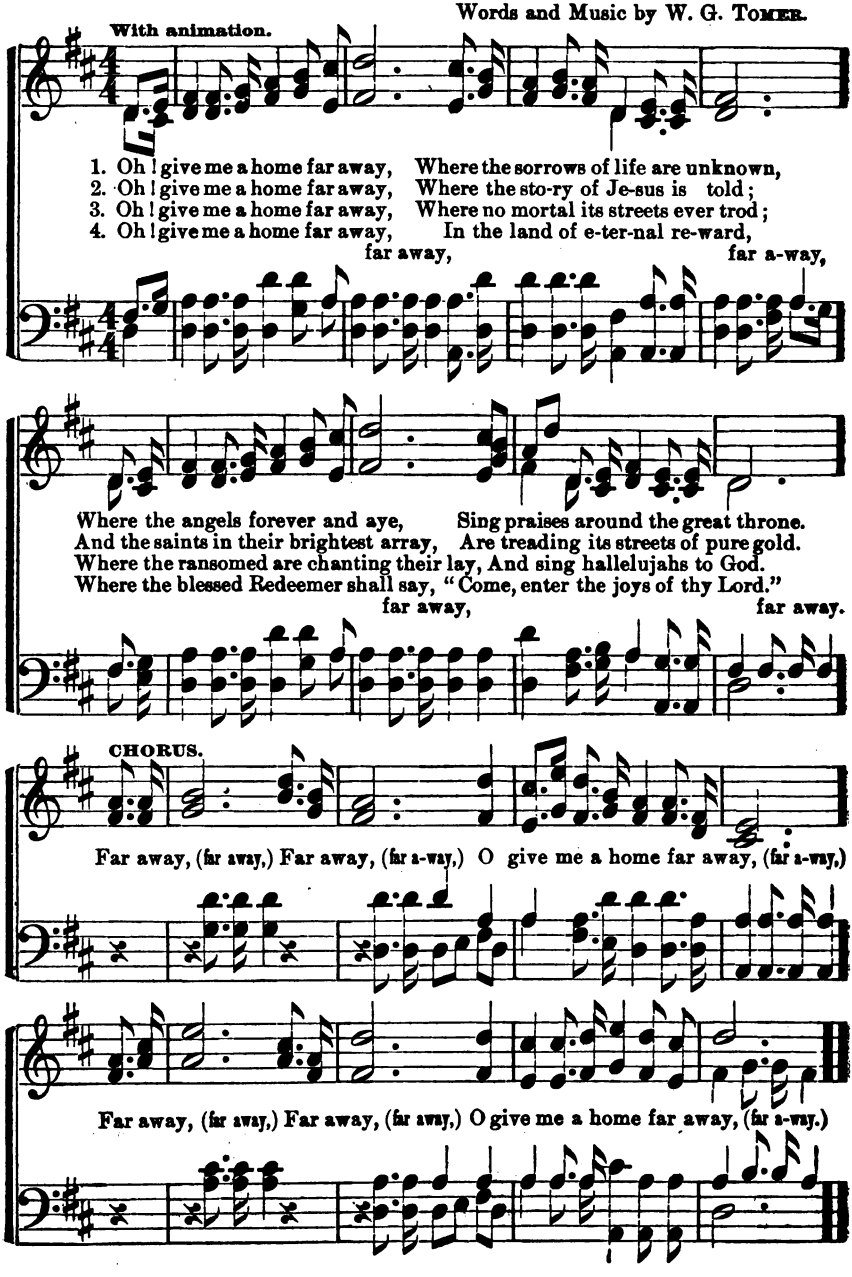
RALLYING SONG.

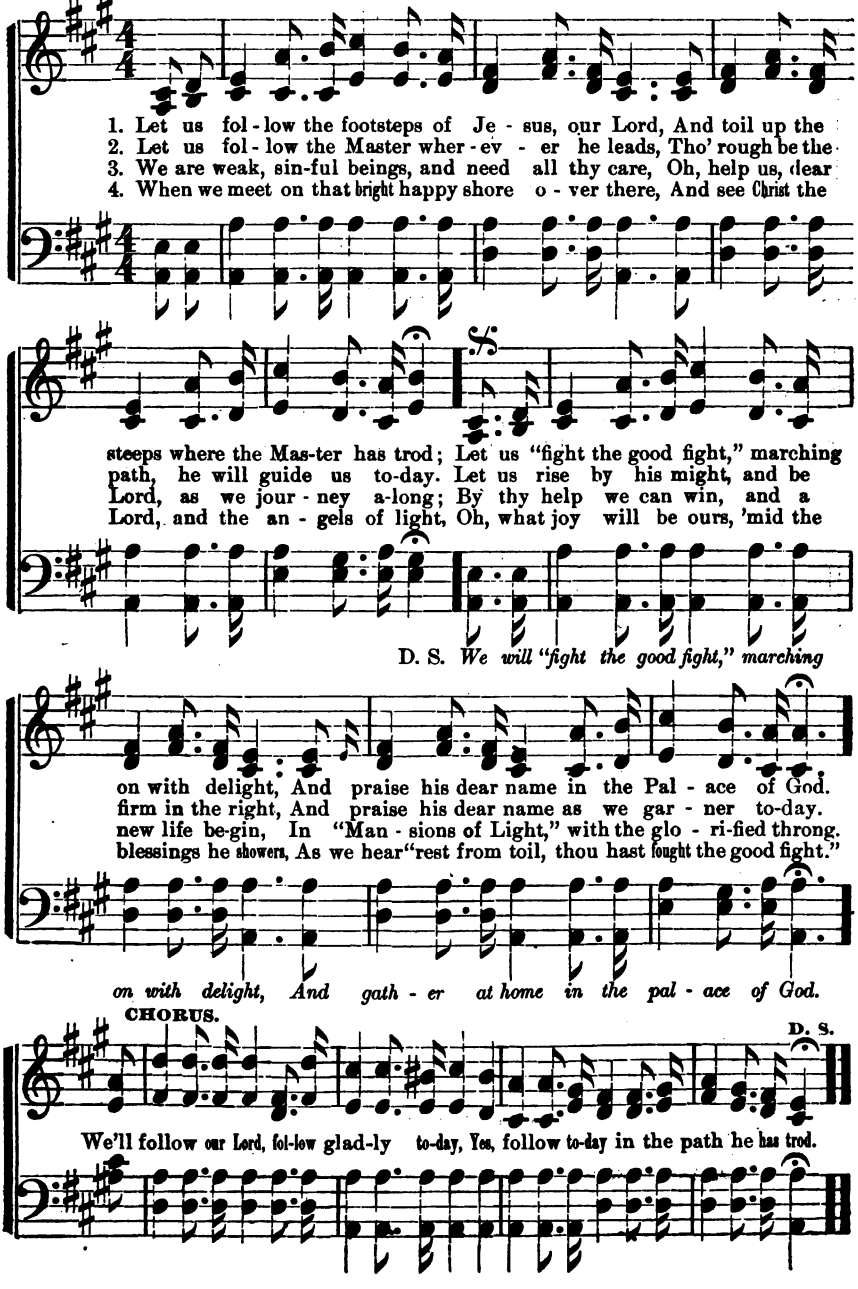
Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER. W. T. GIFFE.

With vigor.

1. On to the morn - ing land! Up! up! ye pil-grim band,
2. There sweetest flow - ers grow, There Kedron's wa - ters flow,
3. Christ guides and tends his flock, If you would en-ter, knock;
4. Oh, broth-ers, one and all, Heed, heed his lov - ing call;
Bright glows the East - ern sky, Daz - zling the eye.
There soft - est breez - es blow, Balm - y and low.
He is in - vit - ing thee, "Come un - to me."
On to the morn - ing land, Ye pil - grim band.

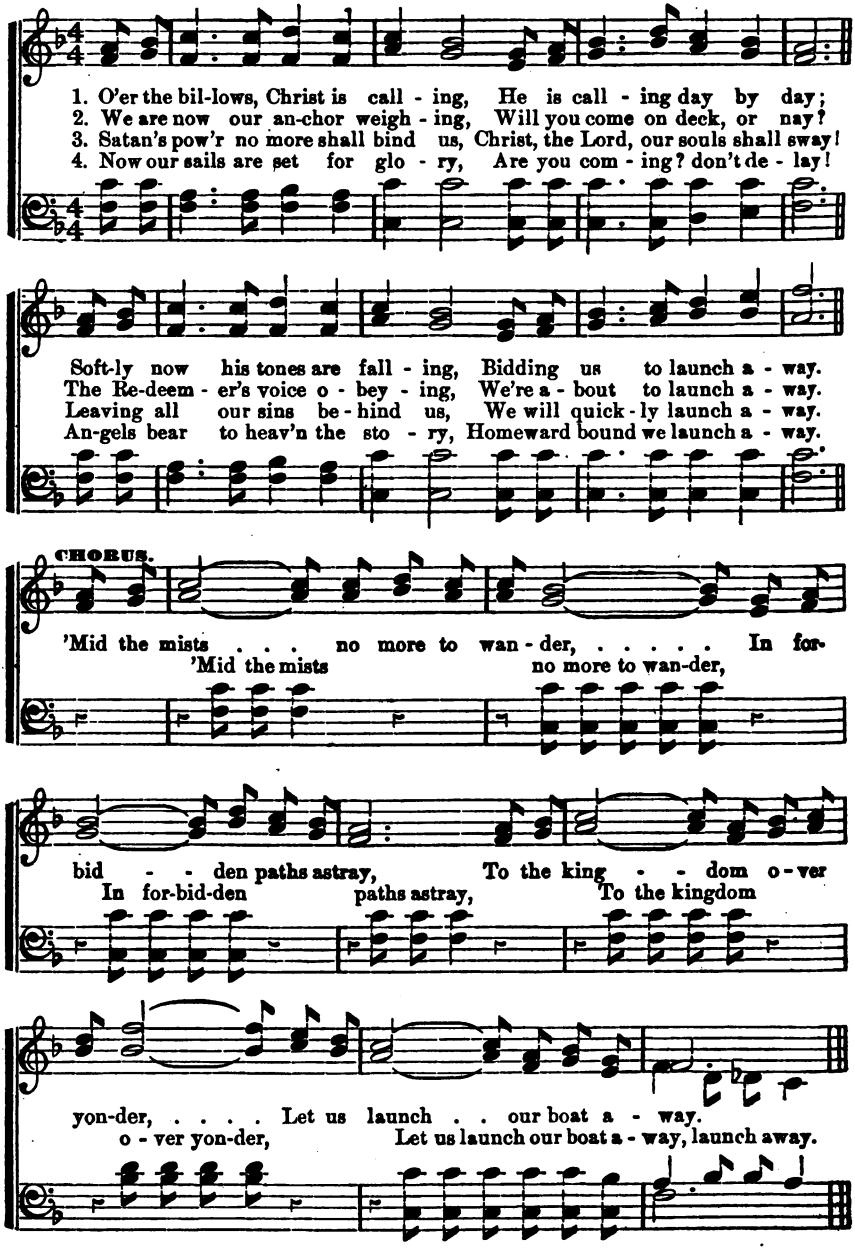
By per. of the author.

72 THE HOME FAR AWAY.

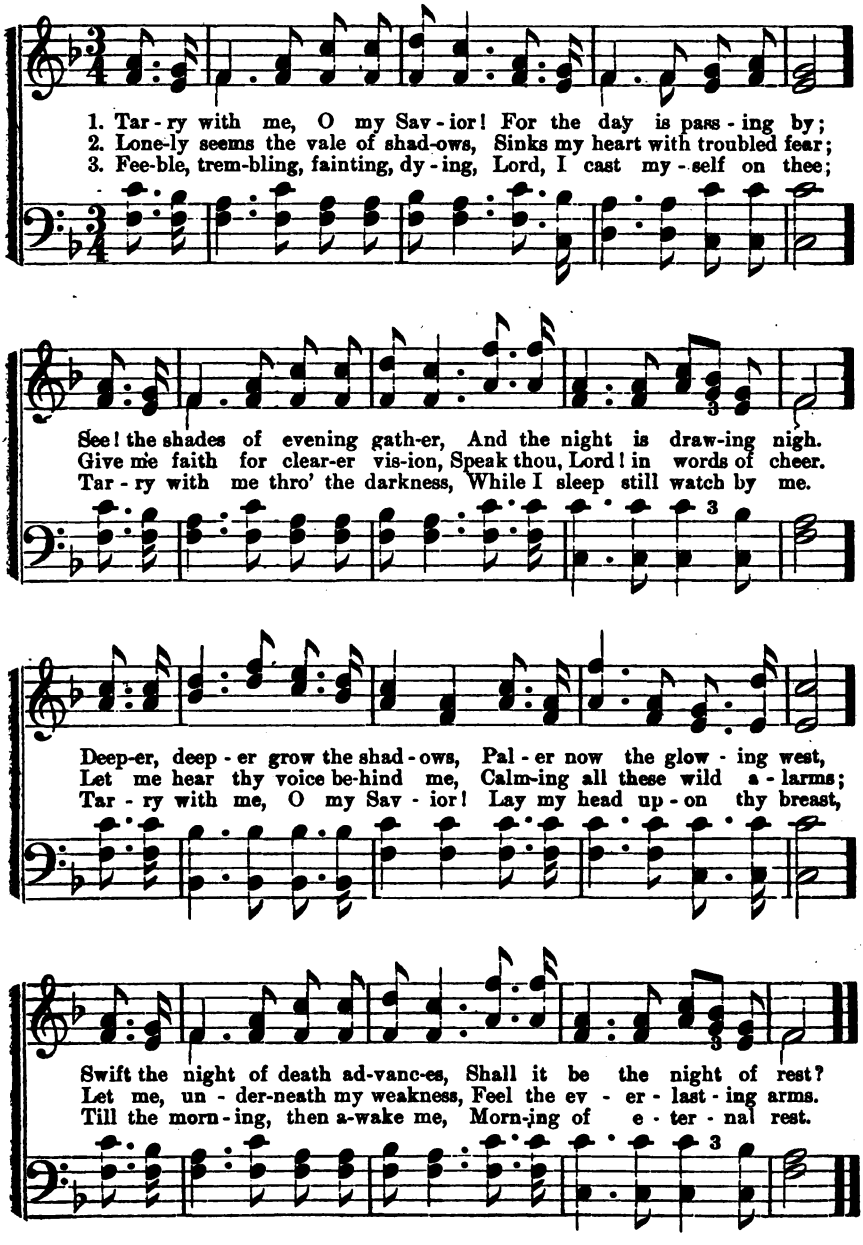
Words and Music by W. G. TOMER.

With animation.
1. Oh! give me a home far away, Where the sorrows of life are unknown,
2. Oh! give me a home far away, Where the sto-ry of Je-sus is told;
3. Oh! give me a home far away, Where no mortal its streets ever trod;
4. Oh! give me a home far away, In the land of e-ter-nal re-ward,
far away, far a-way,
Where the angels forever and aye, Sing praises around the great throne.
And the saints in their brightest array, Are treading its streets of pure gold.
Where the ransomed are chanting their lay, And sing hallelujahs to God.
Where the blessed Redeemer shall say, "Come, enter the joys of thy Lord."
far away, far away.
CHORUS.
Far away, (far away,) Far away, (far a-way,) O give me a home far away, (far a-way,)
Far away, (far away,) Far away, (far away,) O give me a home far away, (far a-way.)

M. W. N. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. Let us fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus, our Lord, And toil up the
2. Let us fol - low the Master wher - ev - er he leads, Tho' rough be the
3. We are weak, sin-ful beings, and need all thy care, Oh, help us, dear
4. When we meet on that bright happy shore o - ver there, And see Christ the
steeps where the Mas-ter has trod; Let us "fight the good fight," marching
path, he will guide us to-day. Let us rise by his might, and be
Lord, as we jour - ney a-long; By thy help we can win, and a
Lord, and the an - gels of light, Oh, what joy will be ours, 'mid the
D. S. We will "fight the good fight," marching
on with delight, And praise his dear name in the Pal - ace of God.
firm in the right, And praise his dear name as we gar - ner to-day.
new life be-gin, In "Man - sions of Light," with the glo - ri-fied throng.
blessings he showers, As we hear "rest from toil, thou hast fought the good fight."
on with delight, And gath - er at home in the pal - ace of God.
CHORUS.
D. S.
We'll follow our Lord, fol-low glad-ly to-day, Yes, follow to-day in the path he has trod.

74 LET US LAUNCH OUR BOAT AWAY.

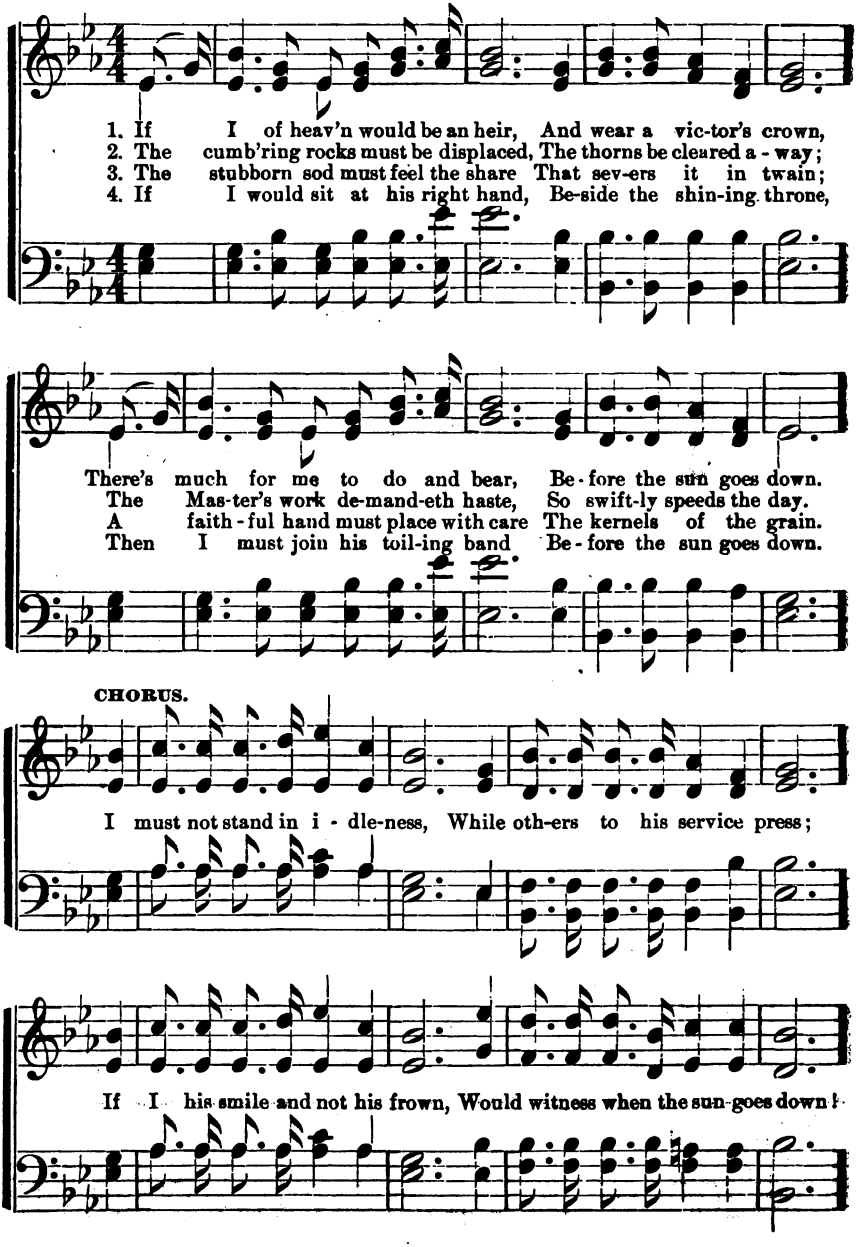
E. R. LATTA. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. O'er the bil-lows, Christ is call - ing, He is call - ing day by day;
2. We are now our an-chor weigh - ing, Will you come on deck, or nay?
3. Satan's pow'r no more shall bind us, Christ, the Lord, our souls shall sway!
4. Now our sails are set for glo - ry, Are you com - ing? don't de - lay!
Soft-ly now his tones are fall - ing, Bidding us to launch a - way.
The Re-deem - er's voice o - bey - ing, We're a - bout to launch a - way.
Leaving all our sins be - hind us, We will quick - ly launch a - way.
An-gels bear to heav'n the sto - ry, Homeward bound we launch a - way.
CHORUS.
'Mid the mists . . . no more to wan - der, ... In for-
'Mid the mists no more to wan-der,
bid - - den paths astray, To the king - - dom o - ver
In for-bid-den paths astray, To the kingdom
yon-der, ... Let us launch . . our boat a - way.
o - ver yon-der, Let us launch our boat a - way, launch away.

TARRY WITH ME. 75

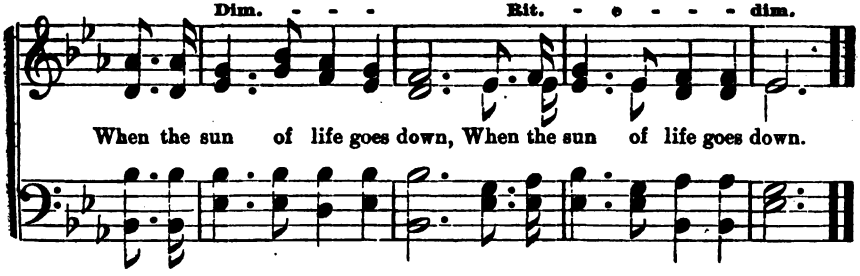
Mrs. J. K. Clark. Luke 24 : 29. Milo W. Nethercutt.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior! For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Lone-ly seems the vale of shad-ows, Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
3. Fee-ble, trem-bling, fainting, dy - ing, Lord, I cast my - self on thee;
See! the shades of evening gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
Give me faith for clear-er vis-ion, Speak thou, Lord! in words of cheer.
Tar - ry with me thro' the darkness, While I sleep still watch by me.
Deep-er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,
Let me hear thy voice be-hind me, Calm-ing all these wild a - larms;
Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior! Lay my head up - on thy breast,
Swift the night of death ad-vanc-es, Shall it be the night of rest?
Let me, un - der-neath my weakness, Feel the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Till the morn - ing, then a-wake me, Morn-ing of e - ter - nal rest.

76 WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

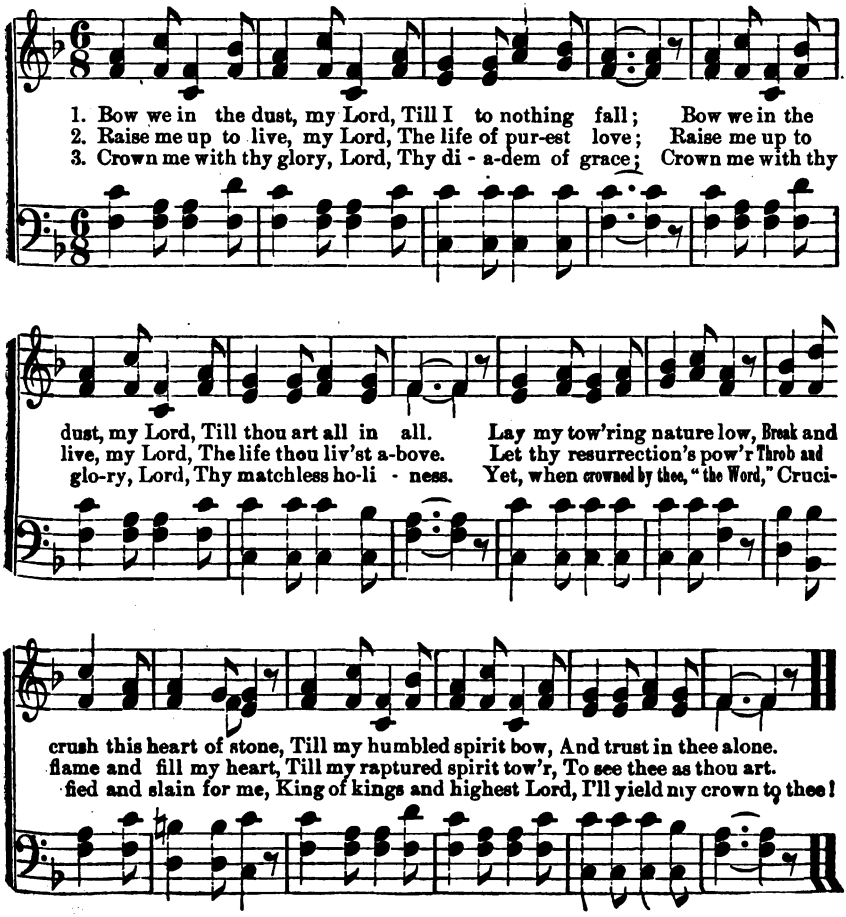
"The night cometh, when no man can work." JOHN 9: 4.

E. R. LATTA. J. T. REESE.

1. If I of heav'n would be an heir, And wear a vic-tor's crown,
2. The cumb'ring rocks must be displaced, The thorns be cleared a - way;
3. The stubborn sod must feel the share That sev-ers it in twain;
4. If I would sit at his right hand, Be-side the shin-ing throne,
There's much for me to do and bear, Be - fore the sun goes down.
The Mas-ter's work de-mand-eth haste, So swift-ly speeds the day.
A faith - ful hand must place with care The kernels of the grain.
Then I must join his toil-ing band Be - fore the sun goes down.
CHORUS.
I must not stand in i - dle-ness, While oth-ers to his service press;
If I his smile and not his frown, Would witness when the sun goes down!

THE SUN GOES DOWN. Concluded. 77

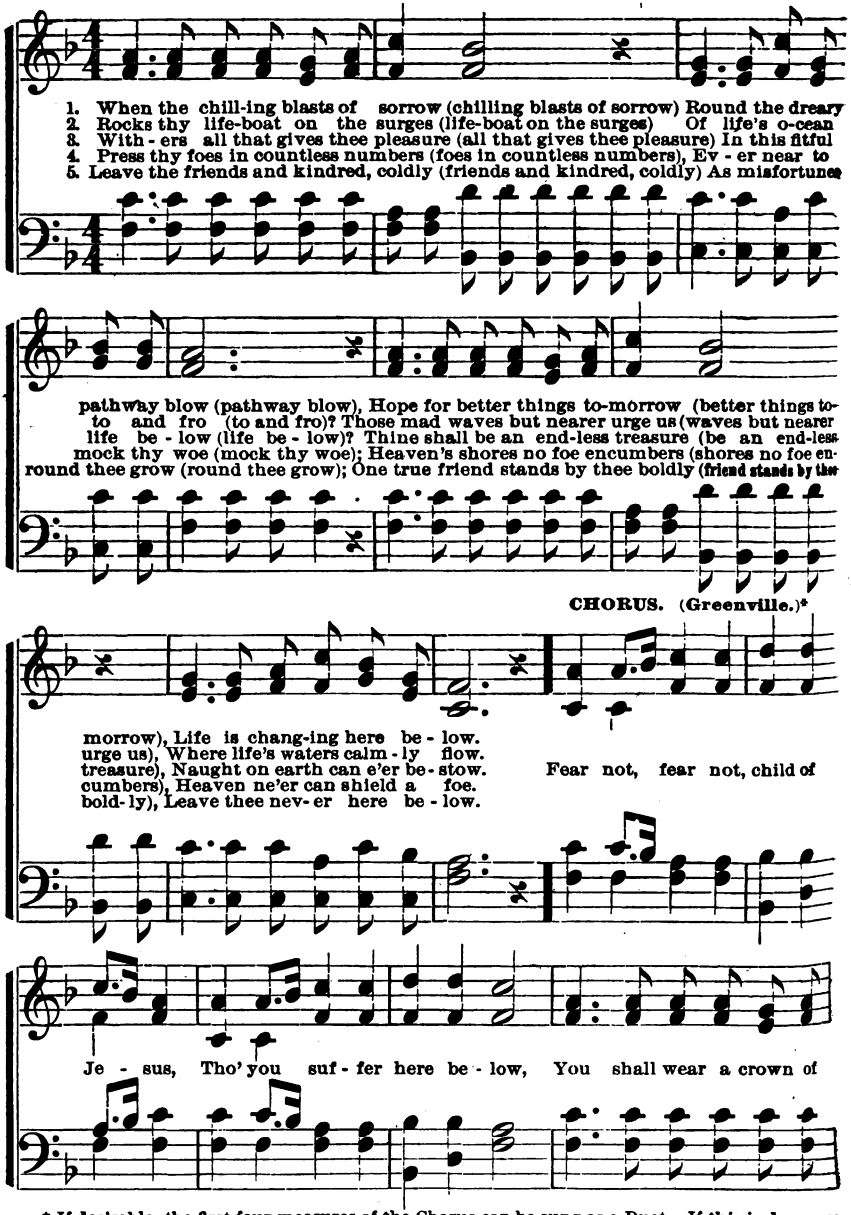


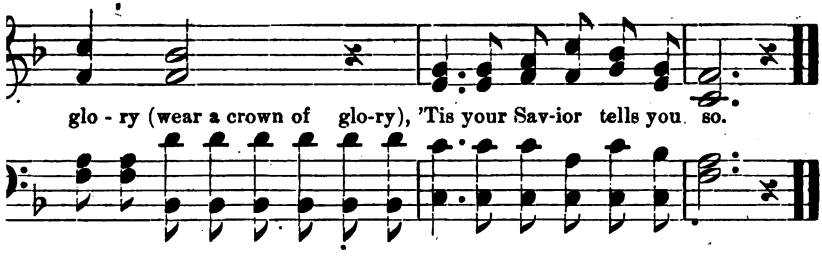
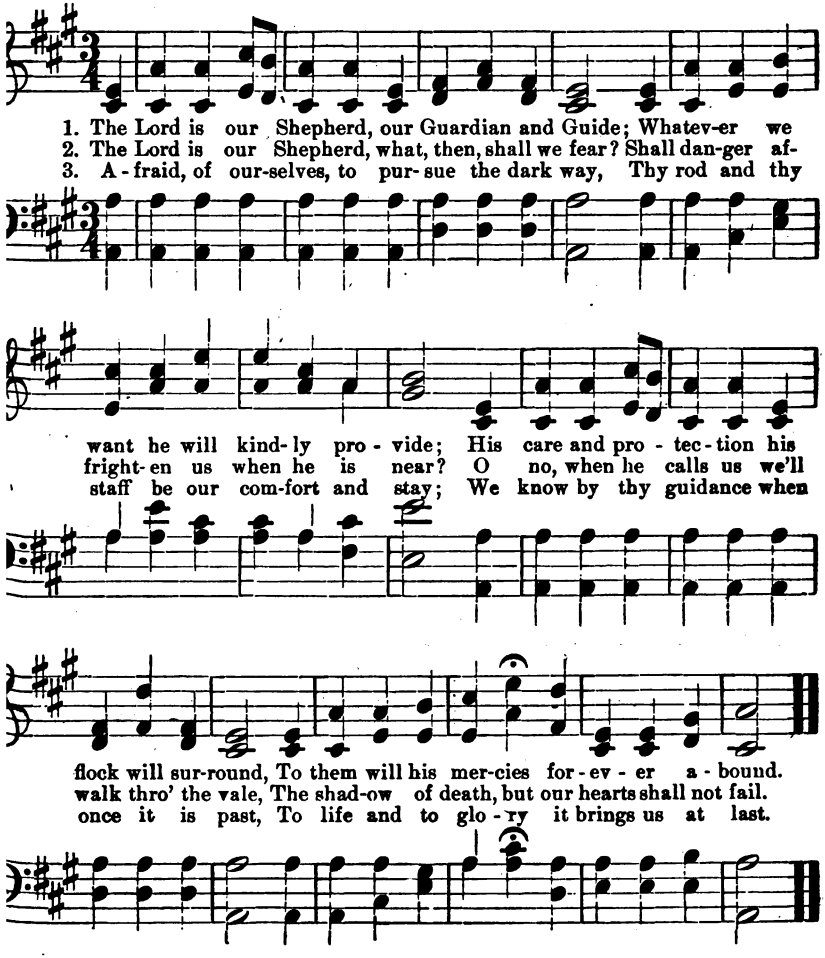
EARNEST PRAYER.

ENGLISH. Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. Bow we in the dust, my Lord, Till I to nothing fall; Bow we in the
2. Raise me up to live, my Lord, The life of pur-est love; Raise me up to
3. Crown me with thy glory, Lord, Thy di - a-dem of grace; Crown me with thy
dust, my Lord, Till thou art all in all. Lay my tow'ring nature low, Break and
live, my Lord, The life thou liv'st a-bove. Let thy resurrection's pow'r Throb and
glo-ry, Lord, Thy matchless ho-li - ness. Yet, when crowned by thee, "the Word," Cruci-
crush this heart of stone, Till my humbled spirit bow, And trust in thee alone.
flame and fill my heart, Till my raptured spirit tow'r, To see thee as thou art.
fied and slain for me, King of kings and highest Lord, I'll yield my crown to thee!

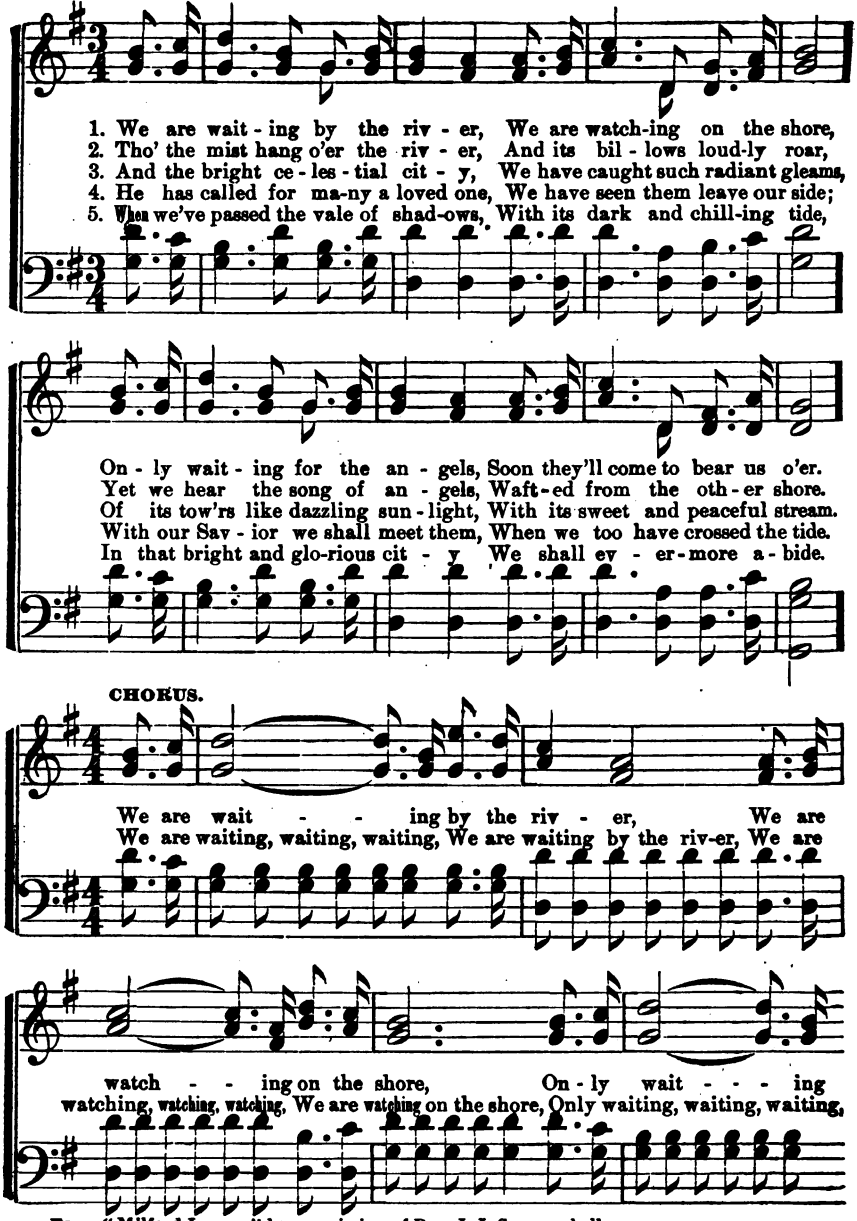
78 NEVER DESPAIR.

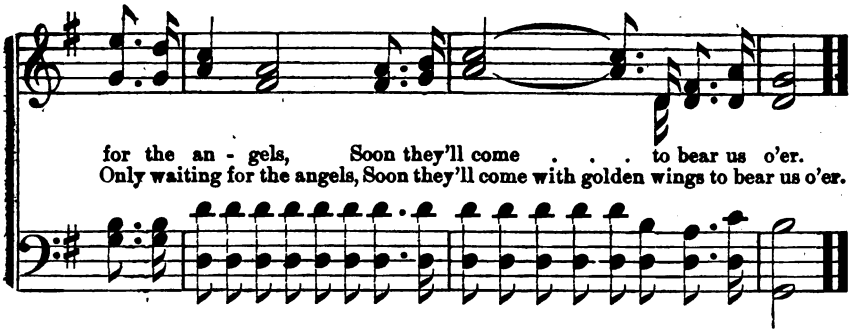
"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. 12 : 9.

FRANK B. COPP. W. G. TOMER.

1. When the chill-ing blasts of sorrow (chilling blasts of sorrow) Round the dreary
2. Rocks thy life-boat on the surges (life-boat on the surges) Of life's o-cean
3. With-ers all that gives thee pleasure (all that gives thee pleasure) In this fitful
4. Press thy foes in countless numbers (foes in countless numbers), Ev-er near to
5. Leave the friends and kindred, coldly (friends and kindred, coldly) As misfortune
pathway blow (pathway blow), Hope for better things to-morrow (better things to-
to and fro (to and fro)? Those mad waves but nearer urge us (waves but nearer
life be-low (life be-low)? Thine shall be an end-less treasure (be an end-less
mock thy woe (mock thy woe); Heaven's shores no foe encumbers (shores no foe en-
round thee grow (round thee grow); One true friend stands by thee boldly (friend stands by thee
CHORUS. (Greenville.)*
morrow), Life is chang-ing here be-low.
urge us), Where life's waters calm-ly flow.
treasure), Naught on earth can e'er be-stow.
cumbers), Heaven ne'er can shield a foe.
bold-ly), Leave thee nev-er here be-low.
Fear not, fear not, child of
Je-sus, Tho' you suf-fer here be-low, You shall wear a crown of

* If desirable, the first four measures of the Chorus can be sung as a Duet. If this is done, use the Soprano and Tenor.

THE LORD IS OUR SHEPHERD.

1. The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide; Whatev-er we
2. The Lord is our Shepherd, what, then, shall we fear? Shall dan-ger af-
3. A - fraid, of our-selves, to pur- sue the dark way, Thy rod and thy
want he will kind- ly pro - vide; His care and pro - tec - tion his
fright- en us when he is near? O no, when he calls us we'll
staff be our com-fort and stay; We know by thy guidance when
flock will sur-round, To them will his mer-cies for - ev - er a - bound.
walk thro' the vale, The shad-ow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.
once it is past, To life and to glo - ry it brings us at last.

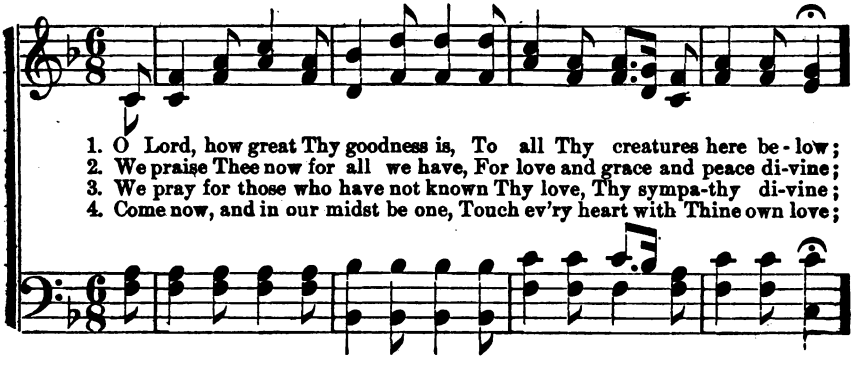
80 WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

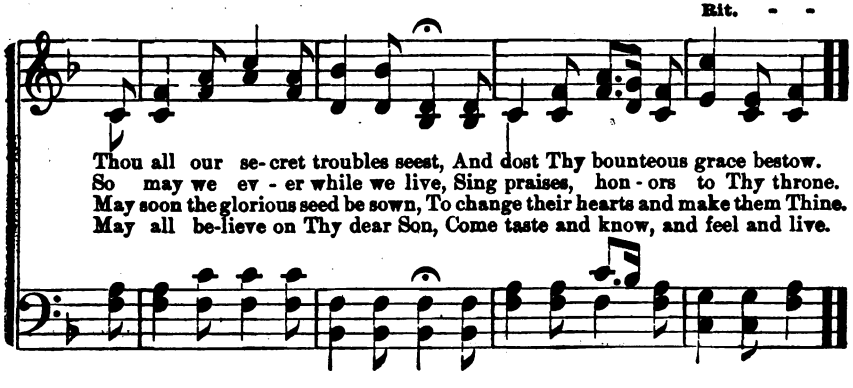
With animation. W. G. TOMER.

1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watch-ing on the shore,
2. Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud-ly roar,
3. And the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, We have caught such radiant gleams,
4. He has called for ma-ny a loved one, We have seen them leave our side;
5. When we've passed the vale of shad-ows, With its dark and chill-ing tide,
On - ly wait - ing for the an - gels, Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.
Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft-ed from the oth-er shore.
Of its tow'rs like dazzling sun - light, With its sweet and peaceful stream.
With our Sav - ior we shall meet them, When we too have crossed the tide.
In that bright and glo-rious cit - y We shall ev - er-more a - bide.
CHORUS.
We are wait - - - ing by the riv - er, We are
We are waiting, waiting, waiting, We are waiting by the riv-er, We are
watch - - ing on the shore, On - ly wait - - - ing
watching, watching, watching, We are watching on the shore, Only waiting, waiting, waiting,

From "Milford Leaves," by permission of Rev. J. J. Summerbell.

for the an - gels, Soon they'll come . . . to bear us o'er.
Only waiting for the angels, Soon they'll come with golden wings to bear us o'er.

GOODNESS.

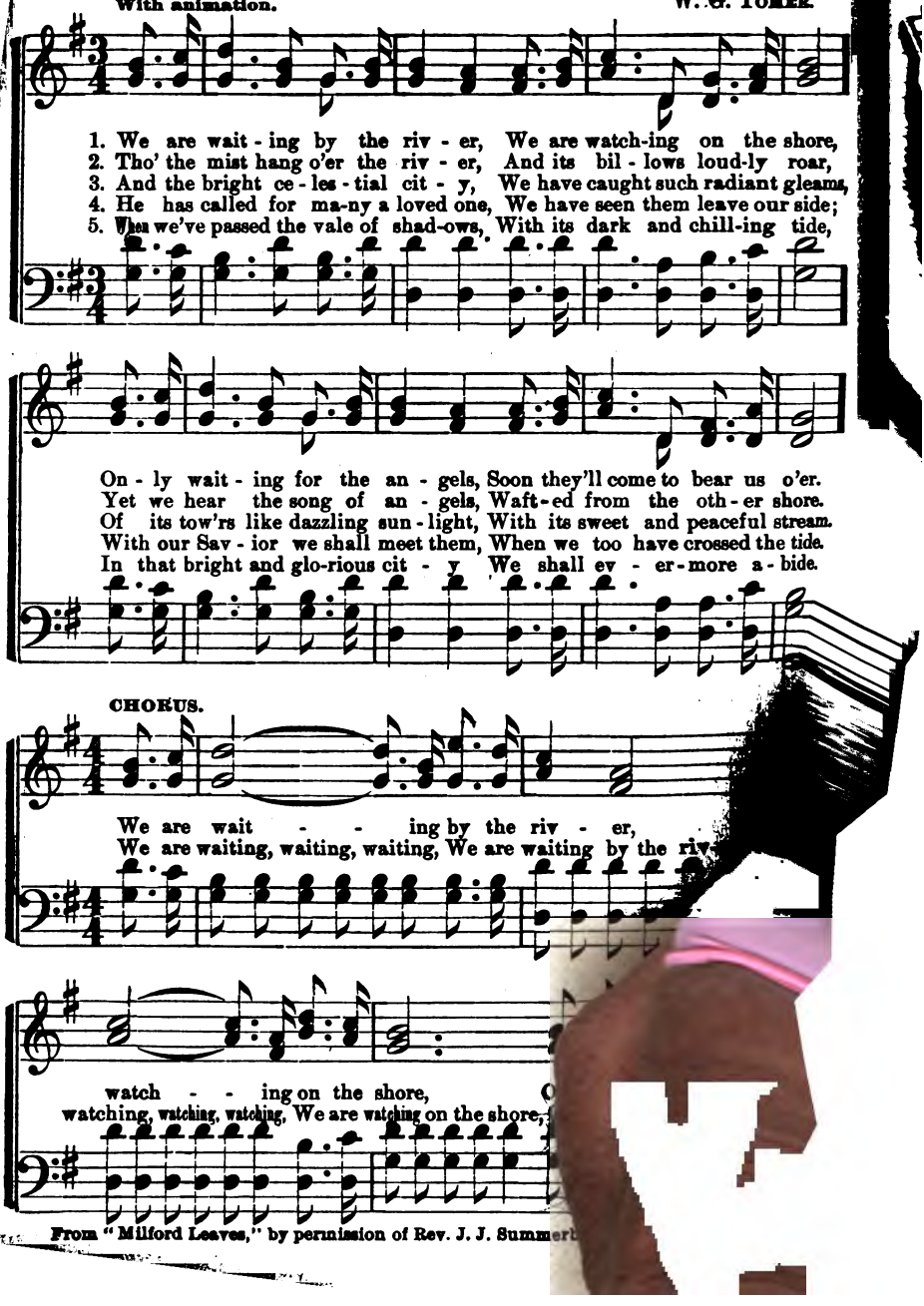
JACOB MARTIN. C. V. STRICKLAND.


1. O Lord, how great Thy goodness is, To all Thy creatures here be - low;
2. We praise Thee now for all we have, For love and grace and peace di-vine;
3. We pray for those who have not known Thy love, Thy sympa-thy di-vine;
4. Come now, and in our midst be one, Touch ev'ry heart with Thine own love;


Rit. - -
Thou all our se - cret troubles seest, And dost Thy bounteous grace bestow.
So may we ev - er while we live, Sing praises, hon - ors to Thy throne.
May soon the glorious seed be sown, To change their hearts and make them Thine.
May all be-lieve on Thy dear Son, Come taste and know, and feel and live.

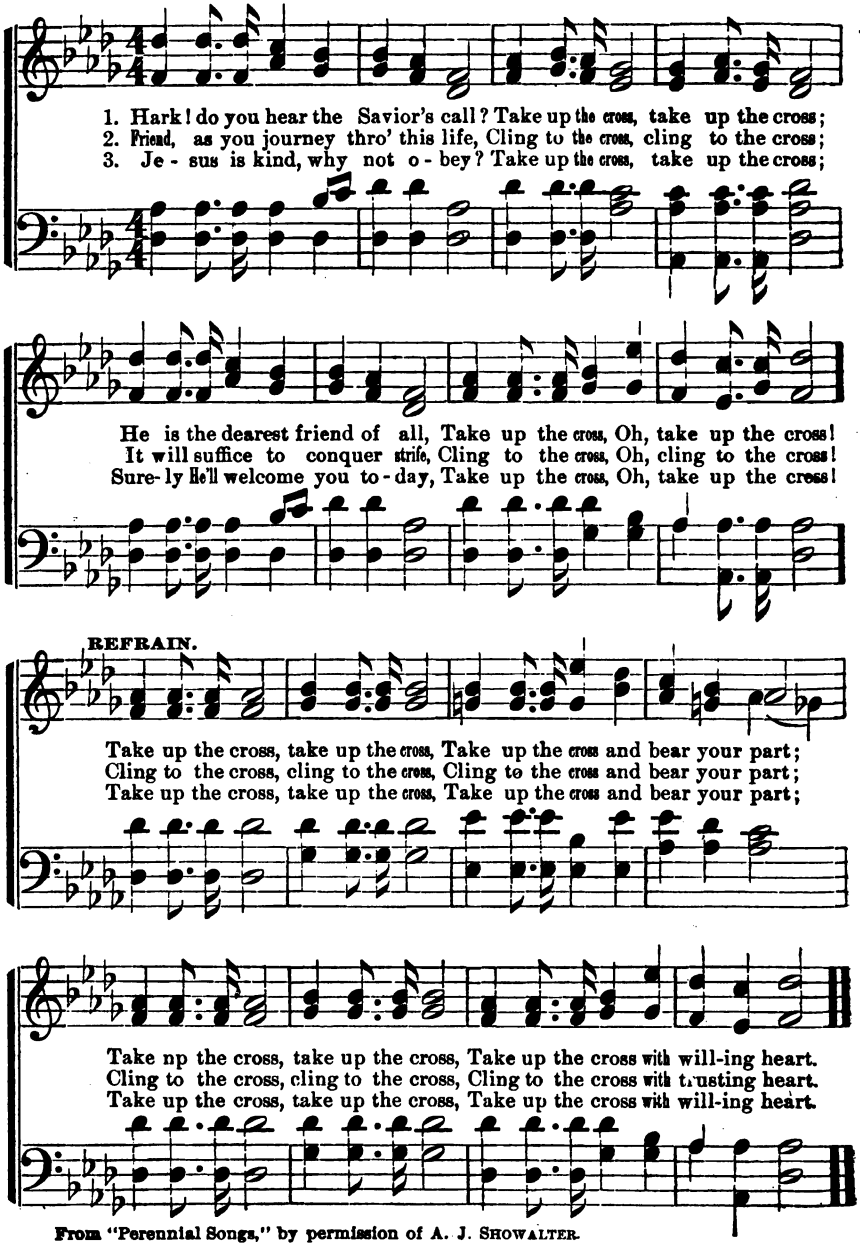
80 WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

With animation. W. G. TOMER.


1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watch-ing on the shore,
2. Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud-ly roar,
3. And the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, We have caught such radiant gleams,
4. He has called for ma-ny a loved one, We have seen them leave our side;
5. When we've passed the vale of shad-ows, With its dark and chill-ing tide,
On - ly wait - ing for the an - gels, Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.
Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft-ed from the oth - er shore.
Of its tow'rs like dazzling sun - light, With its sweet and peaceful stream.
With our Sav - ior we shall meet them, When we too have crossed the tide.
In that bright and glo-rious cit - y We shall ev - er-more a - bide.
CHORUS.
We are wait - - ing by the riv - er,
We are waiting, waiting, waiting, We are waiting by the riv
watch - - ing on the shore,
watching, watching, watching, We are watching on the shore,

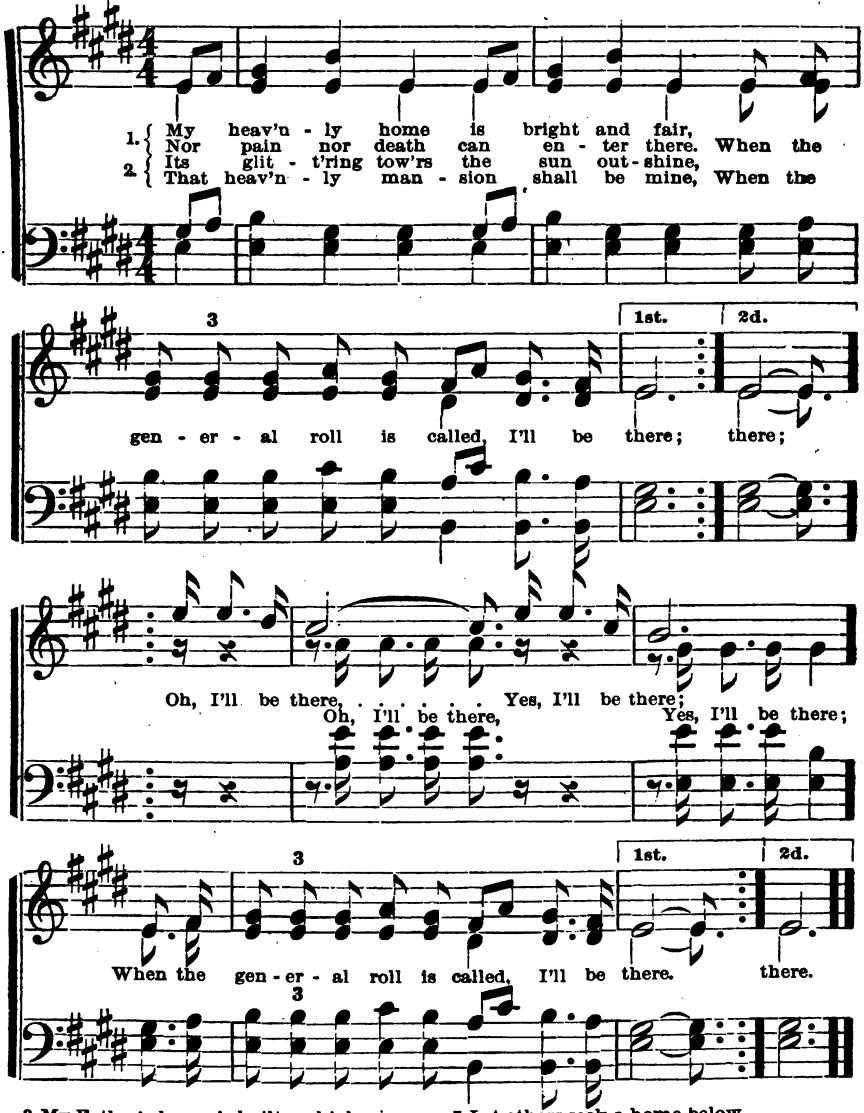
From "Milford Leaves," by permission of Rev. J. J. Summer

82 TAKE UP THE CROSS.

AMANDA SMILEY. J. F. KING.

1. Hark! do you hear the Savior's call? Take up the cross, take up the cross;
2. Friend, as you journey thro' this life, Cling to the cross, cling to the cross;
3. Je - sus is kind, why not o - bey? Take up the cross, take up the cross;
He is the dearest friend of all, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!
It will suffice to conquer strife, Cling to the cross, Oh, cling to the cross!
Sure-ly He'll welcome you to-day, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!
REFRAIN.
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross and bear your part;
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;
Take np the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross with trusting heart.
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.

From "Perennial Songs," by permission of A. J. SHOWALTER.

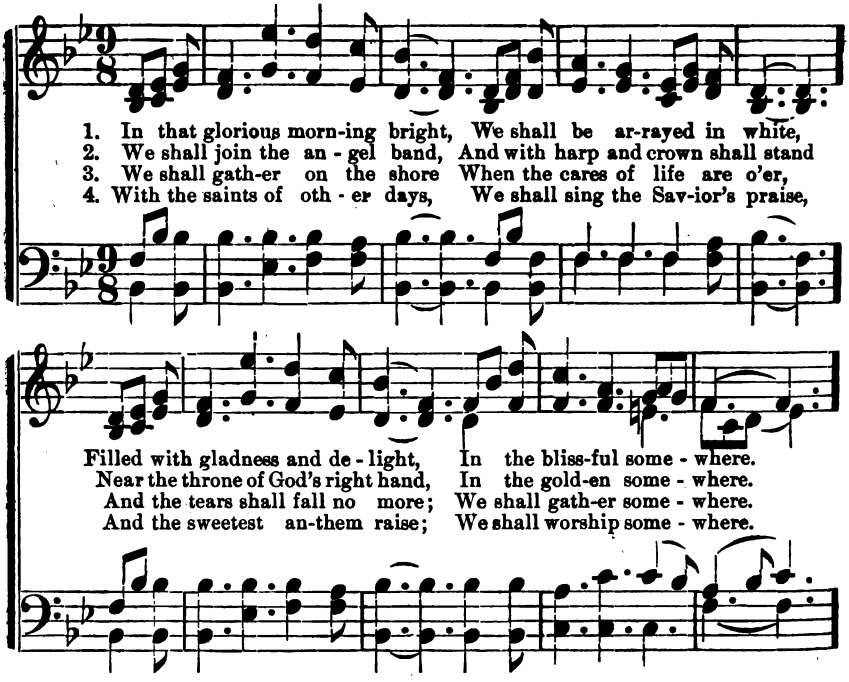
I'LL BE THERE. 83

WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by E. O. EXCELL. By per.

1. My heav'n - ly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can en - ter there. When the
2. Its glit - t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine,
That heav'n - ly man - sion shall be mine, When the
3
1st.
2d.
gen - er - al roll is called, I'll be there; there;
Oh, I'll be there, Yes, I'll be there;
Oh, I'll be there, Yes, I'll be there;
3
1st.
2d.
When the gen - er - al roll is called, I'll be there. there.
3

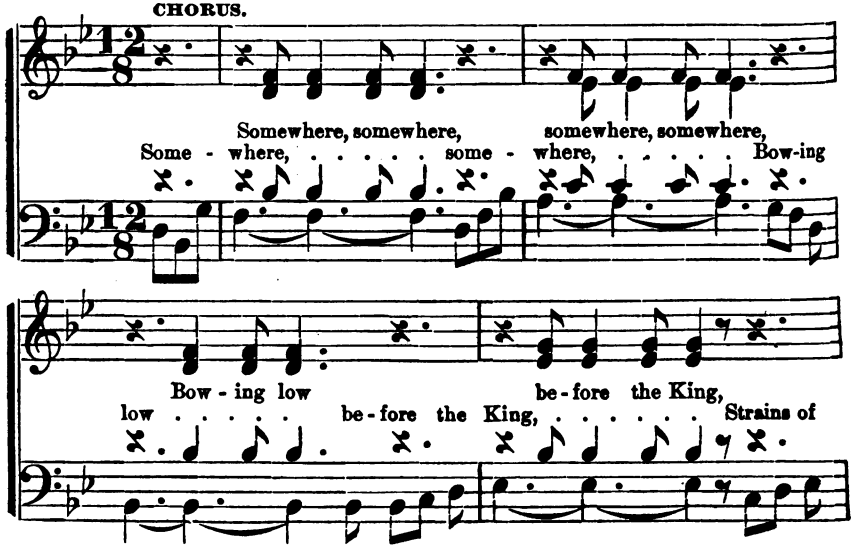
3 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
4 When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
5 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam.
6 Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
7 Let others seek a home below.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow.
8 Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
9 Then fall the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine.
10 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

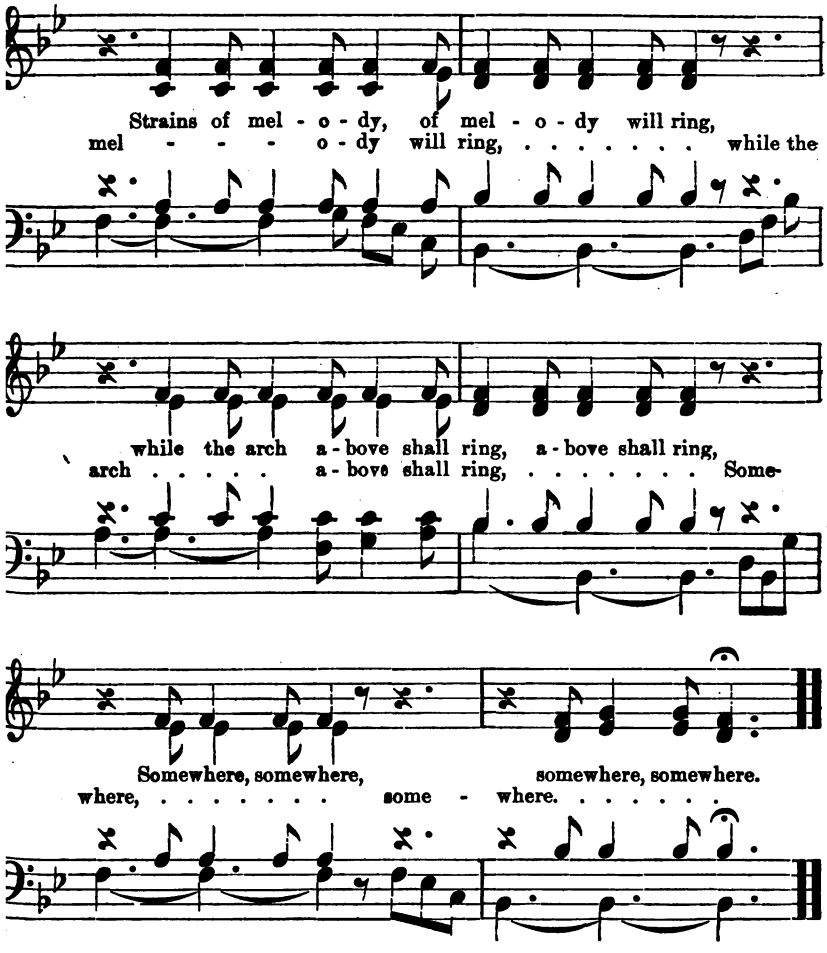
SOMEWHERE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. In that glorious morn-ing bright, We shall be ar-rayed in white,
2. We shall join the an - gel band, And with harp and crown shall stand
3. We shall gath-er on the shore When the cares of life are o'er,
4. With the saints of oth - er days, We shall sing the Sav-ior's praise,
Filled with gladness and de - light, In the bliss-ful some - where.
Near the throne of God's right hand, In the gold-en some - where.
And the tears shall fall no more; We shall gath-er some - where.
And the sweetest an-them raise; We shall worship some - where.

CHORUS.


Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere,
Some - where, some - where, Bow-ing
Bow - ing low be - fore the King,
low be - fore the King, Strains of

From "Crown of Gold," by permission.

Strains of mel - o - dy, of mel - o - dy will ring,
mel - - - - o - dy will ring, ... while the
while the arch a - bove shall ring, a - bove shall ring,
arch . . . . . a - bove shall ring, ... Some-
Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere.
where, ... some - where. . . . . .

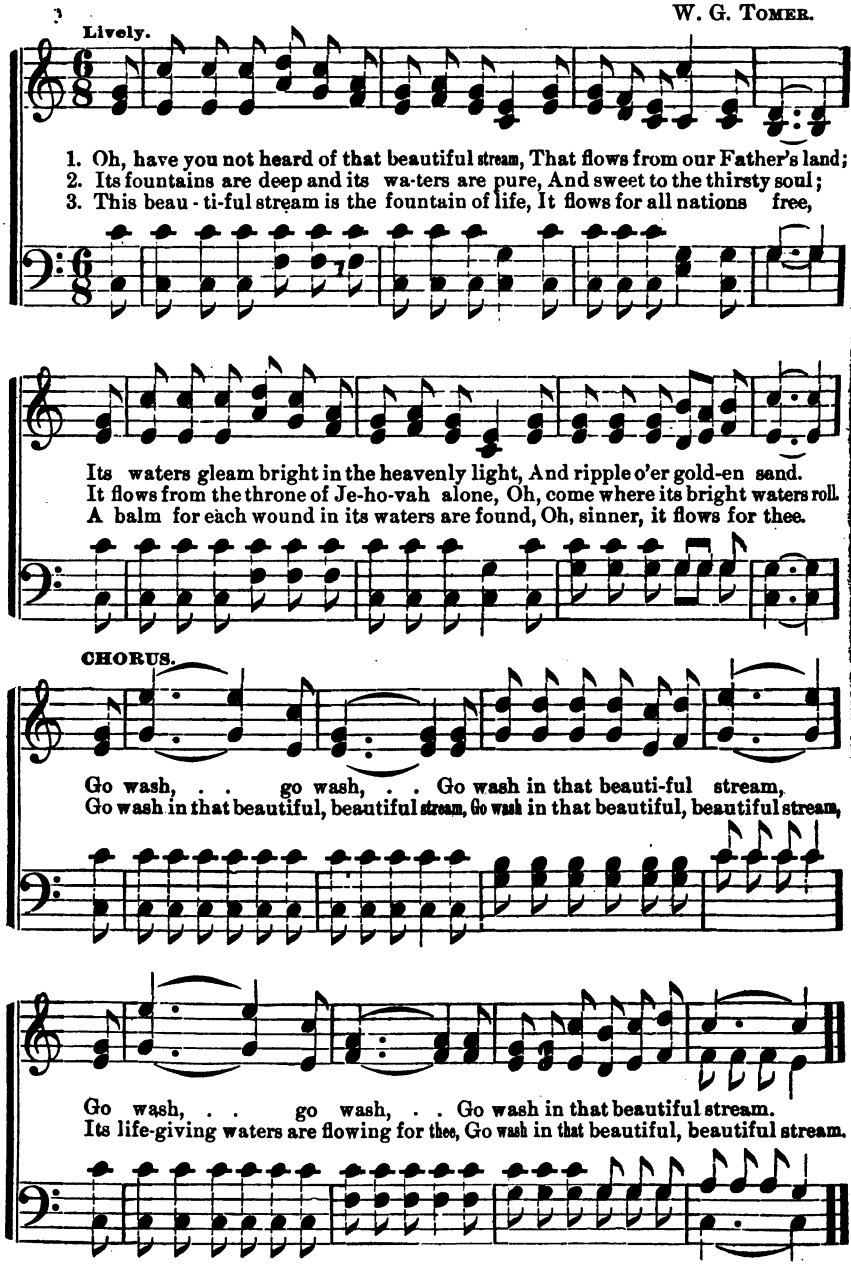
HO! REAPERS.

Tune—WEBB.

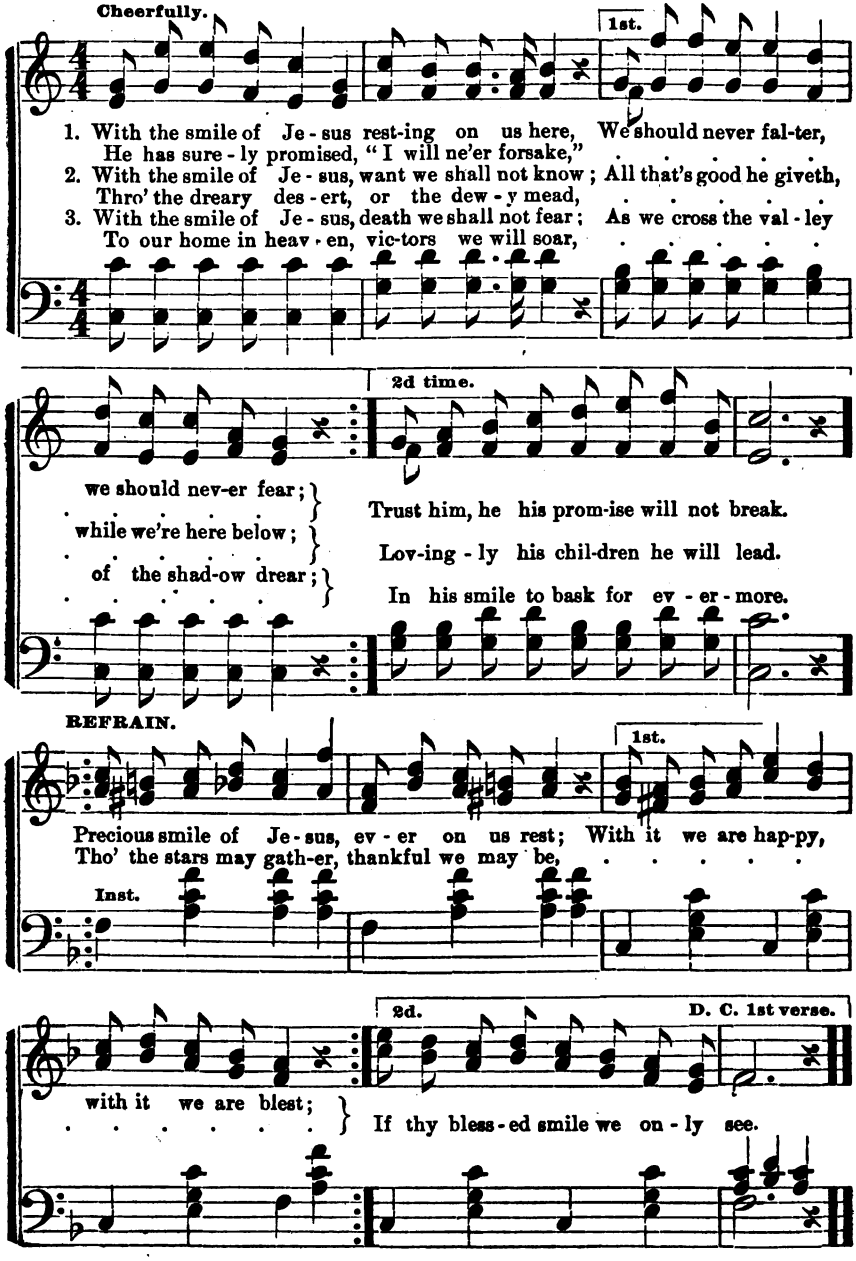
1 Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low,
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of the Lord,
And in the golden harvest
Shall be thy great reward.

86 WASH IN THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

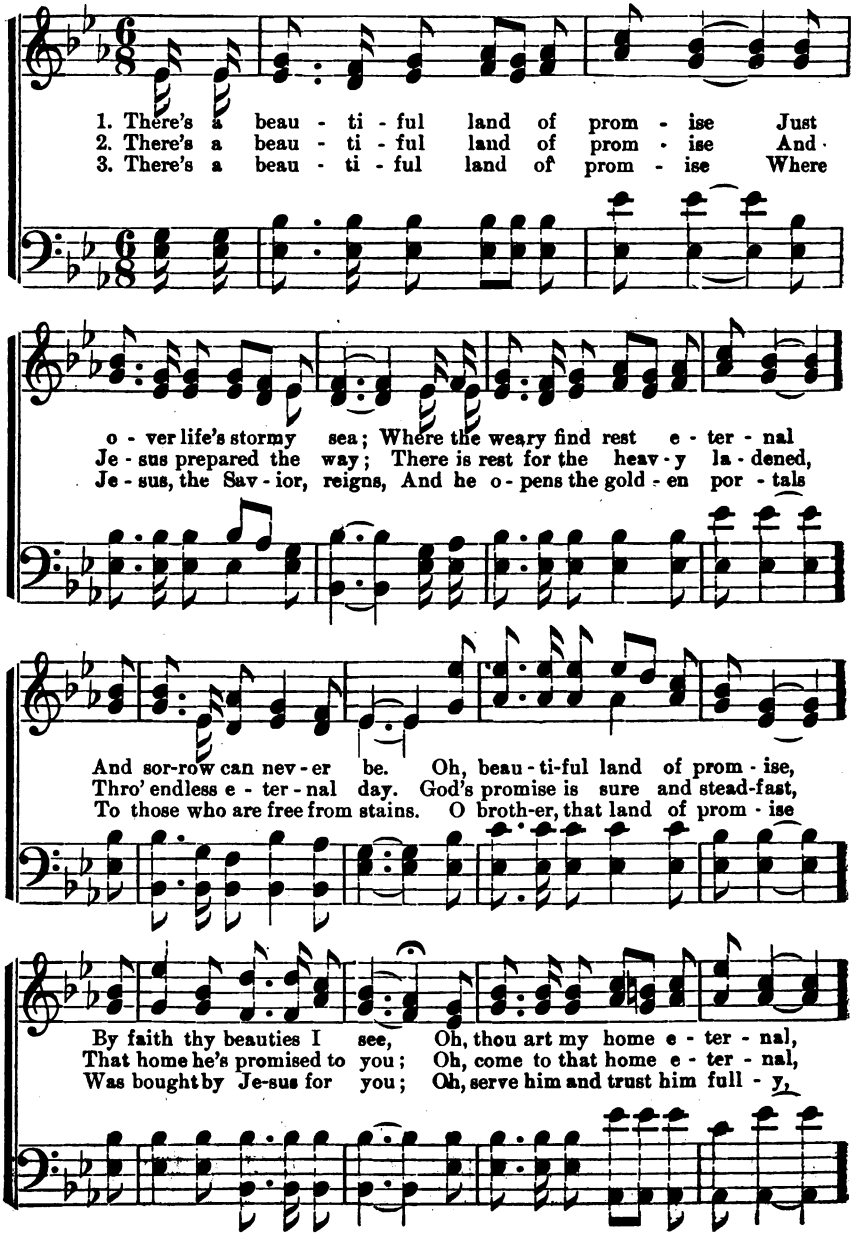
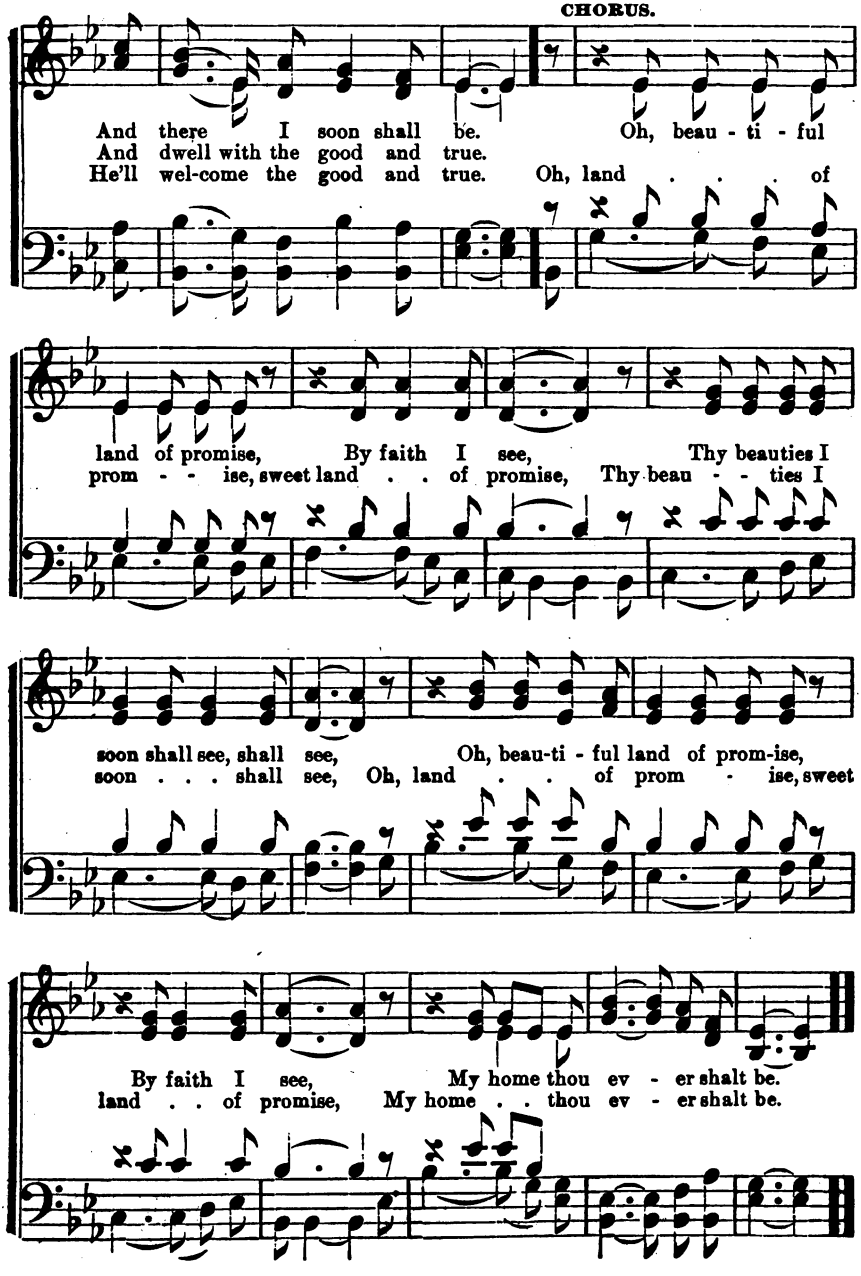
W. G. TOMER.

Lively.
1. Oh, have you not heard of that beautiful stream, That flows from our Father's land;
2. Its fountains are deep and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the thirsty soul;
3. This beau - ti-ful stream is the fountain of life, It flows for all nations free,
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er gold-en sand.
It flows from the throne of Je-ho-vah alone, Oh, come where its bright waters roll.
A balm for each wound in its waters are found, Oh, sinner, it flows for thee.
CHORUS.
Go wash, . . go wash, . . Go wash in that beauti-ful stream,
Go wash in that beautiful, beautiful stream, Go wash in that beautiful, beautiful stream,
Go wash, . . go wash, . . Go wash in that beautiful stream.
Its life-giving waters are flowing for thee, Go wash in that beautiful, beautiful stream.

WITH THE SMILE OF JESUS. 87

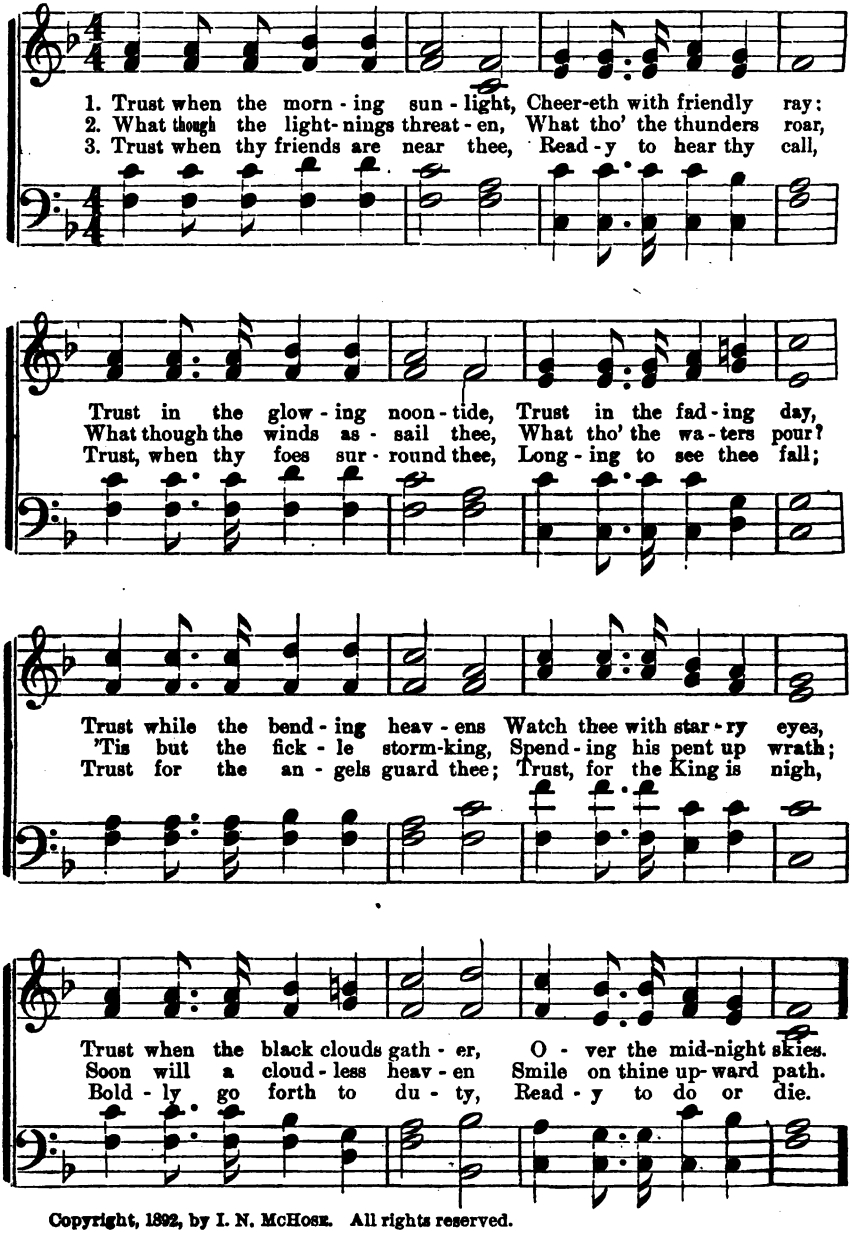
Rev. T. C. NEAL.

Cheerfully.
1st.
1. With the smile of Je - sus rest-ing on us here, We should never fal-ter,
He has sure - ly promised, "I will ne'er forsake,"
2. With the smile of Je - sus, want we shall not know; All that's good he giveth,
Thro' the dreary des - ert, or the dew - y mead,
3. With the smile of Je - sus, death we shall not fear; As we cross the val - ley
To our home in heav - en, vic-tors we will soar,
2d time.
we should nev-er fear;
while we're here below;
of the shad-ow drear;
Trust him, he his prom-ise will not break.
Lov-ing - ly his chil-dren he will lead.
In his smile to bask for ev - er - more.
REFRAIN.
1st.
Precious smile of Je - sus, ev - er on us rest; With it we are hap-py,
Tho' the stars may gath-er, thankful we may be,
Inst.
2d.
D. C. 1st verse.
with it we are blest;
If thy bless - ed smile we on - ly see.

88 LAND OF PROMISE.

"We * * look for new heavens and a new earth" 2 Pet. 3:13.

M. W. N. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land of prom - ise Just
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land of prom - ise And
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land of prom - ise Where
o - ver life's stormy sea; Where the weary find rest e - ter - nal
Je - sus prepared the way; There is rest for the heav - y la - dened,
Je - sus, the Sav - ior, reigns, And he o - pens the gold - en por - tals
And sor-row can nev - er be. Oh, beau - ti-ful land of prom - ise,
Thro' endless e - ter - nal day. God's promise is sure and stead-fast,
To those who are free from stains. O broth-er, that land of prom - ise
By faith thy beauties I see, Oh, thou art my home e - ter - nal,
That home he's promised to you; Oh, come to that home e - ter - nal,
Was bought by Je-sus for you; Oh, serve him and trust him full - y.

CHORUS.
And there I soon shall be. Oh, beau - ti - ful
And dwell with the good and true.
He'll wel-come the good and true. Oh, land . . . of
land of promise, By faith I see, Thy beauties I
prom - - ise, sweet land . . of promise, Thy beau - - ties I
soon shall see, shall see, Oh, beau-ti - ful land of prom-ise,
soon . . . shall see, Oh, land . . . of prom - ise, sweet
By faith I see, My home thou ev - er shalt be.
land . . of promise, My home . . thou ev - er shalt be.

90 A SONG OF TRUST.

THOS. O. BLAIR. Rev. I. N. McHOSE.

1. Trust when the morn - ing sun - light, Cheer-eth with friendly ray:
2. What though the light- nings threat - en, What tho' the thunders roar,
3. Trust when thy friends are near thee, Read - y to hear thy call,
Trust in the glow - ing noon - tide, Trust in the fad - ing day,
What though the winds as - sail thee, What tho' the wa - ters pour?
Trust, when thy foes sur - round thee, Long - ing to see thee fall;
Trust while the bend - ing heav - ens Watch thee with star - ry eyes,
'Tis but the fick - le storm-king, Spend - ing his pent up wrath;
Trust for the an - gels guard thee; Trust, for the King is nigh,
Trust when the black clouds gath - er, O - ver the mid-night skies.
Soon will a cloud - less heav - en Smile on thine up- ward path.
Bold - ly go forth to du - ty, Read - y to do or die.

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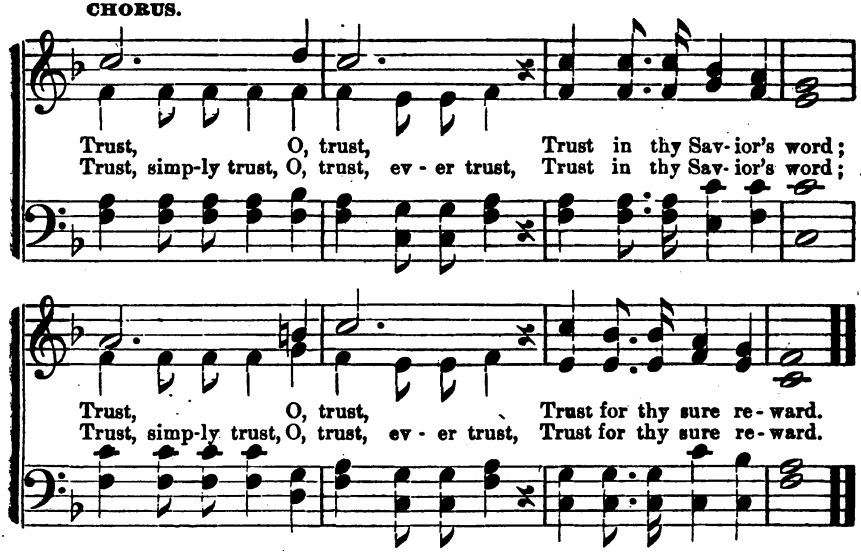
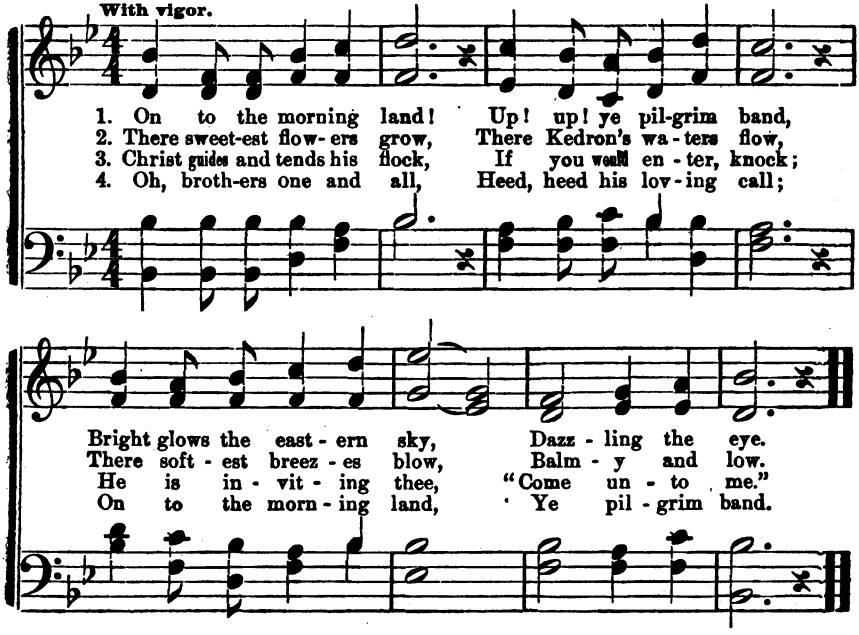
CHORUS.

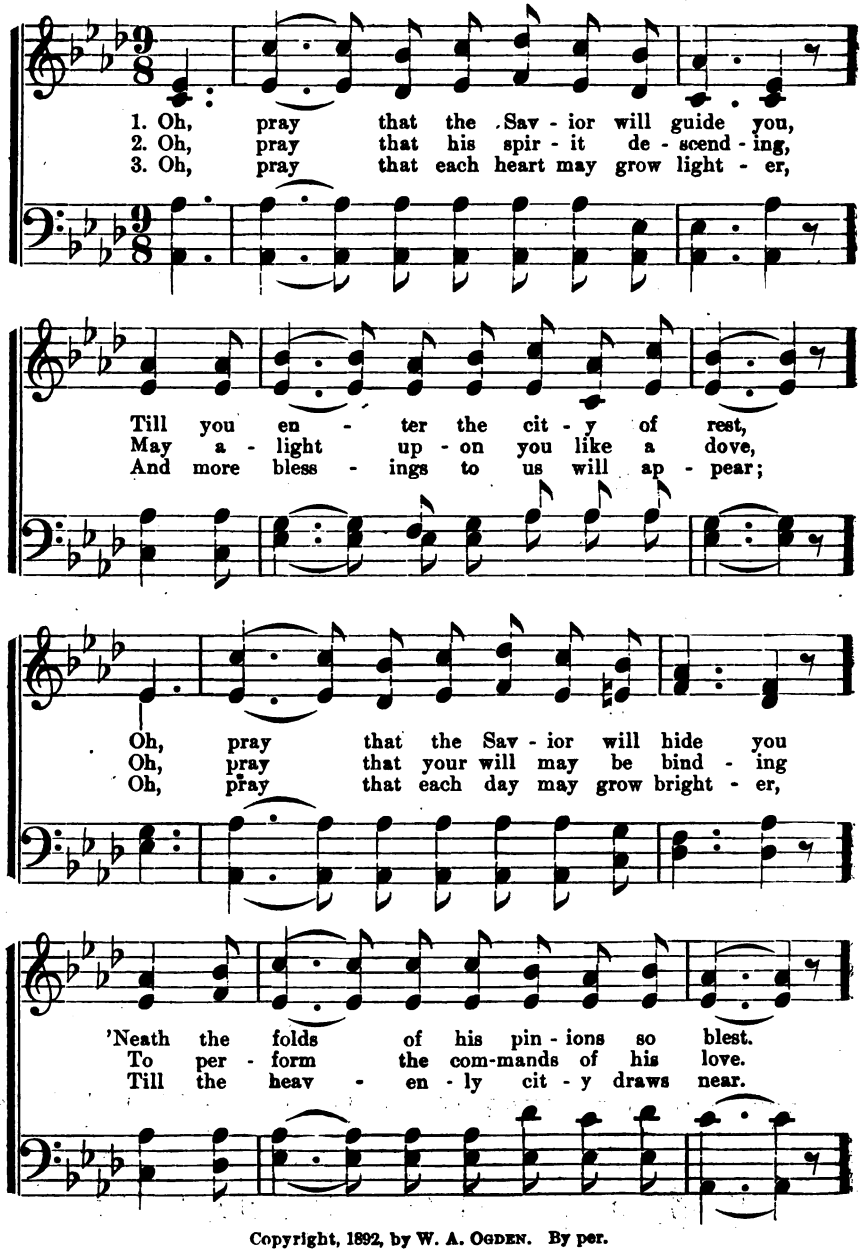

Trust, O, trust, Trust in thy Sav-ior's word;
Trust, simp-ly trust, O, trust, ev - er trust, Trust in thy Sav-ior's word;
Trust, O, trust, Trust for thy sure re-ward.
Trust, simp-ly trust, O, trust, ev - er trust, Trust for thy sure re-ward.

RALLYING SONG.

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER. W. T. GIFFE. By per.

With vigor.

1. On to the morning land! Up! up! ye pil-grim band,
2. There sweet-est flow-ers grow, There Kedron's wa-ters flow,
3. Christ guides and tends his flock, If you would en-ter, knock;
4. Oh, broth-ers one and all, Heed, heed his lov-ing call;
Bright glows the east-ern sky, Dazz-ling the eye.
There soft-est breez-es blow, Balm-y and low.
He is in-vit-ing thee, "Come un-to me."
On to the morn-ing land, Ye pil-grim band.

92 PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

WM. HENRY GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, pray that the Sav - ior will guide you,
2. Oh, pray that his spir - it de - scend - ing,
3. Oh, pray that each heart may grow light - er,
Till you en - ter the cit - y of rest,
May a - light up - on you like a dove,
And more bless - ings to us will ap - pear;
Oh, pray that the Sav - ior will hide you
Oh, pray that your will may be bind - ing
Oh, pray that each day may grow bright - er,
'Neath the folds of his pin - ions so blest.
To per - form the com-mands of his love.
Till the heav - en - ly cit - y draws near.

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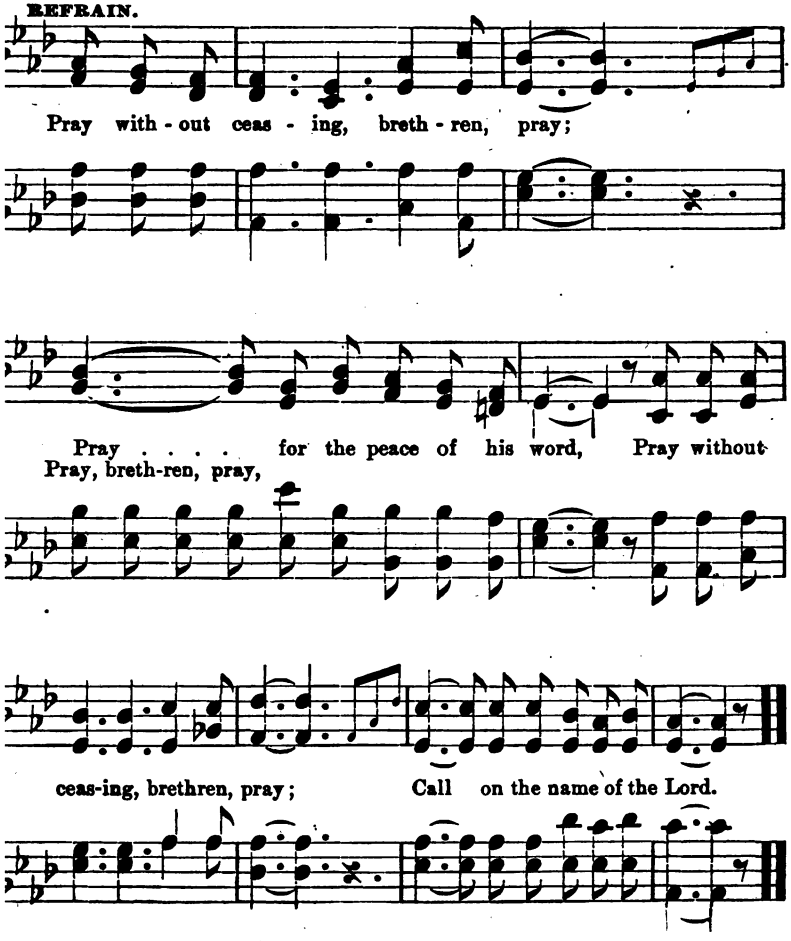

REFRAIN.
Pray with-out ceas-ing, breth-ren, pray;
Pray . . . . for the peace of his word, Pray without
Pray, breth-ren, pray,
ceas-ing, brethren, pray; Call on the name of the Lord.

RESPONSIVE READING.

DER.—The grass withereth, the flow-
eth; but the word of our God shall
orever.

PONSE.—Hast thou not known? hast
ot heard,
That the everlasting God, the Lord,
ator of the ends of the earth
Fainteth not, neither is weary? there
earching of his understanding.
He giveth power to the faint;

R. And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

L. Even the youths shall faint and be weary,

R. And the young men shall utterly fall;

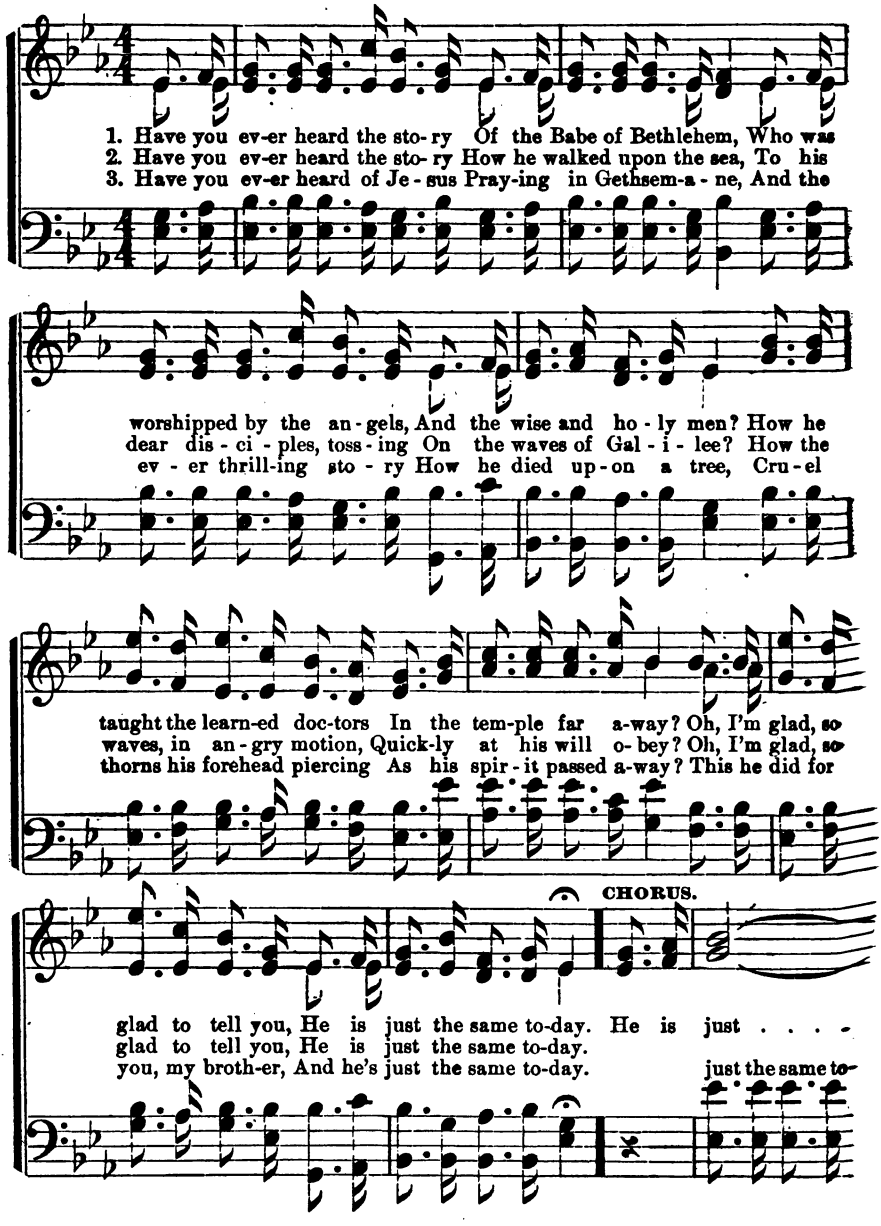
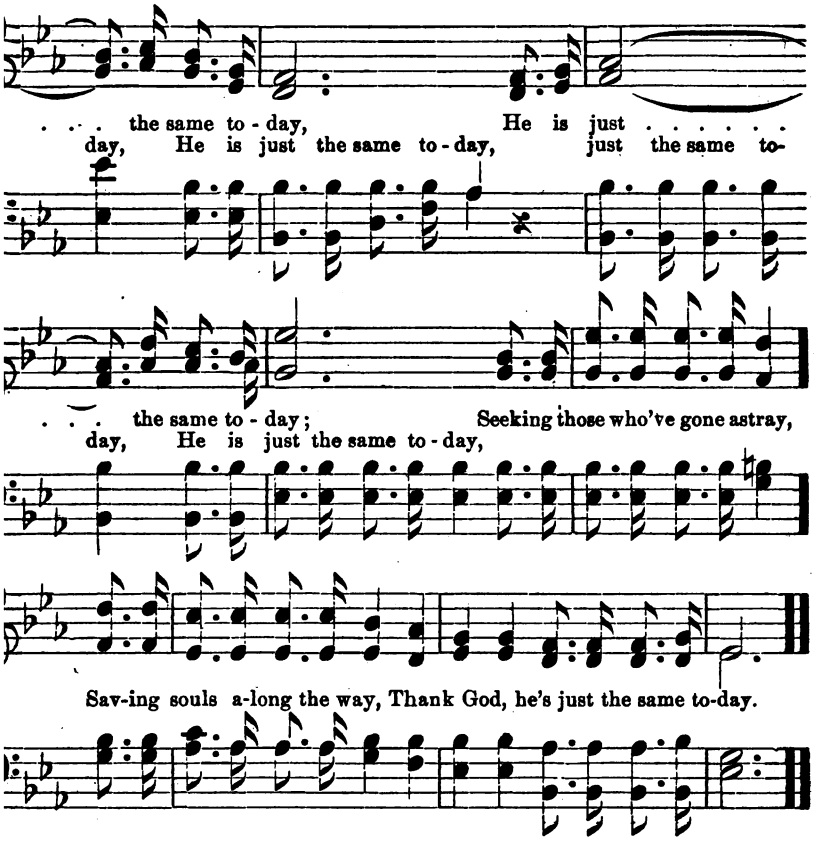
L. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;

R. They shall mount up with wings as eagles;

L. They shall run and not be weary: and they shall walk and not faint.

94 JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

"And Jesus went about . . . preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness."—MATT. 4 : 23.

MRS. S. Z. KAUFMAN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Have you ev-er heard the sto- ry Of the Babe of Bethlehem, Who was
2. Have you ev-er heard the sto- ry How he walked upon the sea, To his
3. Have you ev-er heard of Je - sus Pray-ing in Gethsem-a - ne, And the
worshipped by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men? How he
dear dis - ci - ples, toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee? How the
ev - er thrill-ing sto - ry How he died up - on a tree, Cru - el
taught the learn-ed doc-tors In the tem-ple far a-way? Oh, I'm glad, so
waves, in an - gry motion, Quick-ly at his will o- bey? Oh, I'm glad, so
thorns his forehead piercing As his spir - it passed a-way? This he did for
CHORUS.
glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day. He is just . . . .
glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
you, my broth-er, And he's just the same to-day.
just the same to-

. . . . the same to - day, He is just . . . . . .
day, He is just the same to - day, just the same to-
. . . the same to - day; Seeking those who've gone astray,
day, He is just the same to - day,
Sav-ing souls a-long the way, Thank God, he's just the same to-day.

RESPONSIVE READING.

MATT. 5 : 12.

And seeing the multitude, he went up a mountain: and when he was set, his iples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught n, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for rs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they l be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall erit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and st after righteousness: for they shall be d.

Blessed are the merciful: for they ll obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

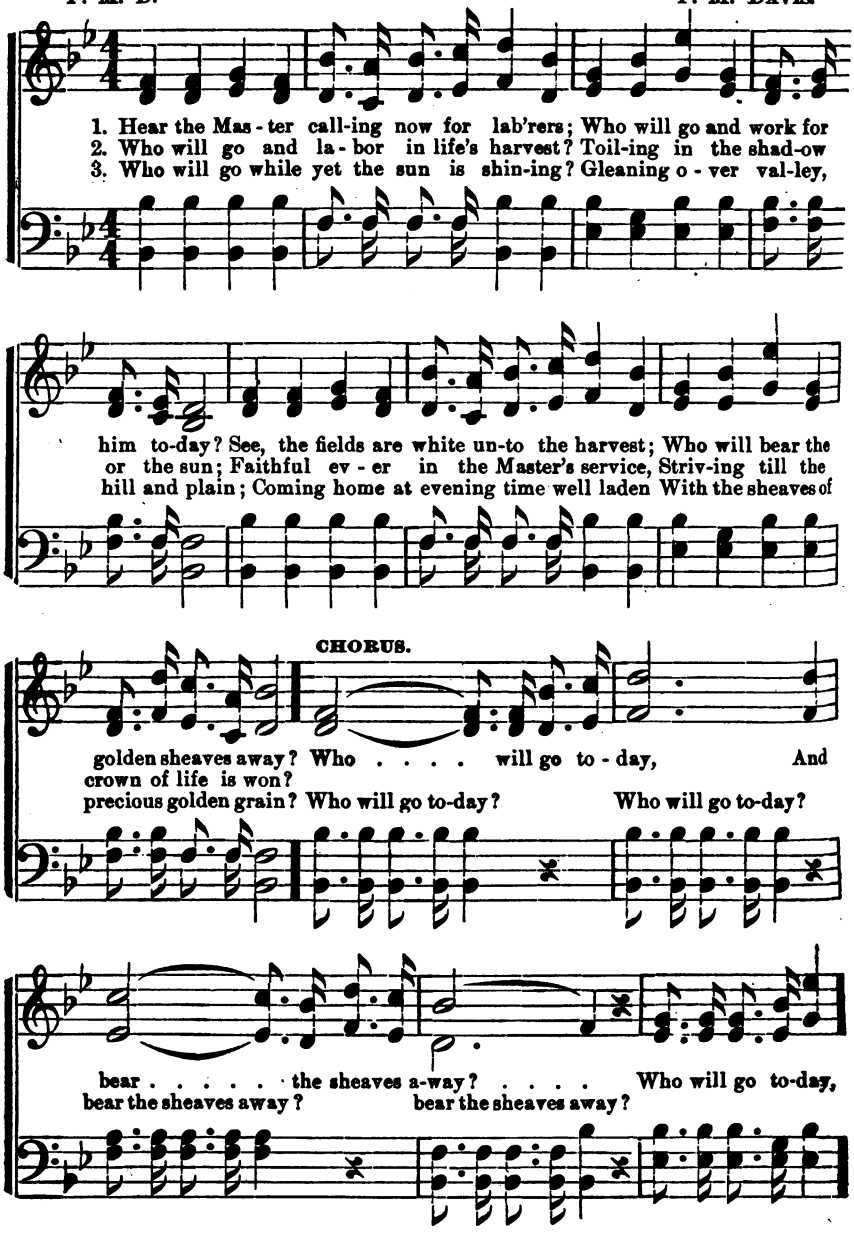
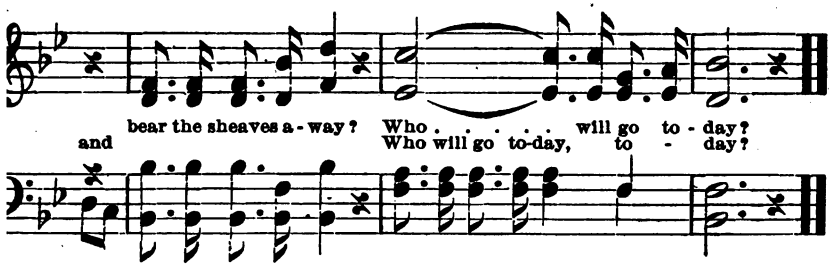
10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

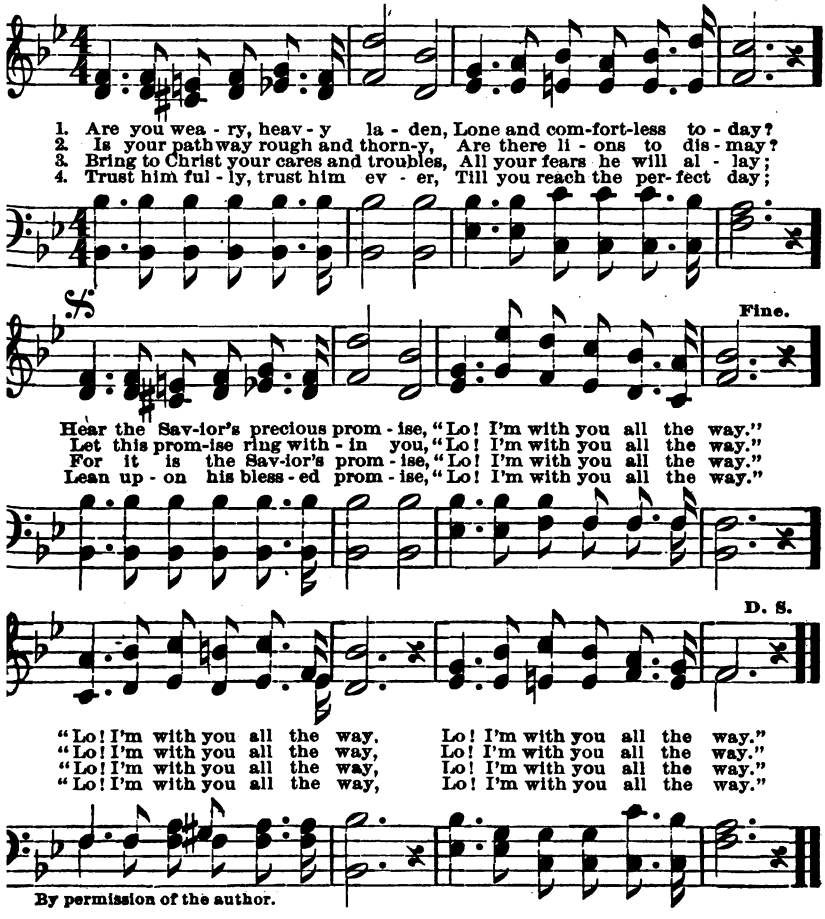
12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

96 WHO WILL GO TO-DAY?

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

F. M. D. F. M. DAVIS.

1. Hear the Mas - ter call-ing now for lab'rers; Who will go and work for
2. Who will go and la - bor in life's harvest? Toil-ing in the shad-ow
3. Who will go while yet the sun is shin-ing? Gleaning o - ver val-ley,
him to-day? See, the fields are white un-to the harvest; Who will bear the
or the sun; Faithful ev - er in the Master's service, Striv-ing till the
hill and plain; Coming home at evening time well laden With the sheaves of
CHORUS.
golden sheaves away? Who . . . . will go to - day, And
crown of life is won?
precious golden grain? Who will go to-day? Who will go to-day?
bear . . . . . the sheaves a-way? . . . . Who will go to-day,
bear the sheaves away? bear the sheaves away?

LO! I'M WITH YOU.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10 : 23.

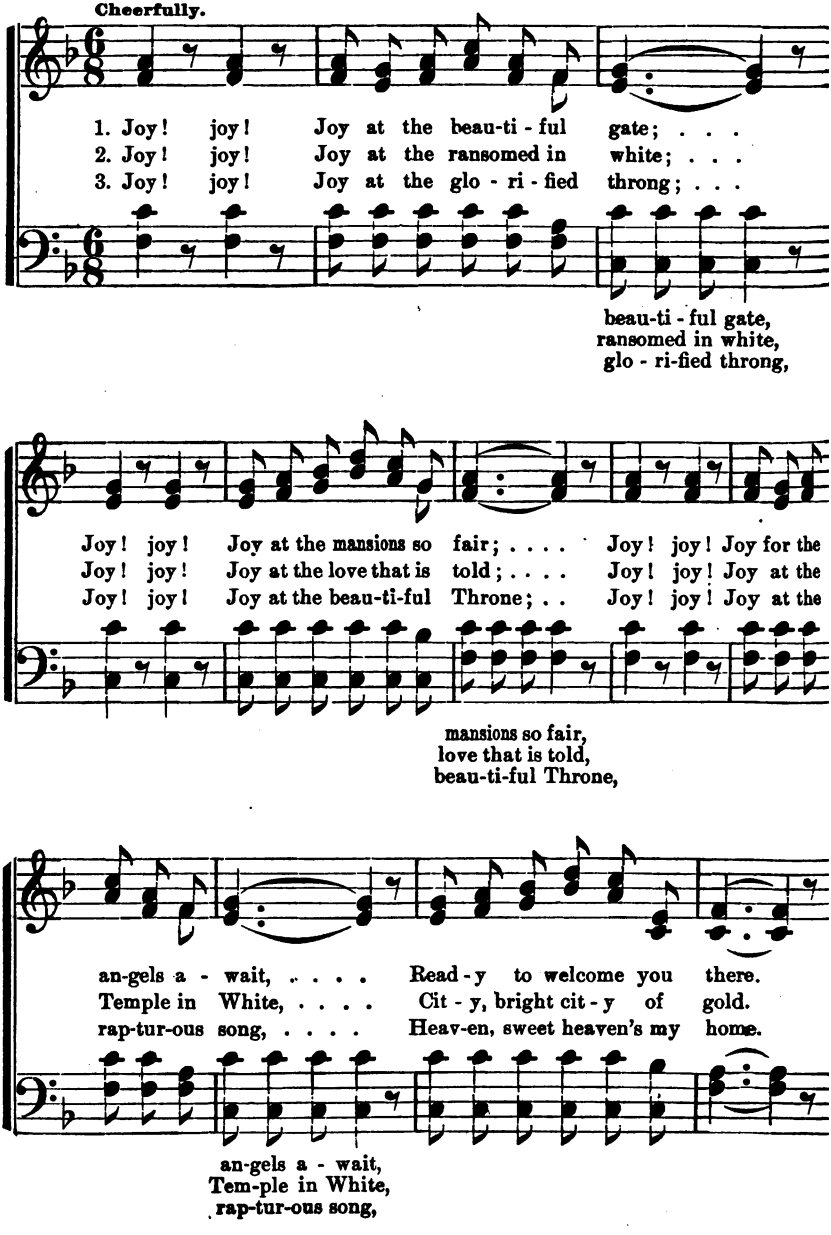
REV. I. N. McHOSE. REV. I. N. McHOSE.

1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Lone and com-fort-less to - day?
2. Is your pathway rough and thorn-y, Are there li - ons to dis - may?
3. Bring to Christ your cares and troubles, All your fears he will al - lay;
4. Trust him ful - ly, trust him ev - er, Till you reach the per-fect day;
Fine.
Hear the Sav-ior's precious prom - ise, "Lo! I'm with you all the way."
Let this prom-ise ring with - in you, "Lo! I'm with you all the way."
For it is the Sav-ior's prom - ise, "Lo! I'm with you all the way."
Lean up - on his bless - ed prom - ise, "Lo! I'm with you all the way."
D. S.
"Lo! I'm with you all the way, Lo! I'm with you all the way."
"Lo! I'm with you all the way, Lo! I'm with you all the way."
"Lo! I'm with you all the way, Lo! I'm with you all the way."
"Lo! I'm with you all the way, Lo! I'm with you all the way."

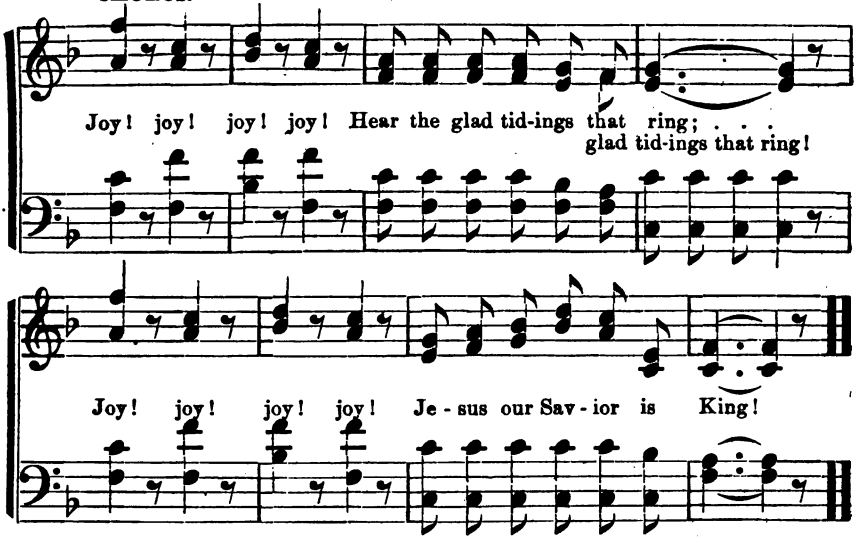
By permission of the author.

98 JESUS, OUR SAVIOR, IS KING.

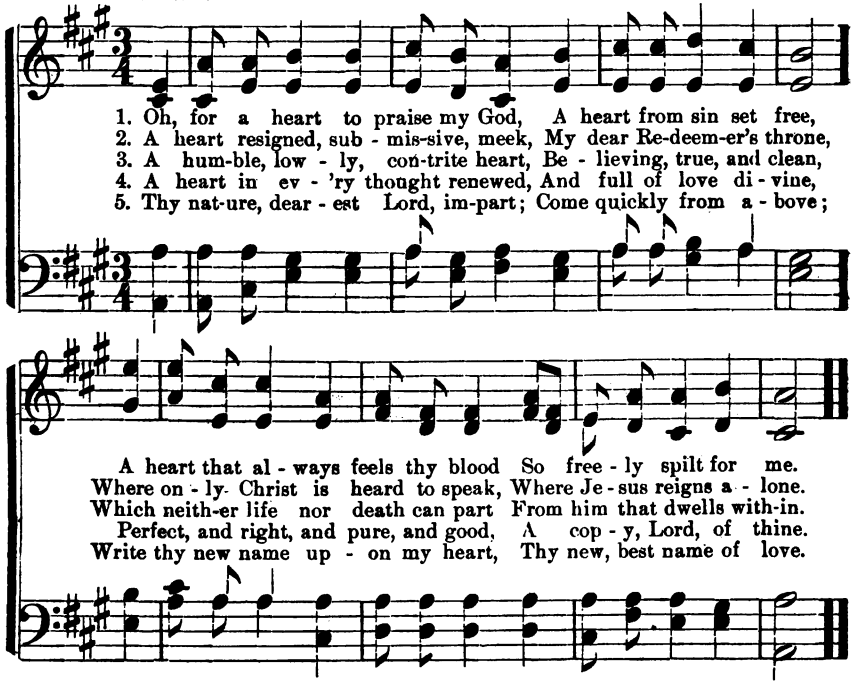
"Of his kingdom there shall be no end."—LUKE 1 : 33.

W. G. T. W. G. TOMER.

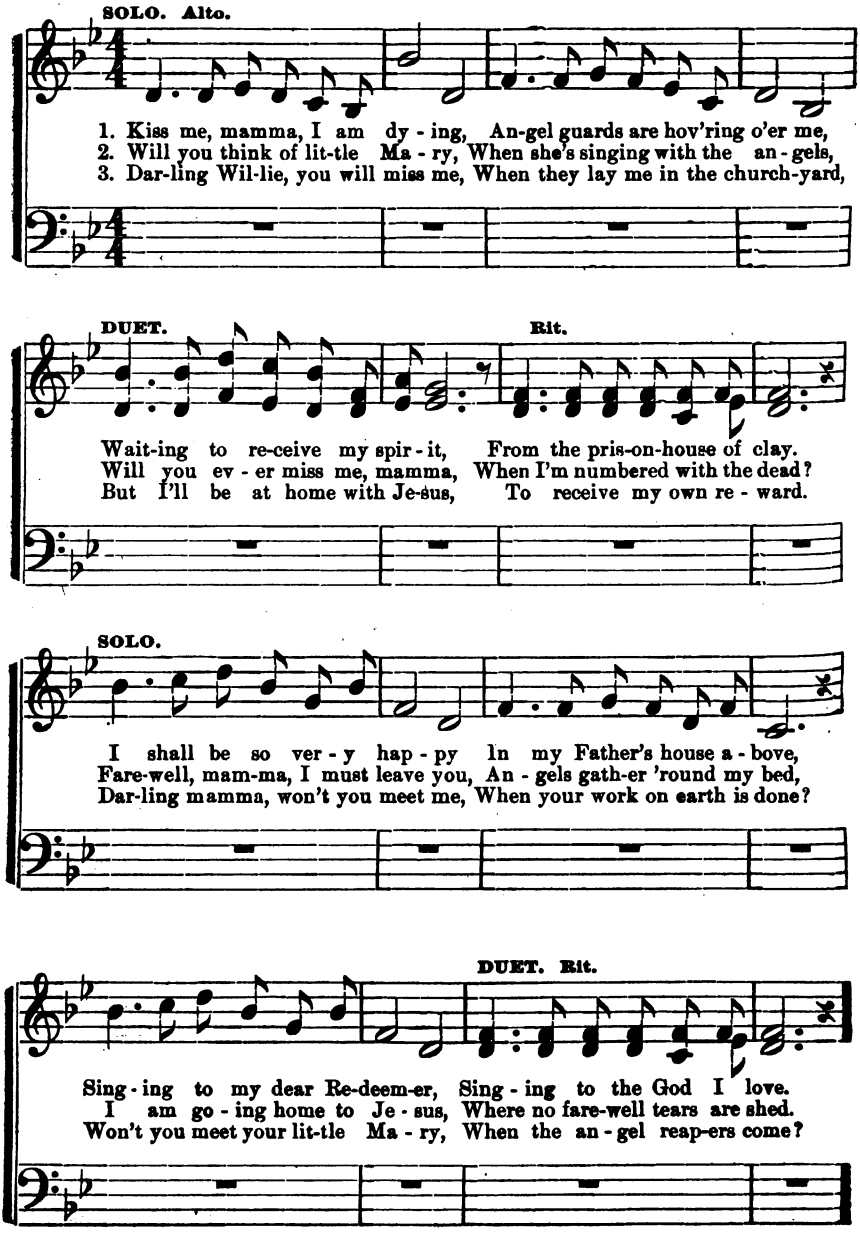
Cheerfully.

1. Joy! joy! Joy at the beau-ti - ful gate; . . .
2. Joy! joy! Joy at the ransomed in white; . . .
3. Joy! joy! Joy at the glo - ri - fied throng; . . .
beau-ti - ful gate,
ransomed in white,
glo - ri-fied throng,
Joy! joy! Joy at the mansions so fair; . . . . Joy! joy! Joy for the
Joy! joy! Joy at the love that is told; . . . . Joy! joy! Joy at the
Joy! joy! Joy at the beau-ti-ful Throne; . . Joy! joy! Joy at the
mansions so fair,
love that is told,
beau-ti-ful Throne,
an-gels a - wait, ... Read - y to welcome you there.
Temple in White, ... Cit - y, bright cit - y of gold.
rap-tur-ous song, ... Heav-en, sweet heaven's my home.
an-gels a - wait,
Tem-ple in White,
rap-tur-ous song,

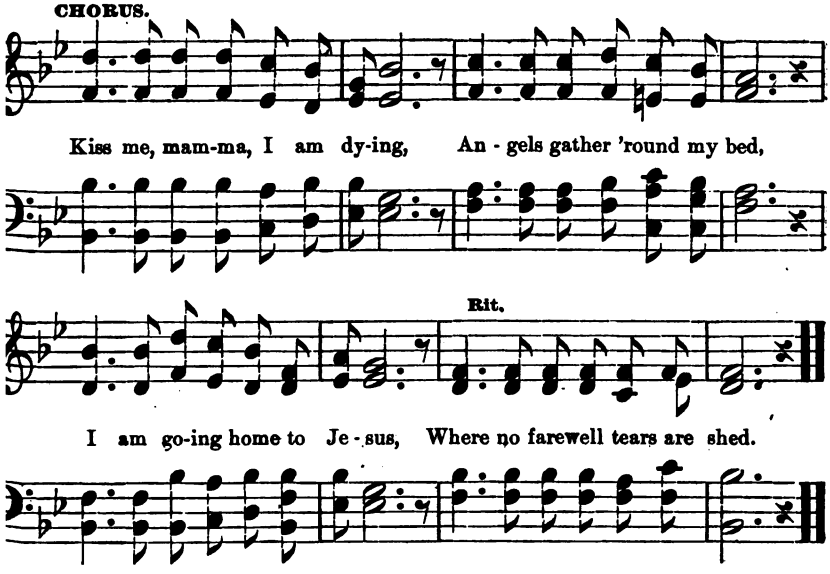
CHORUS.

OH, FOR A HEART TO PRAISE.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

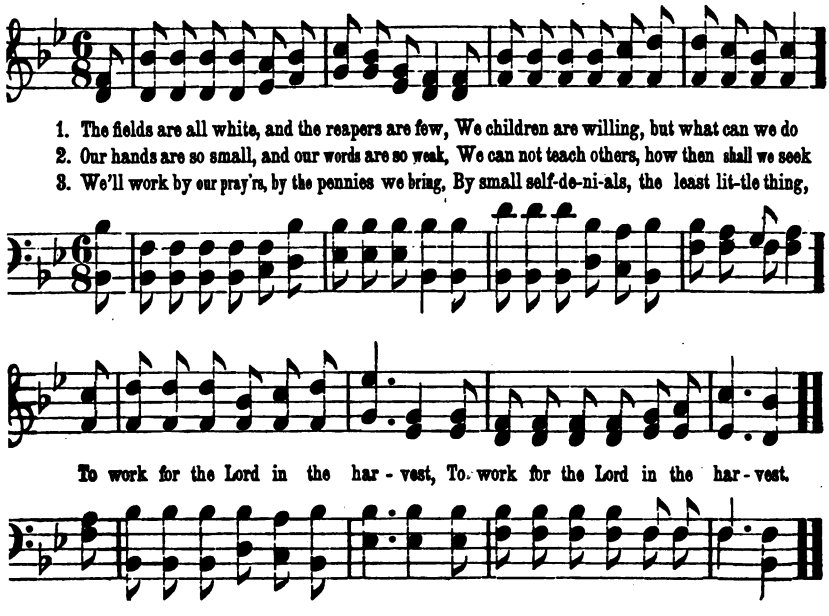

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart resigned, sub - mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne,
3. A hum-ble, low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - lieving, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy nat-ure, dear - est Lord, im-part; Come quickly from a - bove;
A heart that al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which neith-er life nor death can part From him that dwells with-in.
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine.
Write thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

100 KISS ME, MAMMA, I AM DYING.

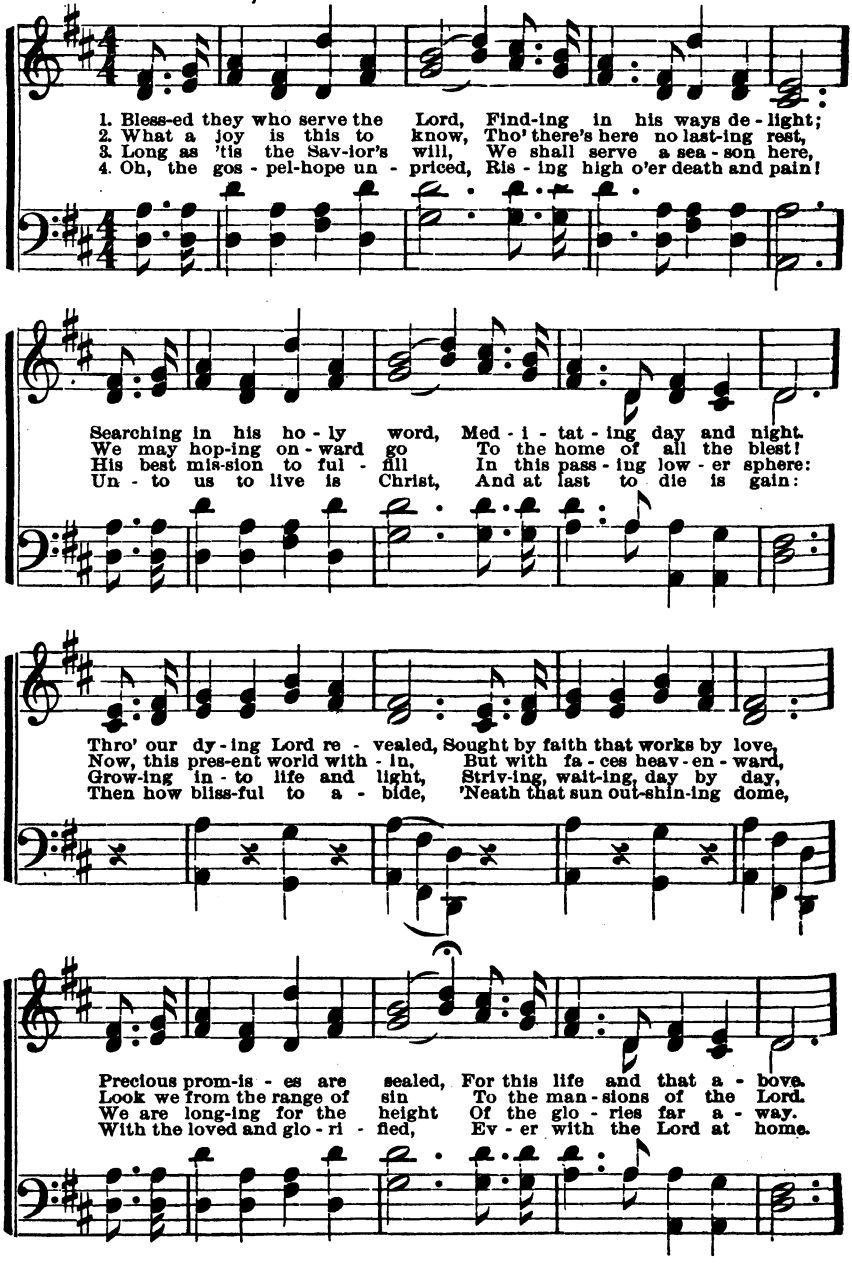
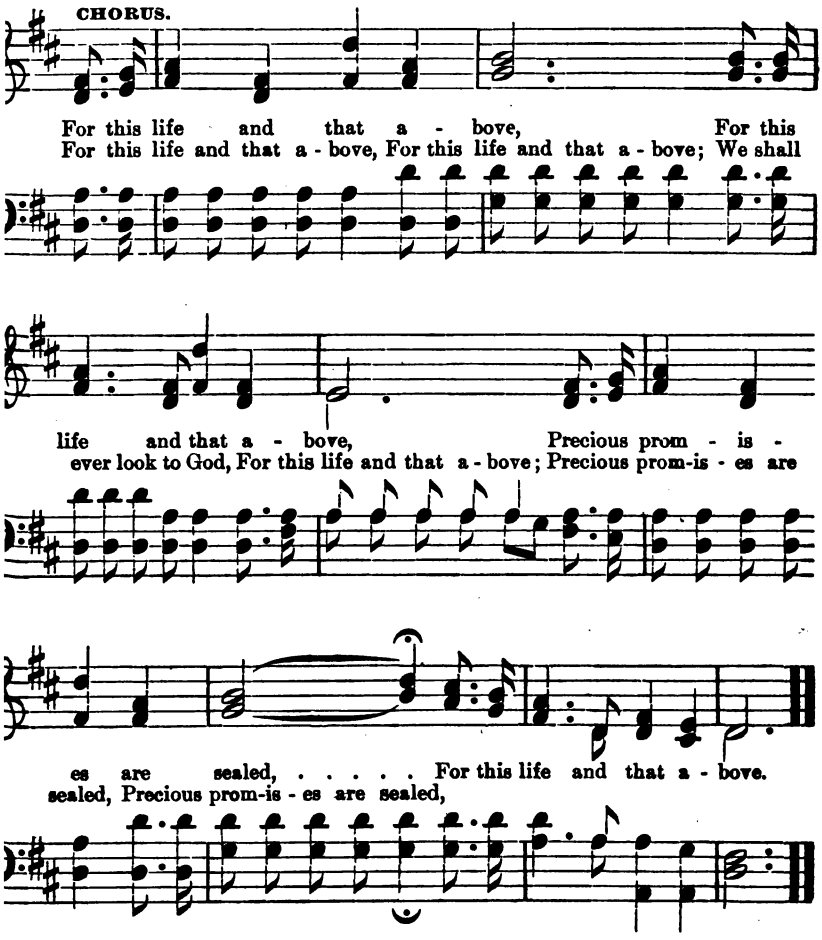
R. S. H. R. S. HANNA.

SOLO. Alto.
1. Kiss me, mamma, I am dy - ing, An-gel guards are hov'ring o'er me,
2. Will you think of lit-tle Ma - ry, When she's singing with the an - gels,
3. Dar-ling Wil-lie, you will miss me, When they lay me in the church-yard,
DUET.
Rit.
Wait-ing to re-ceive my spir - it, From the pris-on-house of clay.
Will you ev - er miss me, mamma, When I'm numbered with the dead?
But I'll be at home with Je-sus, To receive my own re - ward.
SOLO.
I shall be so ver - y hap - py In my Father's house a - bove,
Fare-well, mam-ma, I must leave you, An - gels gath-er 'round my bed,
Dar-ling mamma, won't you meet me, When your work on earth is done?
DUET. Rit.
Sing - ing to my dear Re-deem-er, Sing - ing to the God I love.
I am go - ing home to Je - sus, Where no fare-well tears are shed.
Won't you meet your lit-tle Ma - ry, When the an - gel reap-ers come?

CHORUS.

WHAT WE CAN DO?

D. W. CRIST.


1. The fields are all white, and the reapers are few, We children are willing, but what can we do
2. Our hands are so small, and our words are so weak, We can not teach others, how then shall we seek
3. We'll work by our pray'rs, by the pennies we bring, By small self-de-ni-als, the least lit-tle thing,
To work for the Lord in the har - vest, To work for the Lord in the har - vest.

102 AT HOME WITH THE LORD.

REV. M. SHEELEIGH, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. Bless-ed they who serve the Lord, Find-ing in his ways de-light;
2. What a joy is this to know, Tho' there's here no last-ing rest,
3. Long as 'tis the Sav-ior's will, We shall serve a sea-son here,
4. Oh, the gos-pel-hope un-priced, Ris-ing high o'er death and pain!
Searching in his ho-ly word, Med-i-tat-ing day and night.
We may hop-ing on-ward go To the home of all the blest!
His best mis-sion to ful-fill In this pass-ing low-er sphere:
Un-to us to live is Christ, And at last to die is gain:
Thro' our dy-ing Lord re-vealed, Sought by faith that works by love,
Now, this pres-ent world with-in, But with fa-ces heav-en-ward,
Grow-ing in-to life and light, Striv-ing, wait-ing, day by day,
Then how bliss-ful to a-bide, 'Neath that sun out-shin-ing dome,
Precious prom-is-es are sealed, For this life and that a-bove.
Look we from the range of sin To the man-sions of the Lord.
We are long-ing for the height Of the glo-ries far a-way.
With the loved and glo-ri-fied, Ev-er with the Lord at home.

CHORUS.
For this life and that a - bove, For this
For this life and that a - bove, For this life and that a - bove; We shall
life and that a - bove, Precious prom - is -
ever look to God, For this life and that a - bove; Precious prom-is - es are
es are sealed, ... For this life and that a - bove.
sealed, Precious prom-is - es are sealed,

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

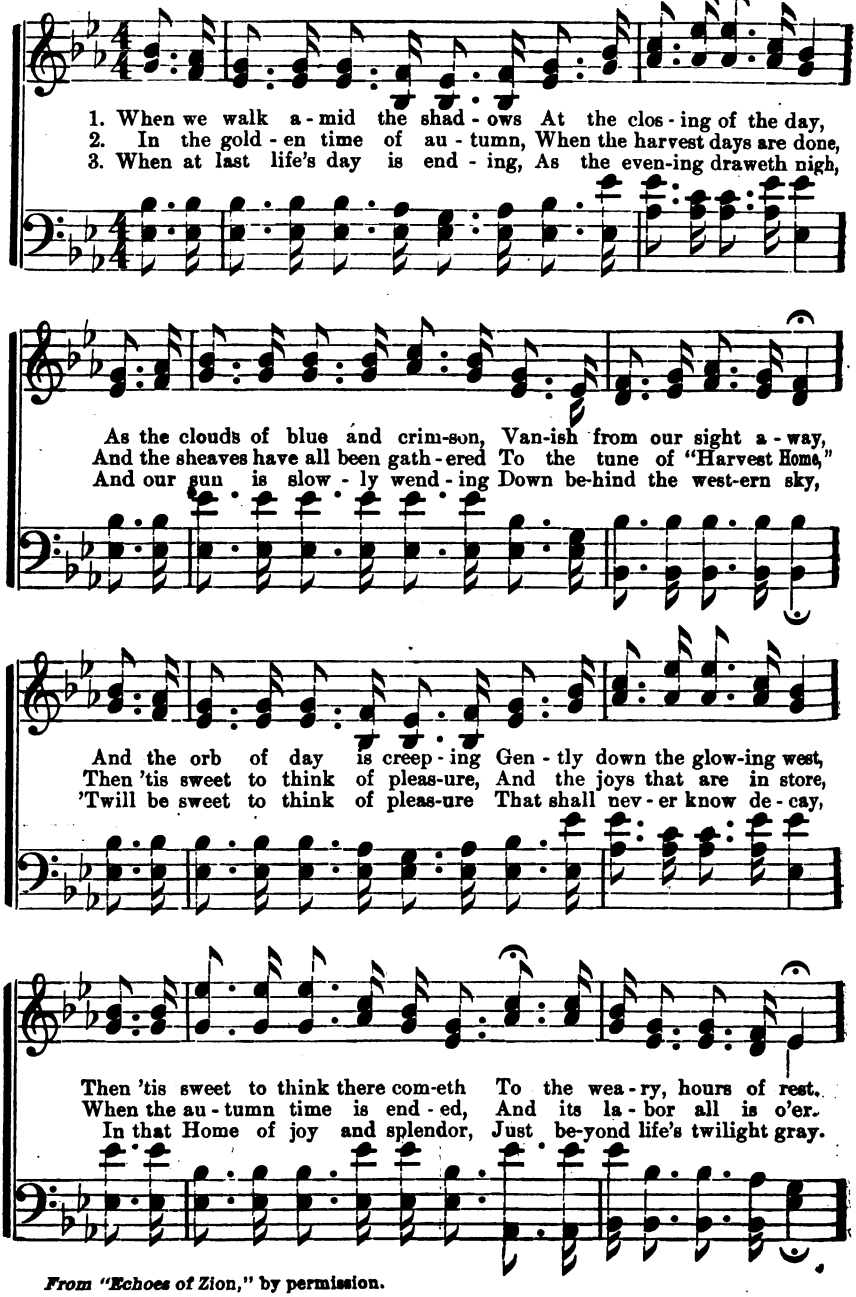
My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

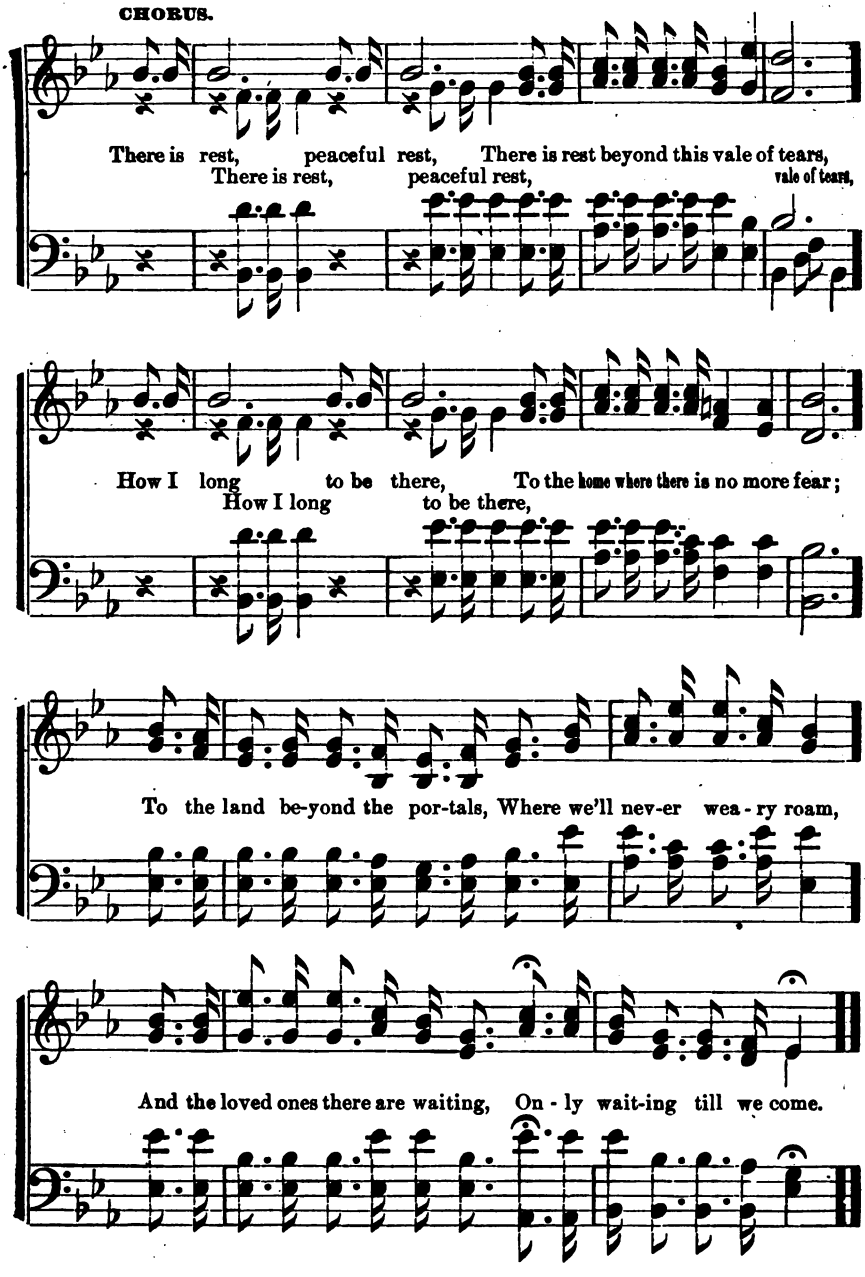
Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

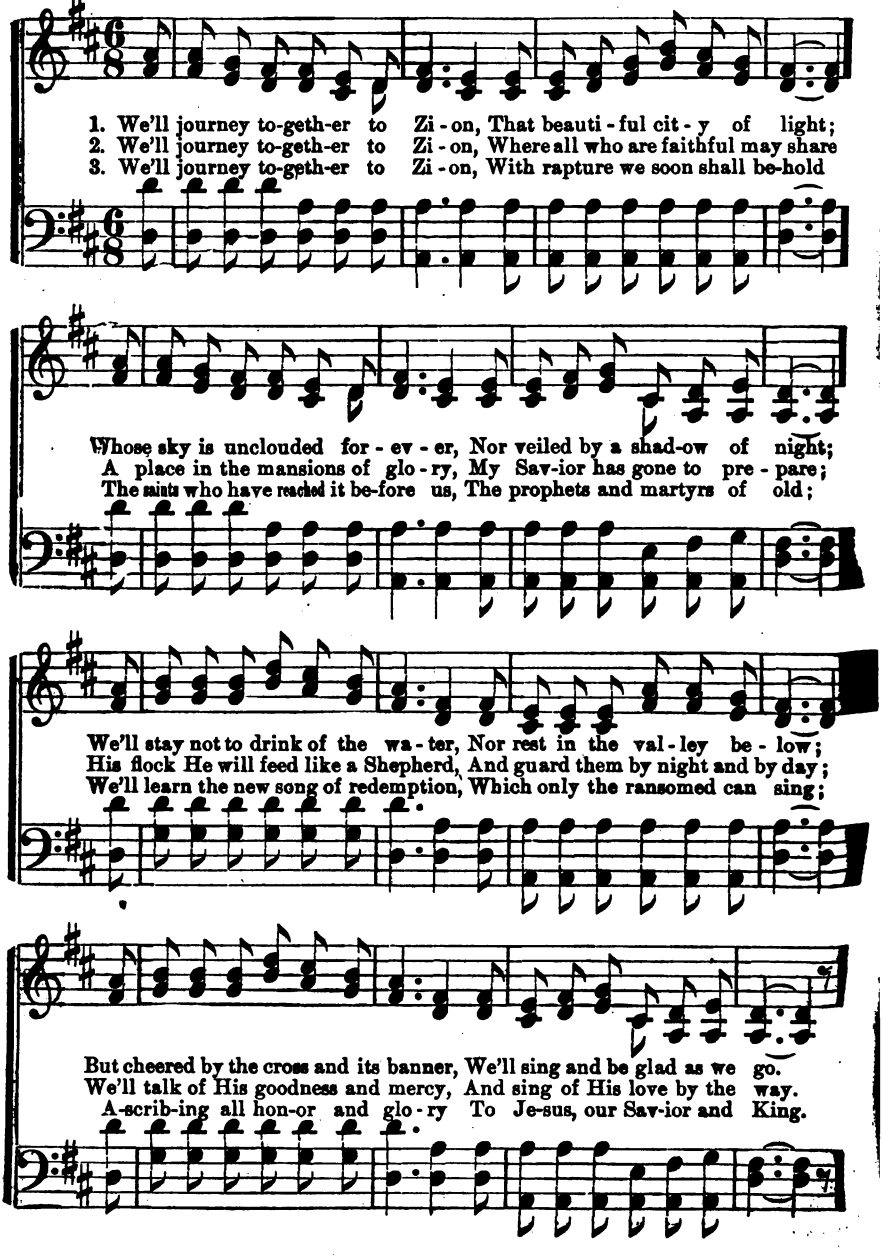
4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.

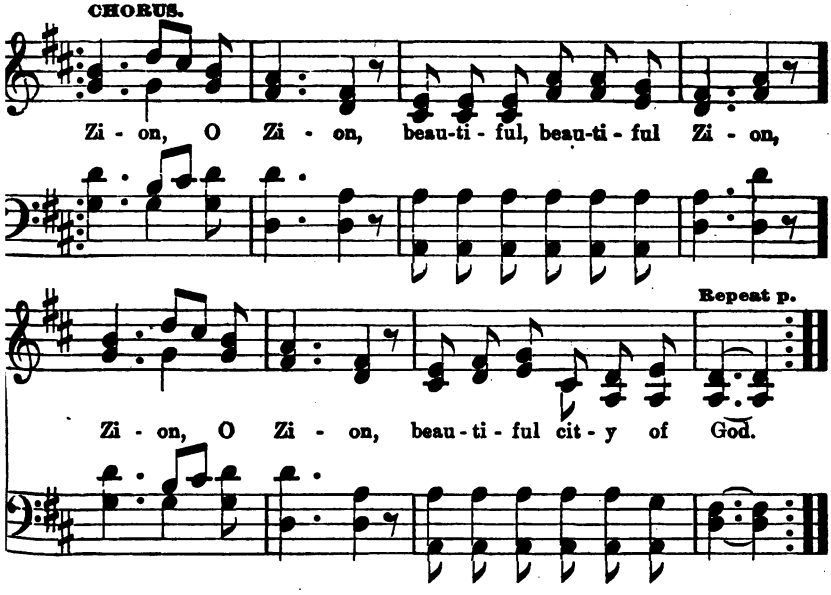
104 AT LAST.

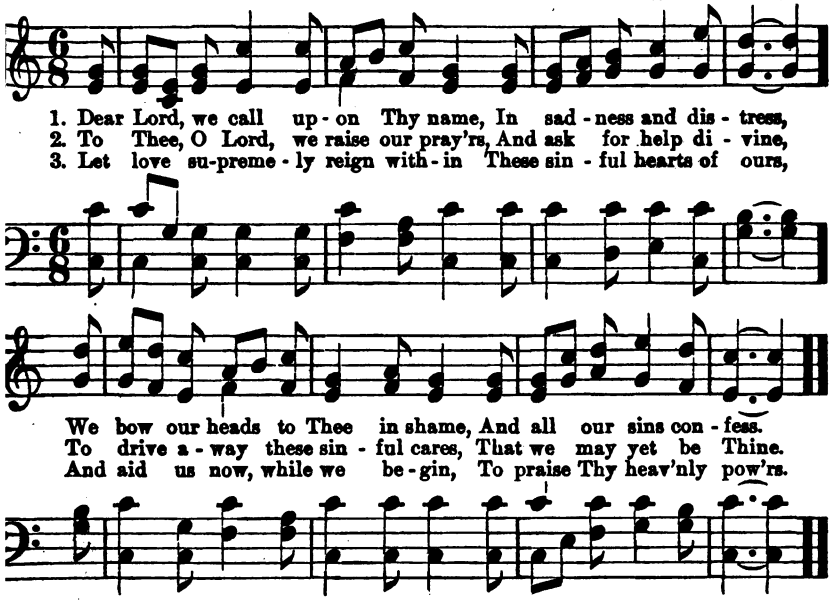
VIOLET E. KING. D. W. CRIST.

1. When we walk a - mid the shad - ows At the clos - ing of the day,
2. In the gold - en time of au - tumn, When the harvest days are done,
3. When at last life's day is end - ing, As the even-ing draweth nigh,
As the clouds of blue and crim-son, Van-ish from our sight a - way,
And the sheaves have all been gath - ered To the tune of "Harvest Home,"
And our sun is slow - ly wend - ing Down be-hind the west-ern sky,
And the orb of day is creep - ing Gen - tly down the glow-ing west,
Then 'tis sweet to think of pleas-ure, And the joys that are in store,
'Twill be sweet to think of pleas-ure That shall nev - er know de - cay,
Then 'tis sweet to think there com-eth To the wea - ry, hours of rest.
When the au - tumn time is end - ed, And its la - bor all is o'er.
In that Home of joy and splendor, Just be-yond life's twilight gray.

From "Echoes of Zion," by permission.

CHORUS.
There is rest, peaceful rest, There is rest beyond this vale of tears,
There is rest, peaceful rest, vale of tears,
How I long to be there, To the home where there is no more fear;
How I long to be there,
To the land be-yond the por-tals, Where we'll nev-er wea - ry roam,
And the loved ones there are waiting, On - ly wait-ing till we come.

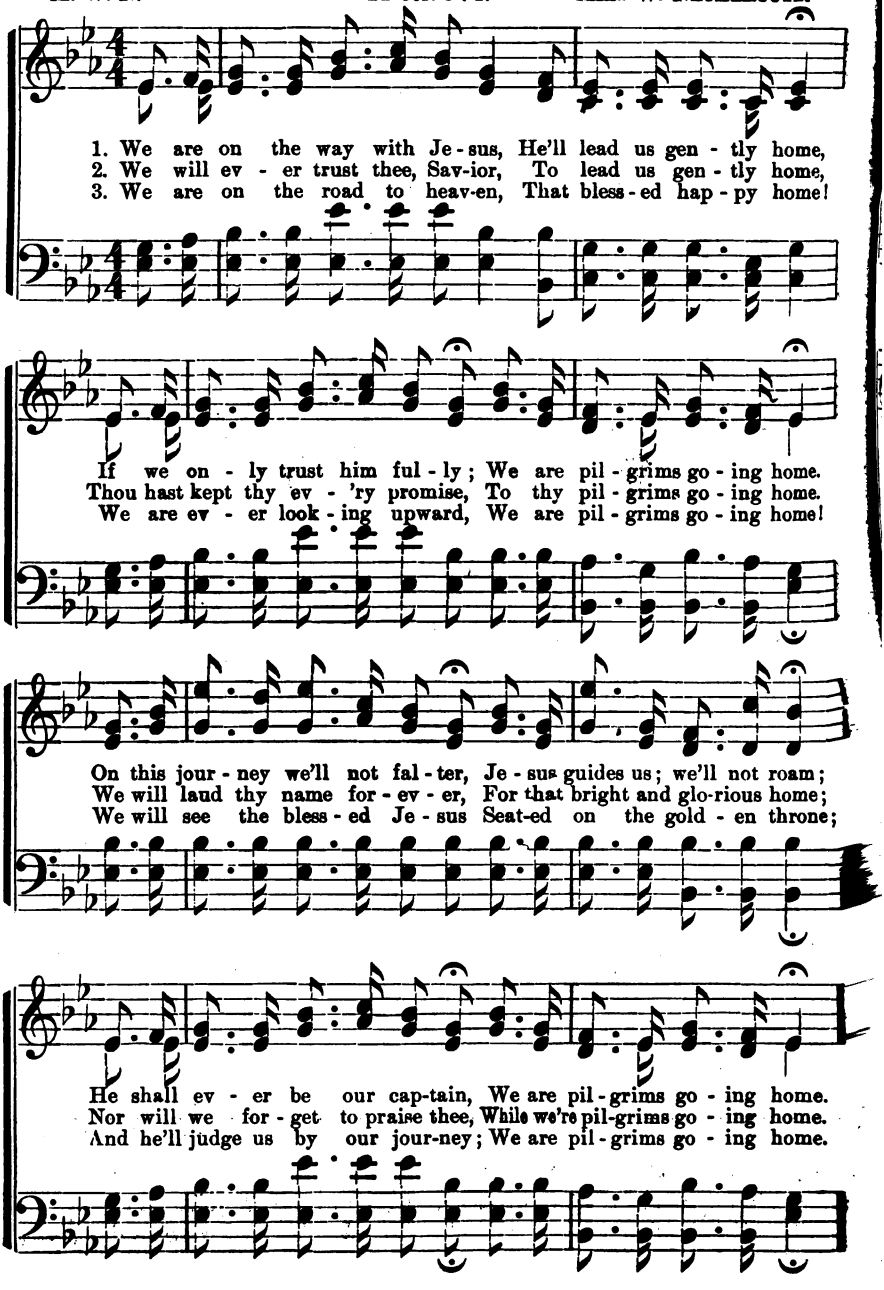
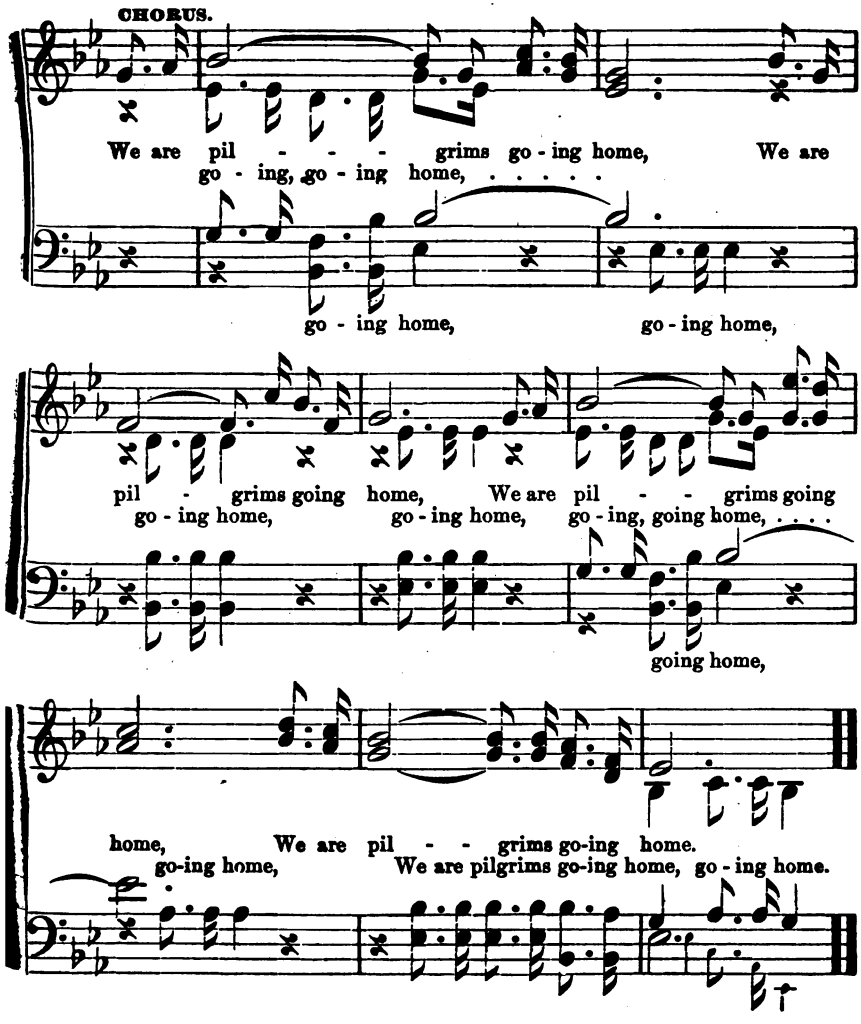
106 WE'LL JOURNEY TO ZION.

Music by W. G. Tomer.

1. We'll journey to-geth-er to Zi - on, That beauti - ful cit - y of light;
2. We'll journey to-geth-er to Zi - on, Where all who are faithful may share
3. We'll journey to-geth-er to Zi - on, With rapture we soon shall be-hold
Whose sky is unclouded for - ev - er, Nor veiled by a shad-ow of night;
A place in the mansions of glo - ry, My Sav-ior has gone to pre - pare;
The saints who have reached it be-fore us, The prophets and martyrs of old;
We'll stay not to drink of the wa - ter, Nor rest in the val - ley be - low;
His flock He will feed like a Shepherd, And guard them by night and by day;
We'll learn the new song of redemption, Which only the ransomed can sing;
But cheered by the cross and its banner, We'll sing and be glad as we go.
We'll talk of His goodness and mercy, And sing of His love by the way.
A-scrib-ing all hon-or and glo - ry To Je-sus, our Sav-ior and King.

CHORUS.

CONFESSION.

A. B. WOOLVERTON.

1. Dear Lord, we call up - on Thy name, In sad - ness and dis - tress,
2. To Thee, O Lord, we raise our pray'rs, And ask for help di - vine,
3. Let love su-preme - ly reign with - in These sin - ful hearts of ours,
We bow our heads to Thee in shame, And all our sins con - fess.
To drive a - way these sin - ful cares, That we may yet be Thine.
And aid us now, while we be - gin, To praise Thy heav'nly pow'rs.

108 PILGRIMS GOING HOME.

M. W. N. 2d Cor. 5 : 1. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. We are on the way with Je - sus, He'll lead us gen - tly home,
2. We will ev - er trust thee, Sav-ior, To lead us gen - tly home,
3. We are on the road to heav-en, That bless - ed hap - py home!
If we on - ly trust him ful - ly; We are pil - grims go - ing home.
Thou hast kept thy ev - 'ry promise, To thy pil - grims go - ing home.
We are ev - er look - ing upward, We are pil - grims go - ing home!
On this jour - ney we'll not fal - ter, Je - sus guides us; we'll not roam;
We will laud thy name for - ev - er, For that bright and glo-rious home;
We will see the bless - ed Je - sus Seat-ed on the gold - en throne;
He shall ev - er be our cap-tain, We are pil - grims go - ing home.
Nor will we for - get to praise thee, While we're pil-grims go - ing home.
And he'll judge us by our jour-ney; We are pil - grims go - ing home.

CHORUS.
We are pil - - - grims go - ing home, We are
go - ing, go - ing home,
go - ing home, go - ing home,
pil - grims going home, We are pil - - grims going
go - ing home, go - ing home, go - ing, going home,
going home,
home, We are pil - - grims go-ing home.
go-ing home, We are pilgrims go-ing home, go - ing home.

SYMPATHY AND MUTUAL LOVE.

TUNE—Denis, Page 13.

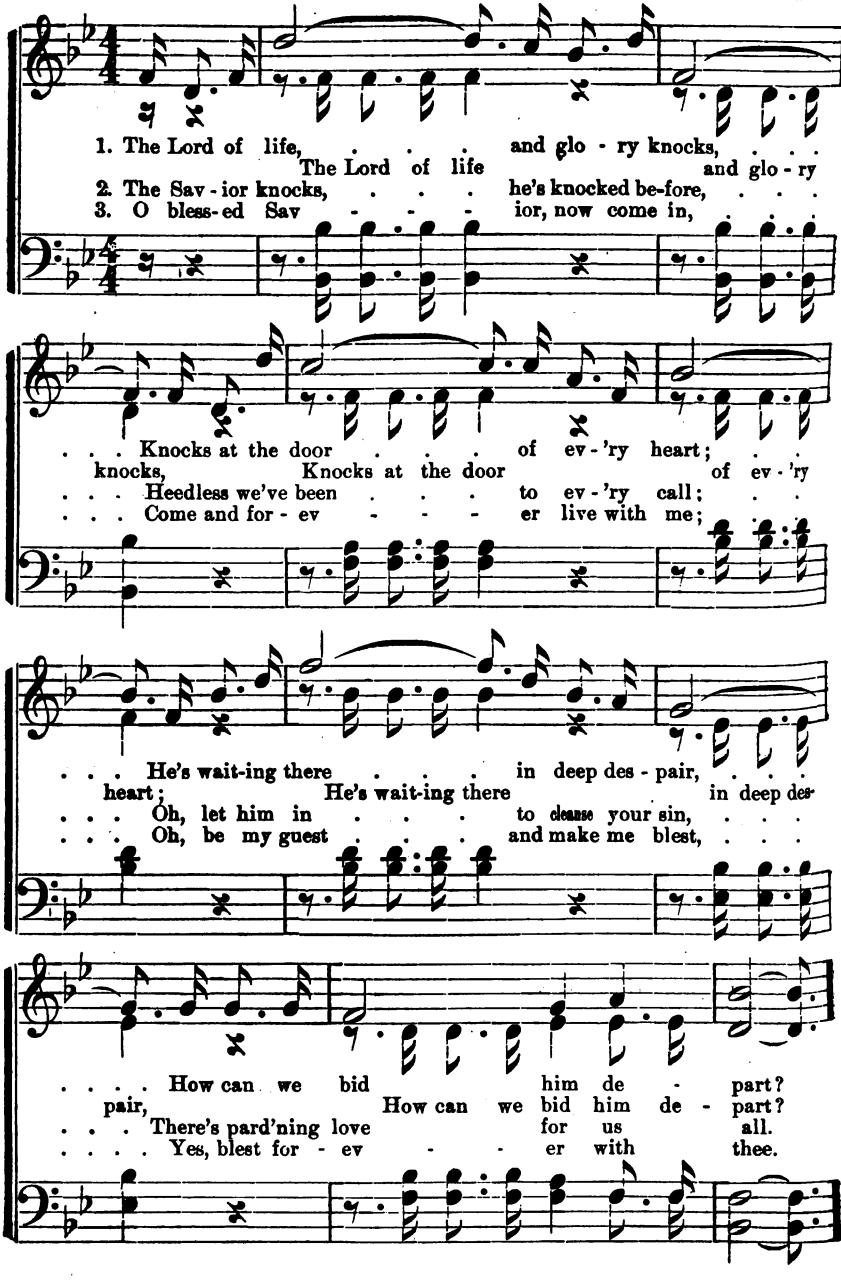
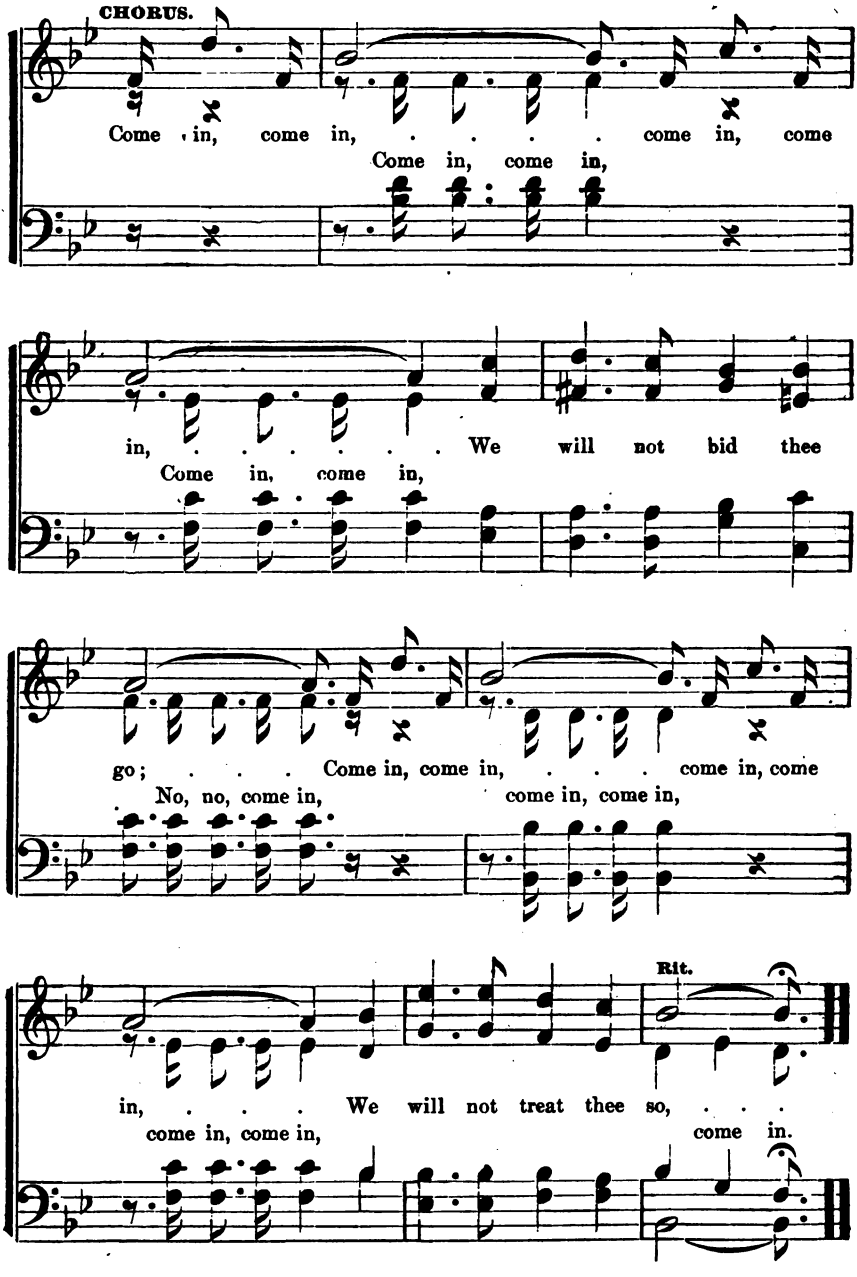
1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

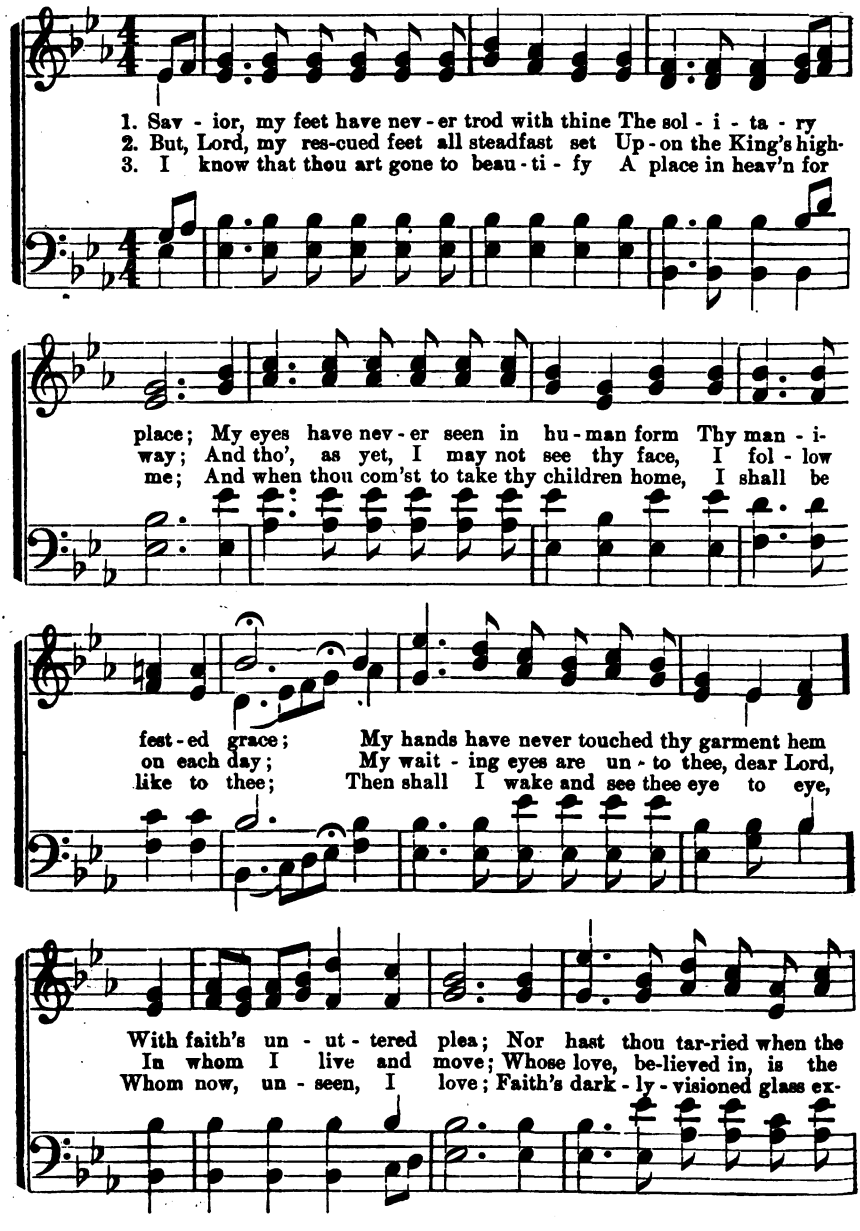
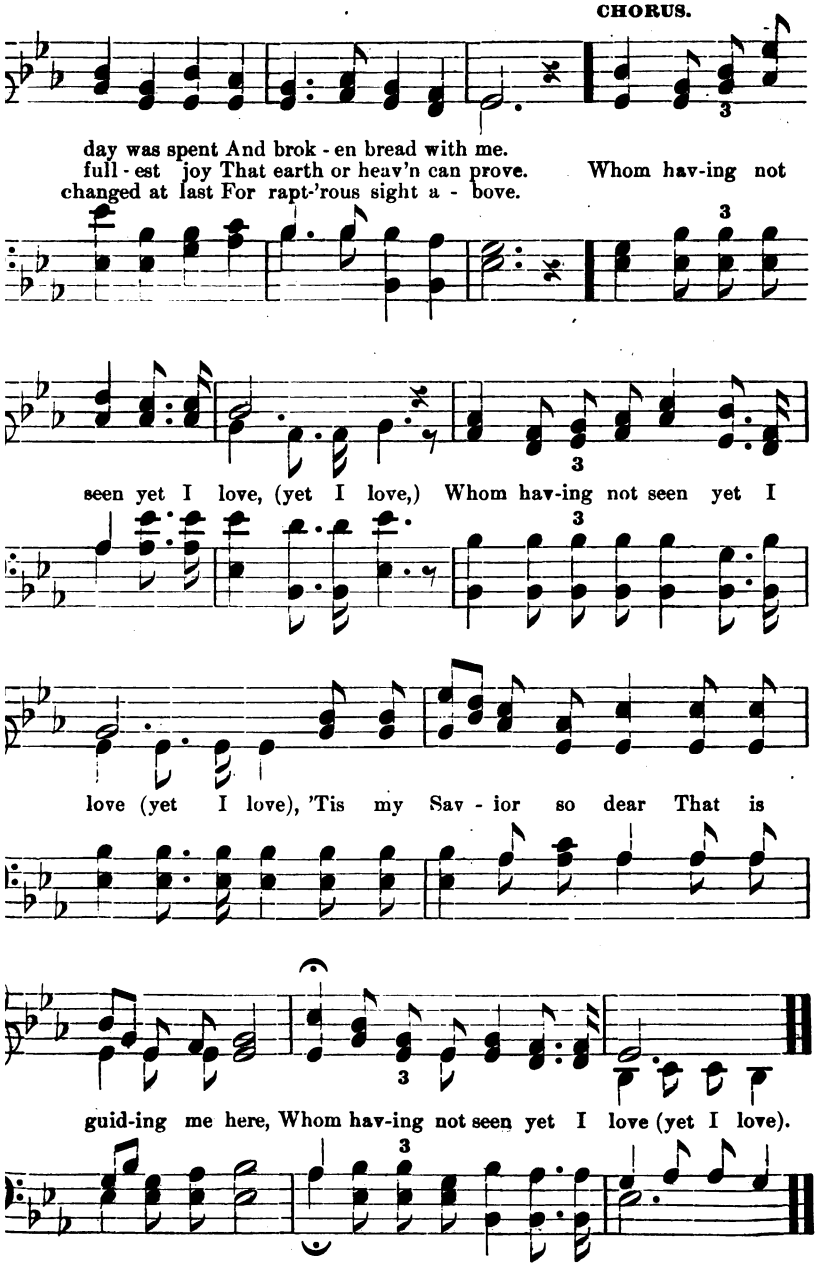
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

110 KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

W. T. GIFFE. W. T. GIFFE. By per.

1. The Lord of life, . . . and glo - ry knocks, . . .
The Lord of life and glo - ry
2. The Sav - ior knocks, . . . he's knocked be-fore, . . .
3. O bless-ed Sav - - - - ior, now come in, . . .
. . . Knocks at the door . . . of ev - 'ry heart; . . .
knocks, Knocks at the door of ev - 'ry
. . . Heedless we've been . . . to ev - 'ry call; . . .
. . . Come and for - ev - - - - er live with me;
. . . He's wait-ing there . . . in deep des - pair, . . .
heart; He's wait-ing there in deep des
. . . Oh, let him in . . . to cleanse your sin, . . .
. . . Oh, be my guest . . . and make me blest, . . .
. . . . How can we bid him de - part?
pair, How can we bid him de - part?
. . . There's pard'ning love for us all.
. . . . Yes, blest for - ev - - - - er with thee.

CHORUS.
Come in, come in, ... come in, come
Come in, come in,
in, ... We will not bid thee
Come in, come in,
go; . . . Come in, come in, . . . come in, come
No, no, come in, come in, come in,
Rit.
in, ... We will not treat thee so, . . .
come in, come in, come in.

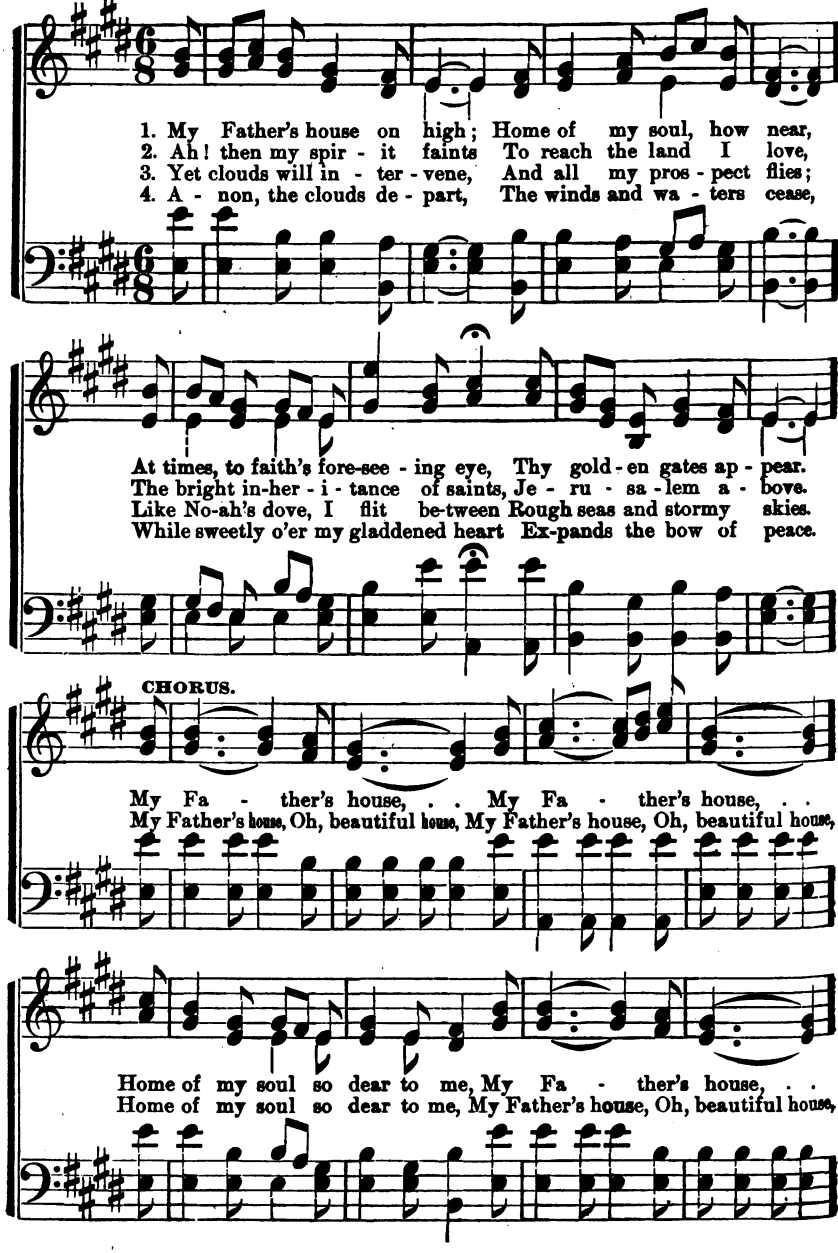
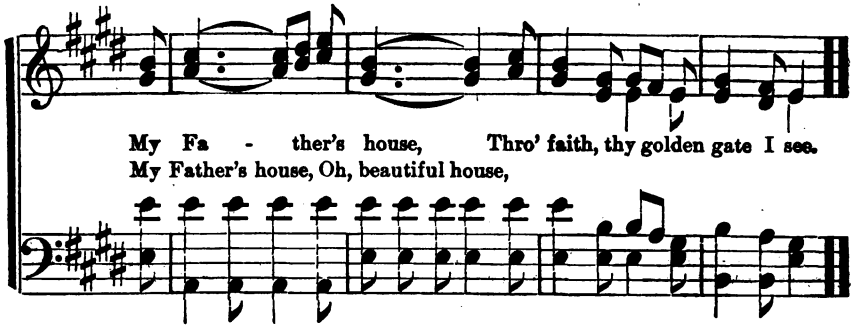
112 WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN YET I LOVE.

"Whom having not seen ye love."—1 PET. 1 : 8.

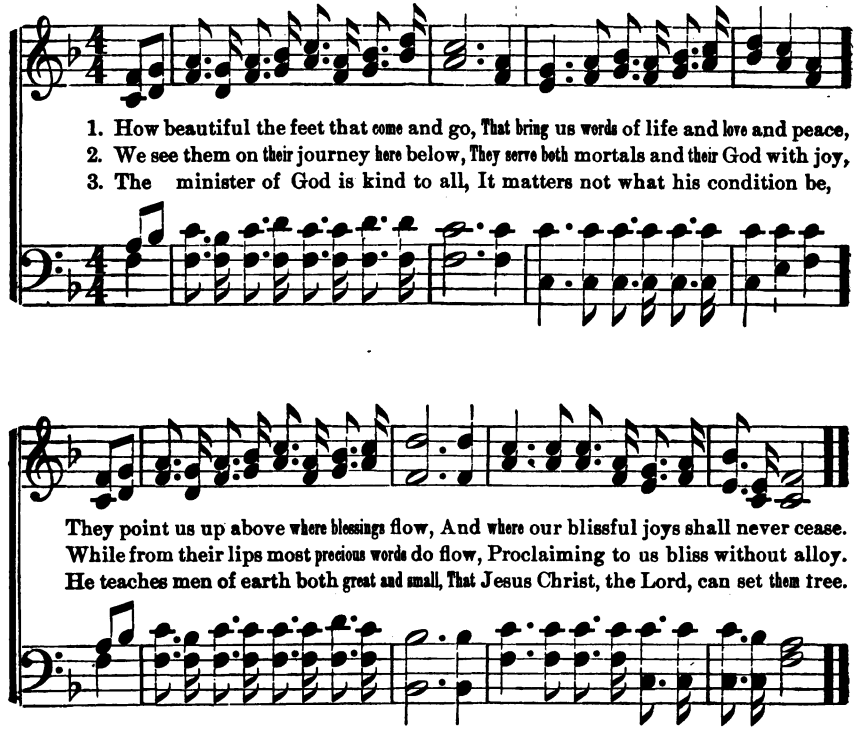
Selected. R. A. GLENN.

1. Sav - ior, my feet have nev - er trod with thine The sol - i - ta - ry
2. But, Lord, my res-cued feet all steadfast set Up - on the King's high-
3. I know that thou art gone to beau - ti - fy A place in heav'n for
place; My eyes have nev - er seen in hu - man form Thy man - i-
way; And tho', as yet, I may not see thy face, I fol - low
me; And when thou com'st to take thy children home, I shall be
fest - ed grace; My hands have never touched thy garment hem
on each day; My wait - ing eyes are un - to thee, dear Lord,
like to thee; Then shall I wake and see thee eye to eye,
With faith's un - ut - tered plea; Nor hast thou tar-ried when the
In whom I live and move; Whose love, be-lieved in, is the
Whom now, un - seen, I love; Faith's dark - ly - visioned glass ex-

CHORUS.
day was spent And brok - en bread with me.
full - est joy That earth or heav'n can prove.
changed at last For rapt-'rous sight a - bove.
Whom hav-ing not
seen yet I love, (yet I love,) Whom hav-ing not seen yet I
love (yet I love), 'Tis my Sav - ior so dear That is
guid-ing me here, Whom hav-ing not seen yet I love (yet I love).

114 MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

A. B. WOOLVERTON.

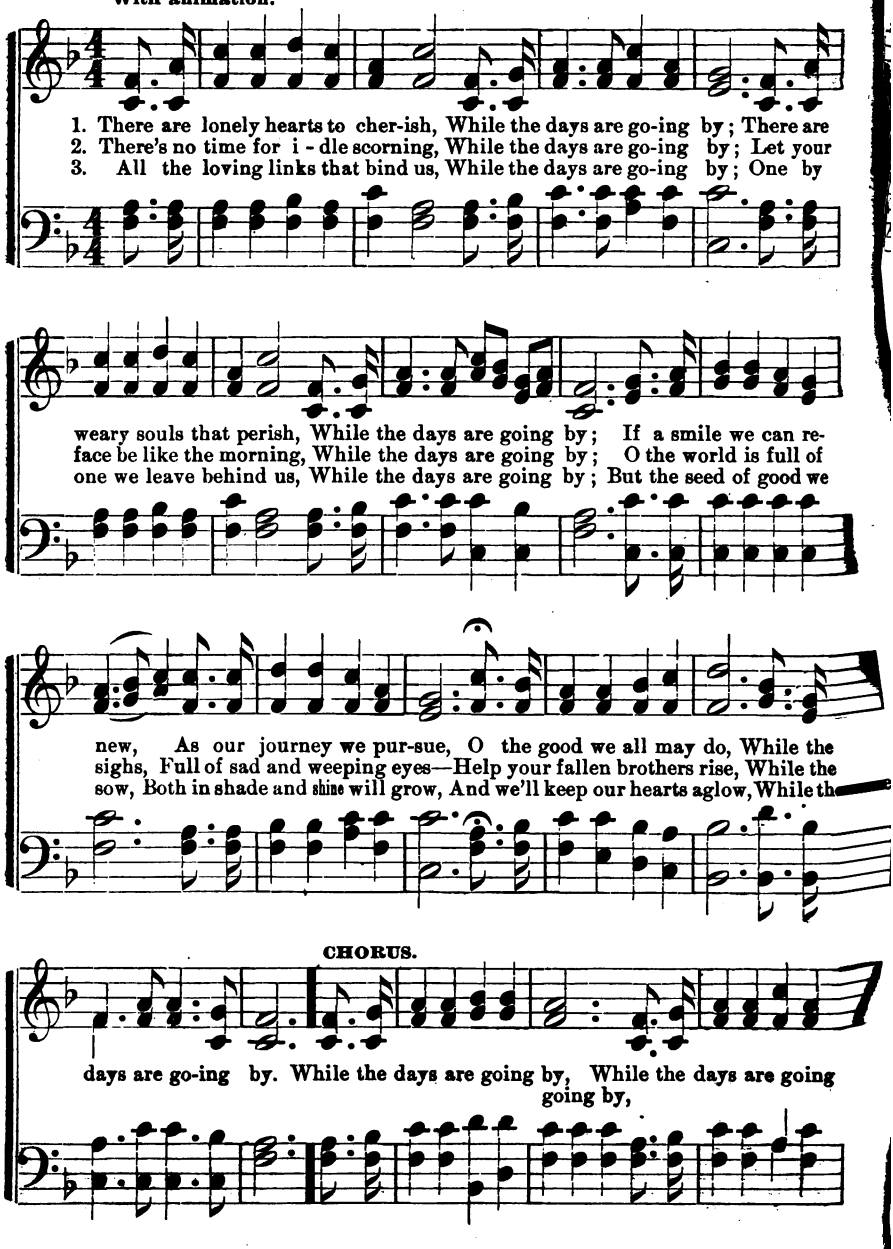

1. My Father's house on high; Home of my soul, how near,
2. Ah! then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love,
3. Yet clouds will in - ter - vene, And all my pros - pect flies;
4. A - non, the clouds de - part, The winds and wa - ters cease,
At times, to faith's fore-see - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear.
The bright in-her - i - tance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.
Like No-ah's dove, I flit be-tween Rough seas and stormy skies.
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart Ex-pands the bow of peace.
CHORUS.
My Fa - ther's house, . . My Fa - ther's house, . .
My Father's house, Oh, beautiful house, My Father's house, Oh, beautiful house,
Home of my soul so dear to me, My Fa - ther's house, . .
Home of my soul so dear to me, My Father's house, Oh, beautiful house,

GOD'S MINISTERS.

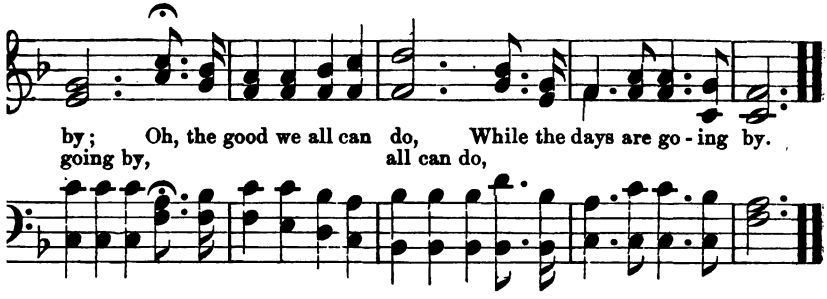
REV. R. H. GOTT. C. V. STRICKLAND.


1. How beautiful the feet that come and go, That bring us words of life and love and peace,
2. We see them on their journey here below, They serve both mortals and their God with joy,
3. The minister of God is kind to all, It matters not what his condition be,
They point us up above where blessings flow, And where our blissful joys shall never cease.
While from their lips most precious words do flow, Proclaiming to us bliss without alloy.
He teaches men of earth both great and small, That Jesus Christ, the Lord, can set them free.

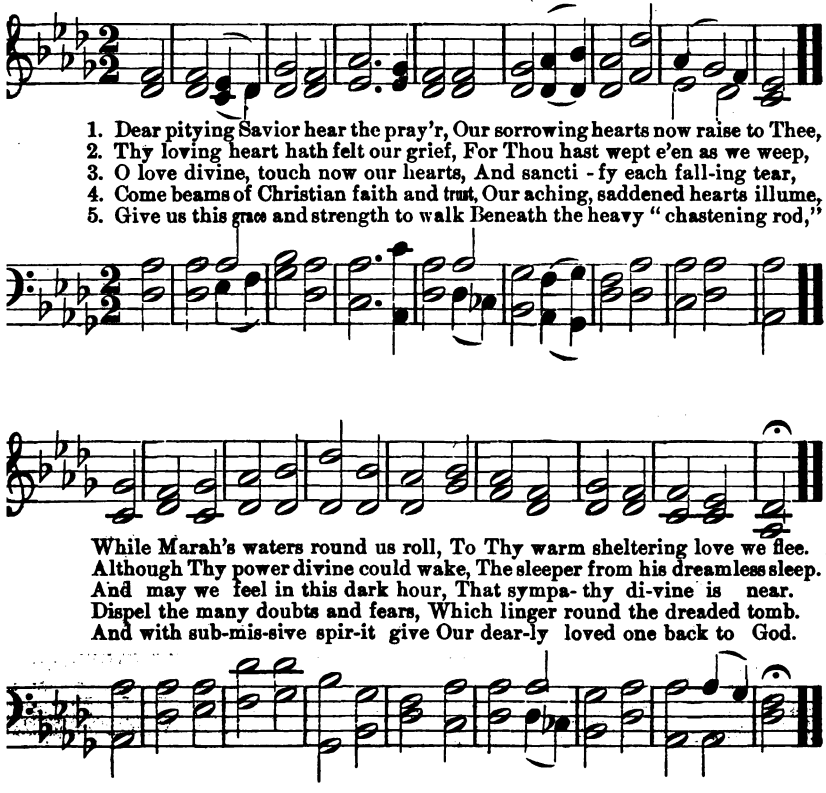
116 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

Music by W. G. TOMER.

With animation.

1. There are lonely hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by; There are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by; Let your
3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by; One by
weary souls that perish, While the days are going by; If a smile we can re-
face be like the morning, While the days are going by; O the world is full of
one we leave behind us, While the days are going by; But the seed of good we
new, As our journey we pur-sue, O the good we all may do, While the
sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes—Help your fallen brothers rise, While the
sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And we'll keep our hearts aglow, While th
CHORUS.
days are go-ing by. While the days are going by, While the days are going
going by,

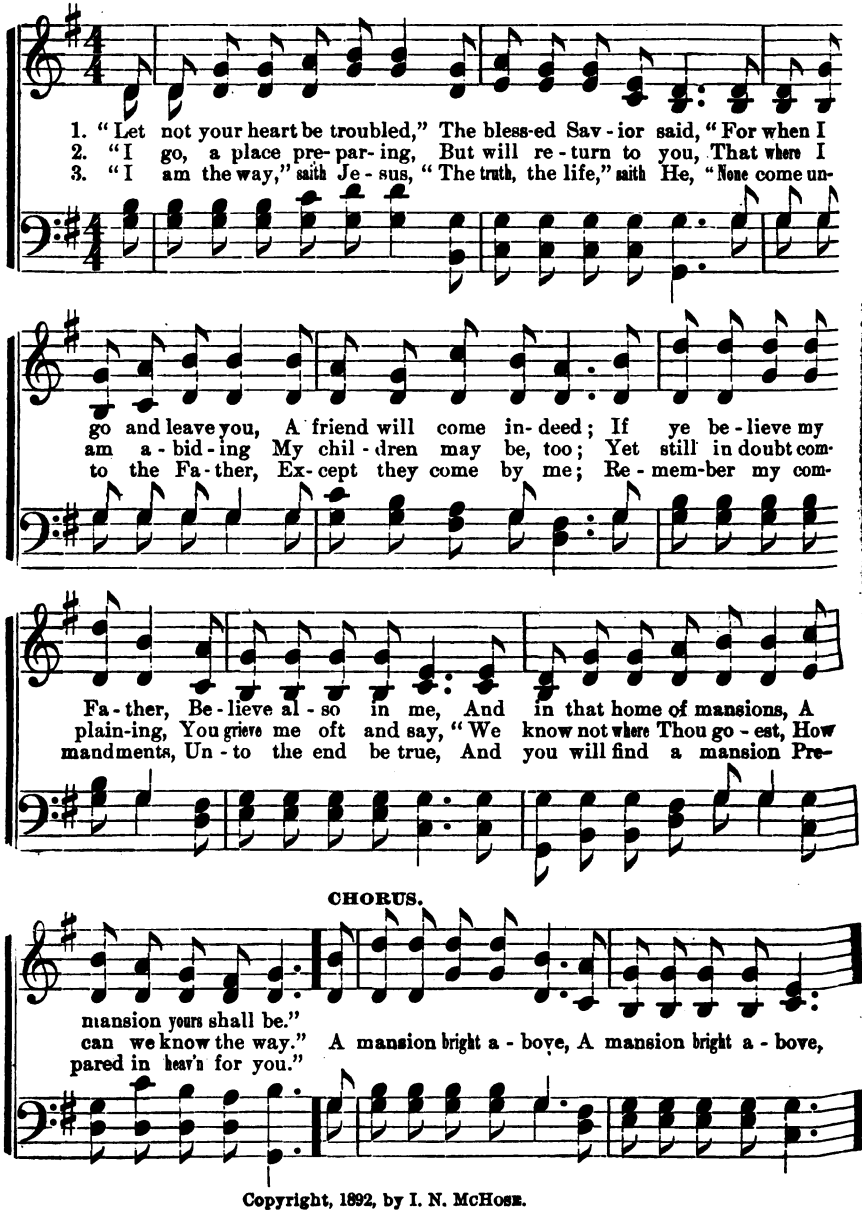


SUBMISSION.

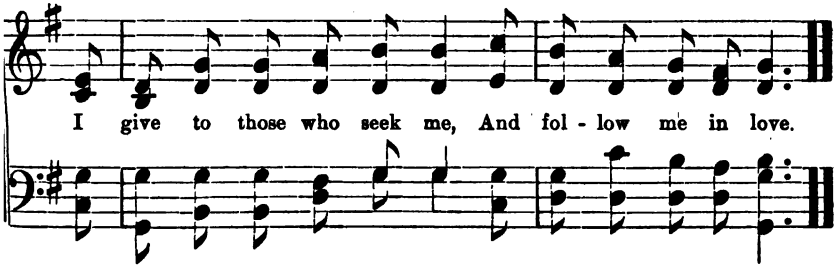
Words by MRS. R. B. IORNS. Music by LEOLA L. IORNS.

1. Dear pitying Savior hear the pray'r, Our sorrowing hearts now raise to Thee,
2. Thy loving heart hath felt our grief, For Thou hast wept e'en as we weep,
3. O love divine, touch now our hearts, And sancti - fy each fall-ing tear,
4. Come beams of Christian faith and trust, Our aching, saddened hearts illume,
5. Give us this grace and strength to walk Beneath the heavy "chastening rod,"
While Marah's waters round us roll, To Thy warm sheltering love we flee.
Although Thy power divine could wake, The sleeper from his dreamless sleep.
And may we feel in this dark hour, That sympa- thy di-vine is near.
Dispel the many doubts and fears, Which linger round the dreaded tomb.
And with sub-mis-sive spir-it give Our dear-ly loved one back to God.

118 A MANSION BRIGHT ABOVE.

"A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

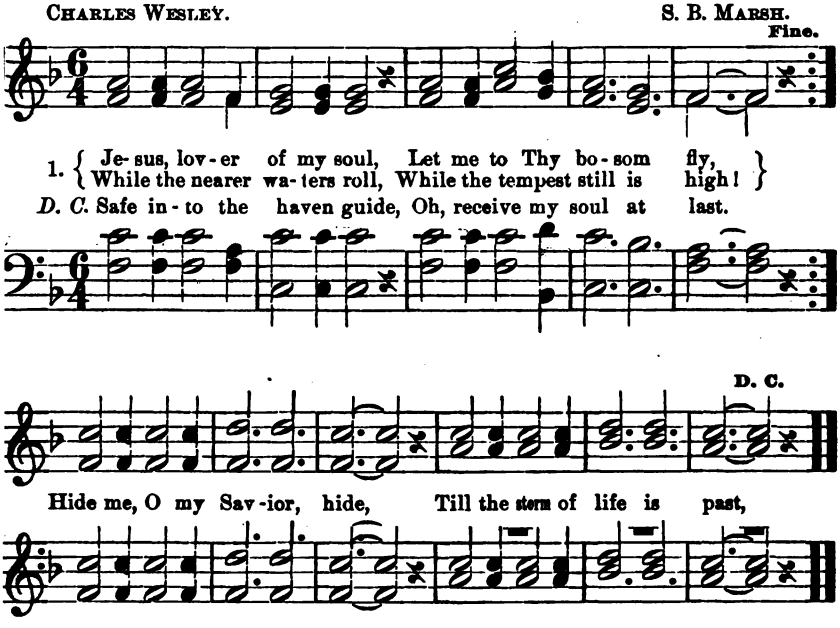
Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. Rev. I. N. McHOSE, D. D.

1. "Let not your heart be troubled," The bless-ed Sav-ior said, "For when I
go and leave you, A friend will come in-deed; If ye be-lieve my
2. "I go, a place pre-par-ing, But will re-turn to you, That where I
am a-bid-ing My chil-dren may be, too; Yet still in doubt com-
3. "I am the way," saith Je-sus, "The truth, the life," saith He, "None come un-
to the Fa-ther, Ex-cept they come by me; Re-mem-ber my com-
Fa-ther, Be-lieve al-so in me, And in that home of mansions, A
plain-ing, You grieve me oft and say, "We know not where Thou go-est, How
mandments, Un-to the end be true, And you will find a mansion Pre-
CHORUS.
mansion yours shall be."
can we know the way." A mansion bright a-bove, A mansion bright a-bove,
pared in heav'n for you."

Copyright, 1892, by I. N. McHOSE.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

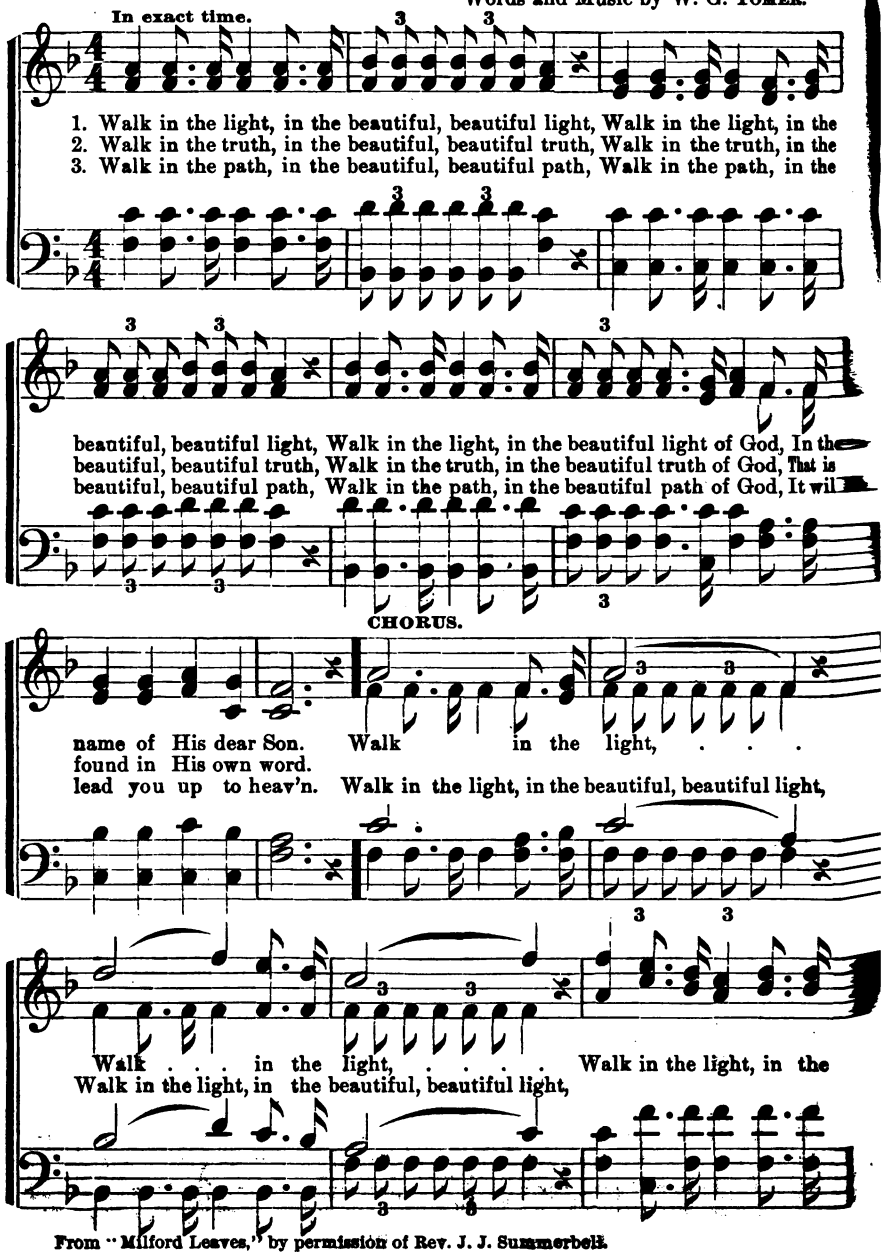
CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.


Fine.
1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
{ While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
D. C. Safe in-to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

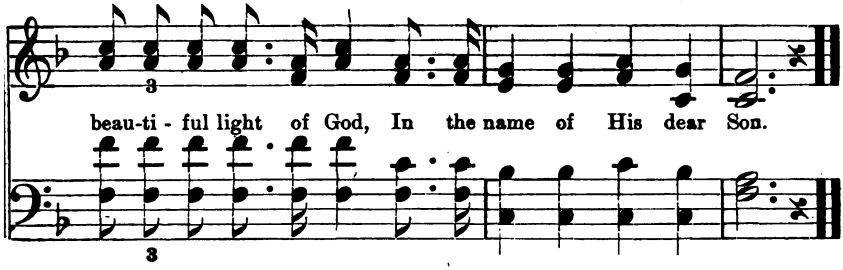
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

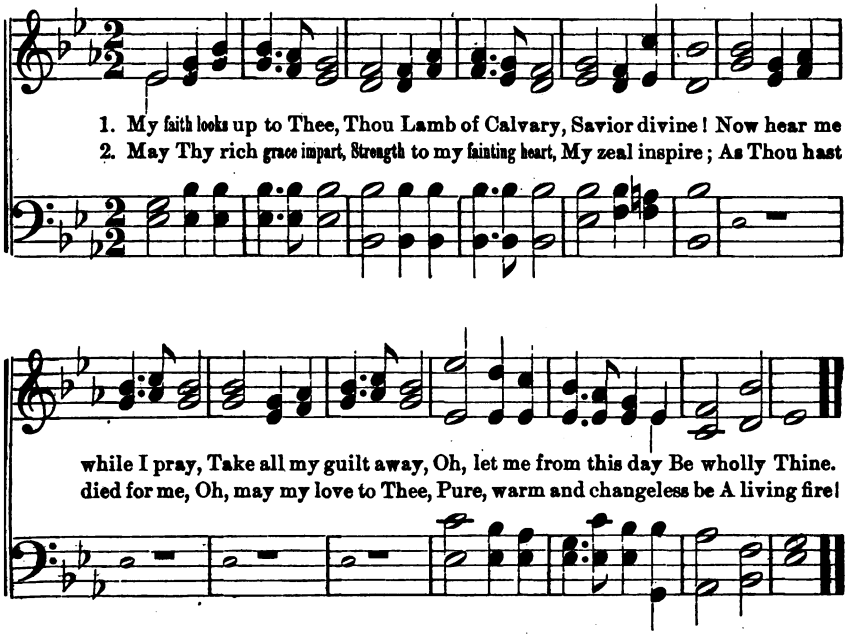
120 BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF GOD.

Words and Music by W. G. TOMER.

In exact time.
1. Walk in the light, in the beautiful, beautiful light, Walk in the light, in the
2. Walk in the truth, in the beautiful, beautiful truth, Walk in the truth, in the
3. Walk in the path, in the beautiful, beautiful path, Walk in the path, in the
beautiful, beautiful light, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God, In the
beautiful, beautiful truth, Walk in the truth, in the beautiful truth of God, That is
beautiful, beautiful path, Walk in the path, in the beautiful path of God, It will
CHORUS.
name of His dear Son. Walk in the light, . . .
found in His own word.
lead you up to heav'n. Walk in the light, in the beautiful, beautiful light,
Walk . . . in the light, ... Walk in the light, in the
Walk in the light, in the beautiful, beautiful light,

From "Milford Leaves," by permission of Rev. J. J. Summerbell.



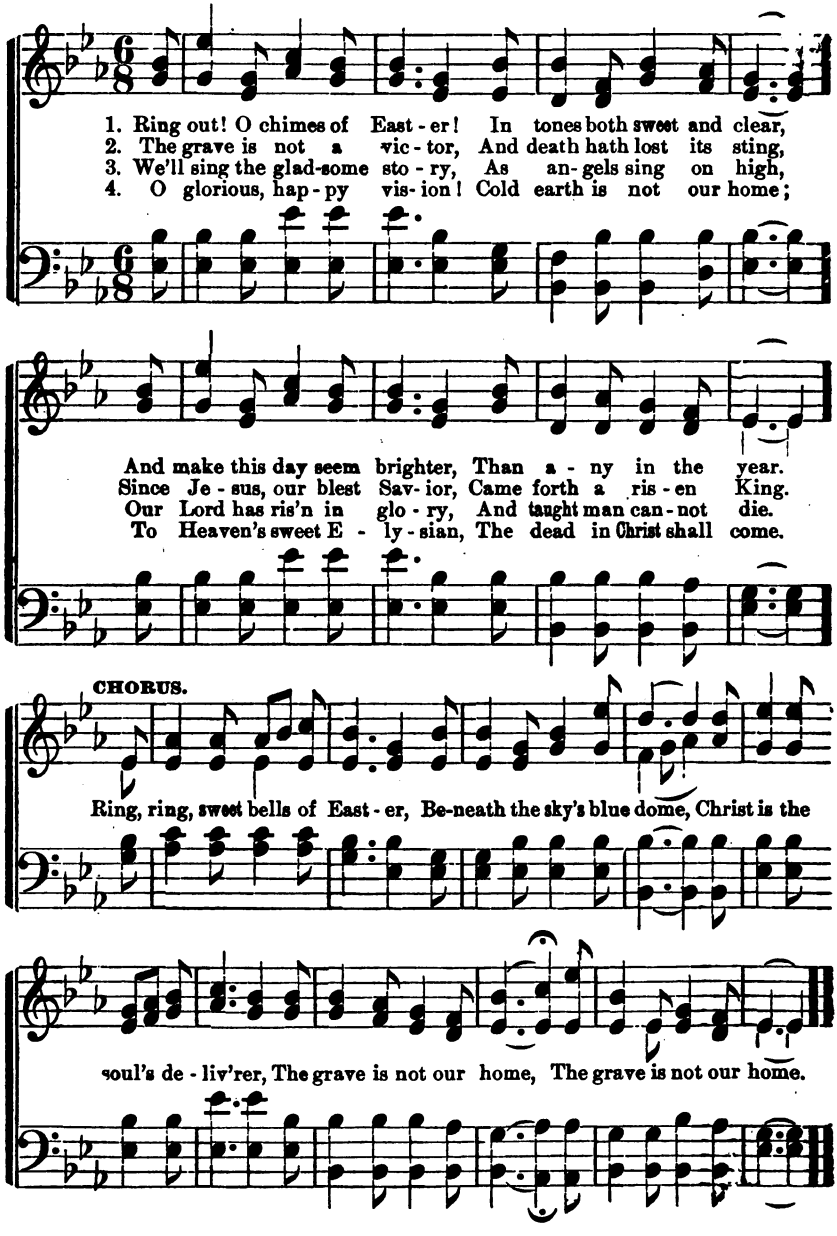
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be A living fire!

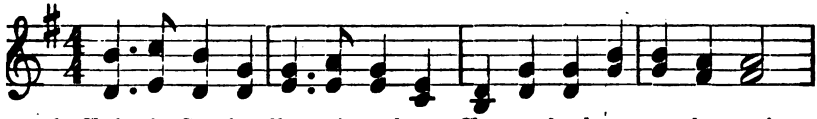
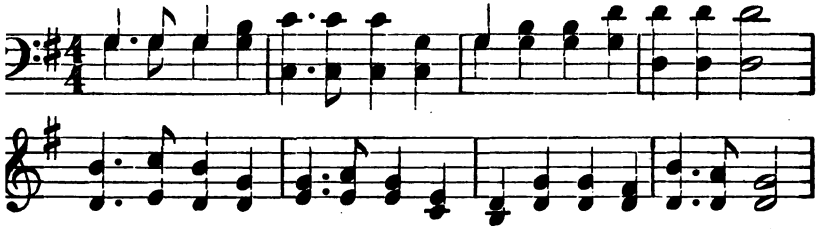
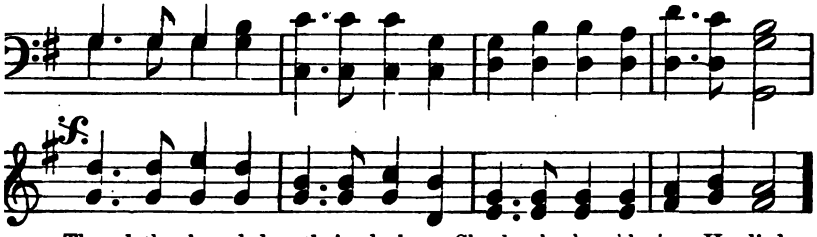
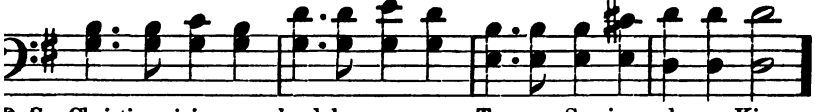
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn today,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

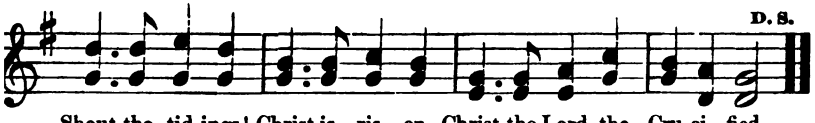
EASTER CHIMES.

D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Ring out! O chimes of East - er! In tones both sweet and clear,
2. The grave is not a vic - tor, And death hath lost its sting,
3. We'll sing the glad-some sto - ry, As an - gels sing on high,
4. O glorious, hap - py vis - ion! Cold earth is not our home;
And make this day seem brighter, Than a - ny in the year.
Since Je - sus, our blest Sav - ior, Came forth a ris - en King.
Our Lord has ris'n in glo - ry, And taught man can - not die.
To Heaven's sweet E - ly - sian, The dead in Christ shall come.
CHORUS.
Ring, ring, sweet bells of East - er, Be-neath the sky's blue dome, Christ is the
soul's de - liv'rer, The grave is not our home, The grave is not our home.

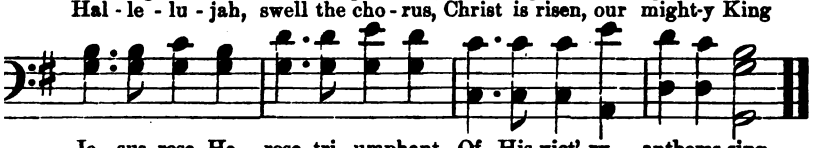
CHRIST LIVES TRIUMPHANT. 123

LAURA E. NEWELL. D. W. CRIST. By per.

1. Christ the Conq'ror lives tri-umphant, Chant a - loud your grandest strain,
2. Though in grief and bit - ter an-guish, Christ His life for us laid down,
3. Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord,

Death's stern bonds are rent a - sun - der, Lo! our Sav-iour lives a - gain.
Lo! He lives yea more than Conqueror, And will grant to each a crown.
Loy - al sol-diers, crown your Vic-tor! Fight till comes the great re - ward.

Though the shrouded earth in darkness Shook, when languish - ing He died,
Who will strive to bear His bur-den, In the sun-shine of the cross,
Through the bat - tle - ments of heav - en, Glad ho - san - nas loud shall ring,

D. S. Christians join your loud ho - san - nas, To your Sav-ior and your King,

D. S.

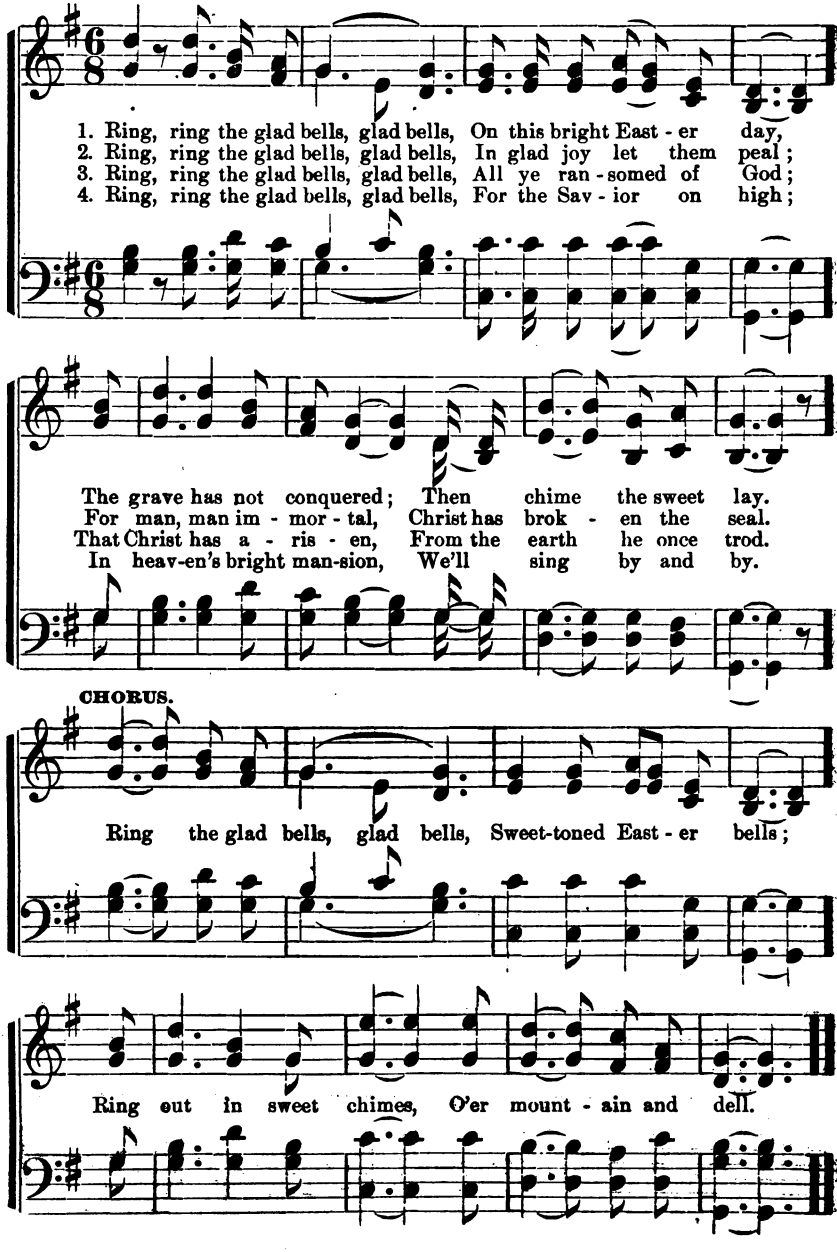


Shout the tid-ings! Christ is ris - en, Christ the Lord, the Cru-ci - fied.
Look-ing un - to heav'n for guidance, Counting all earth's gain as loss.
Hal - le - lu - jah, swell the cho - rus, Christ is risen, our might-y King

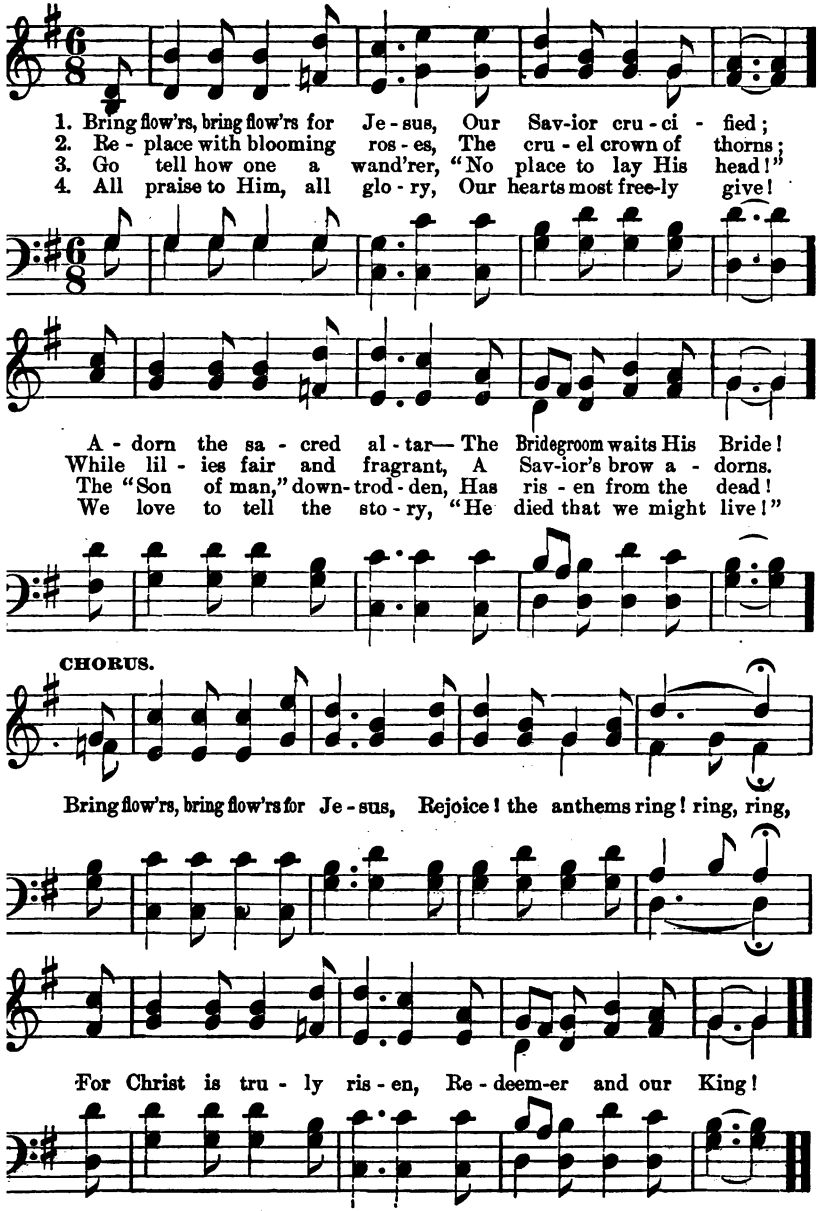


Je - sus rose, He rose tri - umphant, Of His vict'-ry anthems sing.

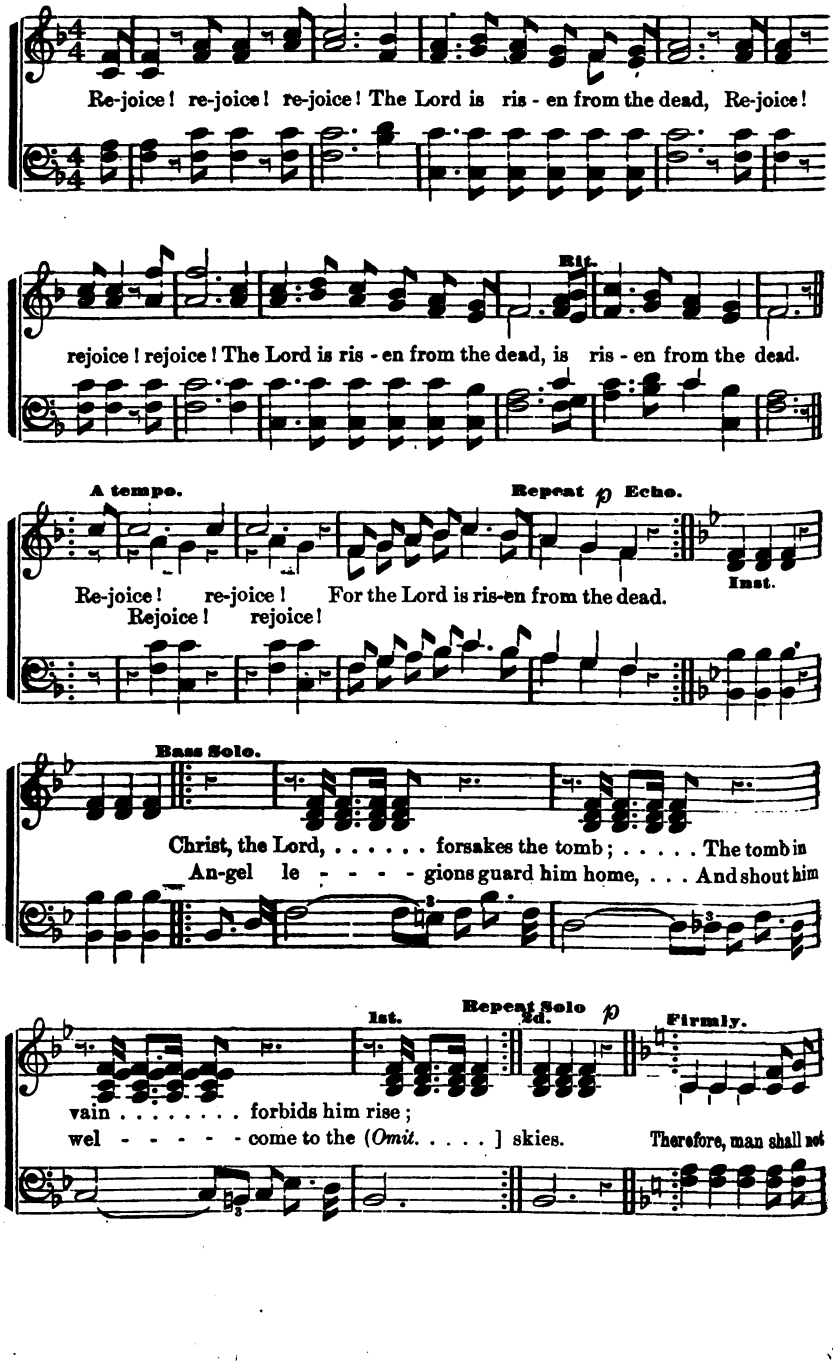
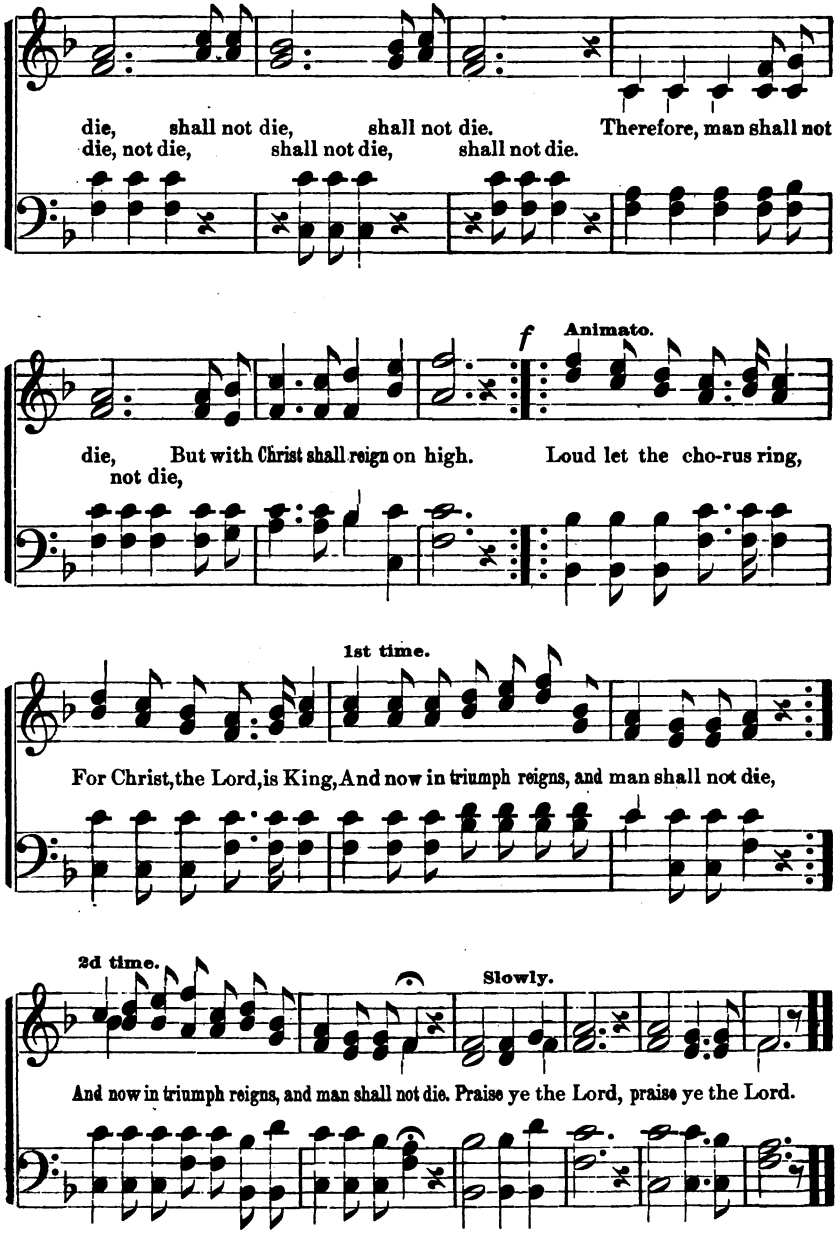
EASTER BELLS.

C. V. Strickland. Milo W. Nethercutt.

1. Ring, ring the glad bells, glad bells, On this bright East - er day,
2. Ring, ring the glad bells, glad bells, In glad joy let them peal;
3. Ring, ring the glad bells, glad bells, All ye ran - somed of God;
4. Ring, ring the glad bells, glad bells, For the Sav - ior on high;
The grave has not conquered; Then chime the sweet lay.
For man, man im - mor - tal, Christ has brok - en the seal.
That Christ has a - ris - en, From the earth he once trod.
In heav-en's bright man-sion, We'll sing by and by.
CHORUS.
Ring the glad bells, glad bells, Sweet-toned East - er bells;
Ring out in sweet chimes, O'er mount - ain and dell.

BRING FLOWERS! 125

SUE VESTA PULLEN. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Bring flow'rs, bring flow'rs for Je - sus, Our Sav-ior cru - ci - fied;
2. Re - place with blooming ros - es, The cru - el crown of thorns;
3. Go tell how one a wand'rer, "No place to lay His head!"
4. All praise to Him, all glo - ry, Our hearts most free-ly give!
A - dorn the sa - cred al - tar— The Bridegroom waits His Bride!
While lil - ies fair and fragrant, A Sav-ior's brow a - dorns.
The "Son of man," down-trod - den, Has ris - en from the dead!
We love to tell the sto - ry, "He died that we might live!"
CHORUS.
Bring flow'rs, bring flow'rs for Je - sus, Rejoice! the anthems ring! ring, ring,
For Christ is tru - ly ris - en, Re - deem-er and our King!

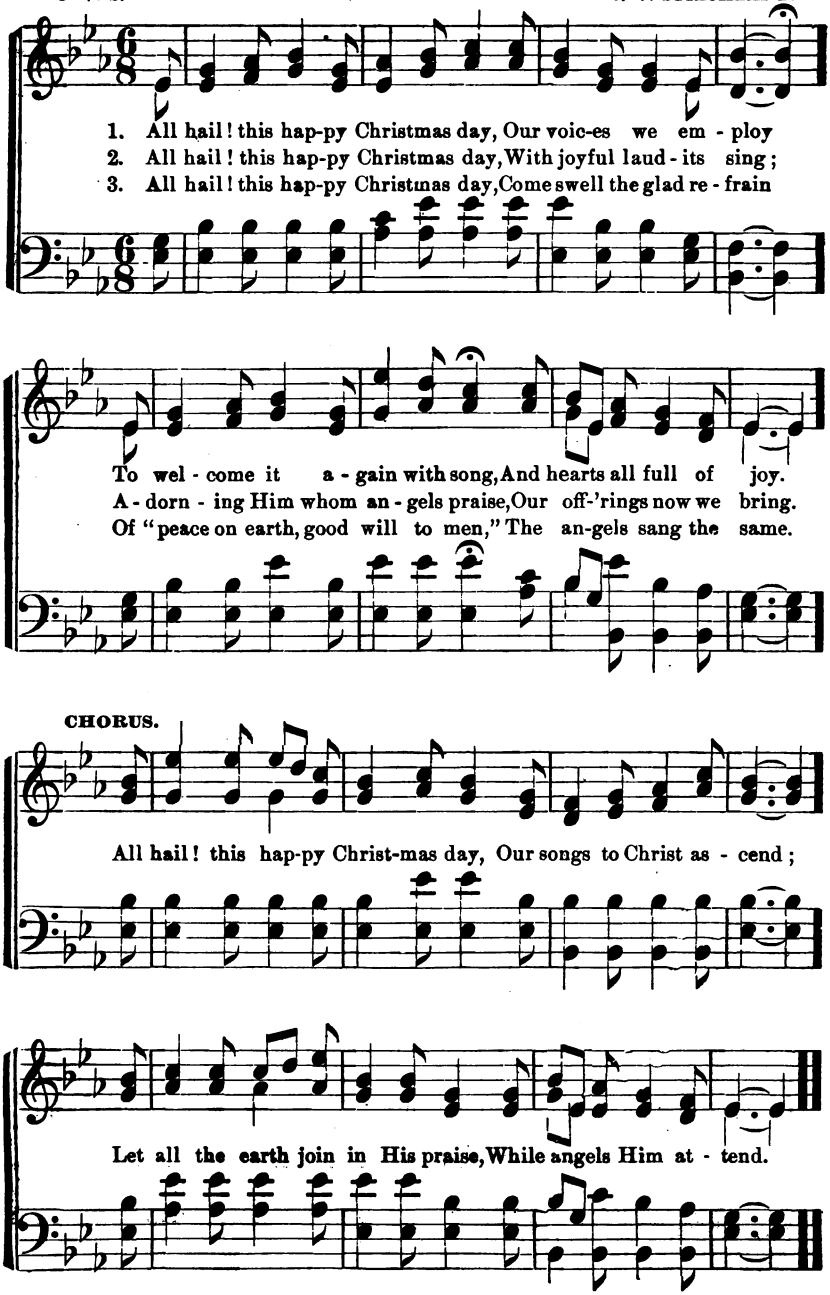
EASTER ANTHEM.

C. V. STRICKLAND.

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! The Lord is ris - en from the dead, Re-joice!
Rit.
rejoice! rejoice! The Lord is ris - en from the dead, is ris - en from the dead.
A tempo.
Repeat p Echo.
Re-joice! re-joice! For the Lord is ris-en from the dead.
Rejoice! rejoice!
Inst.
Bass Solo.
Christ, the Lord, ... forsakes the tomb; . . . . . The tomb in
An-gel le - - - - gions guard him home, . . . And shout him
1st.
2d.
Repeat Solo p
Firmly.
vain . . . . . forbids him rise;
wel - - - - - come to the (Omit. . . . .] skies.
Therefore, man shall not

die, shall not die, shall not die. Therefore, man shall not
die, not die, shall not die, shall not die.
f
Animato.
die, But with Christ shall reign on high. Loud let the cho-rus ring,
not die,
1st time.
For Christ, the Lord, is King, And now in triumph reigns, and man shall not die,
2d time.
Slowly.
And now in triumph reigns, and man shall not die. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.

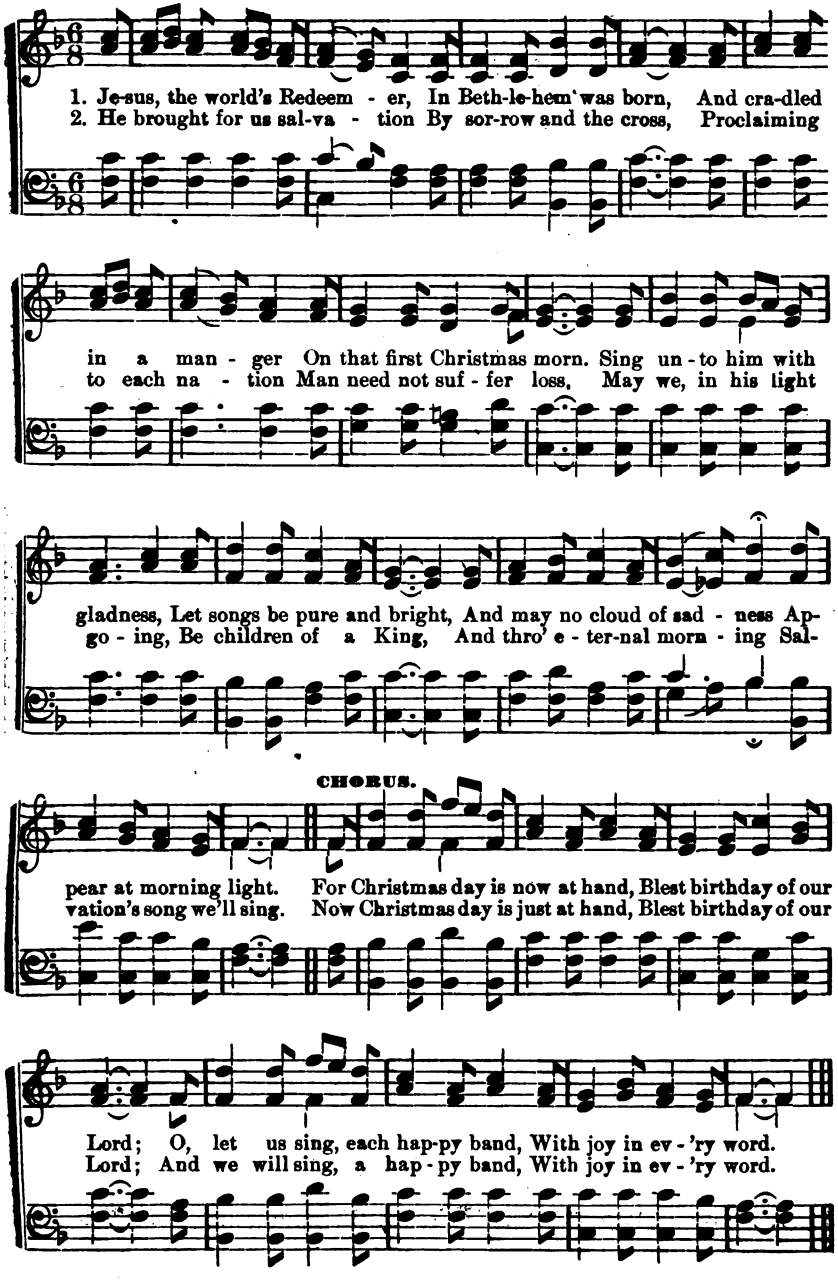
128

ALL HAIL!

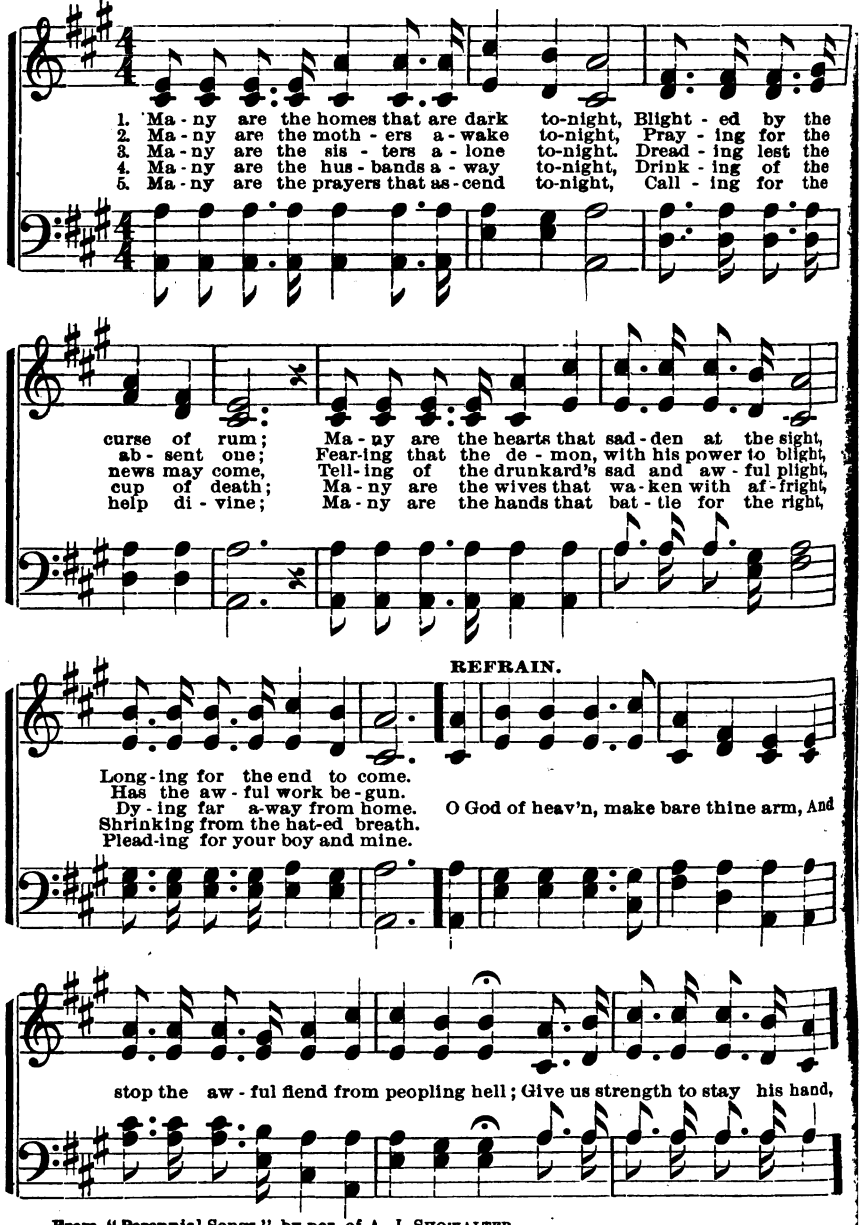
C V. S.

C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. All hail! this hap-py Christmas day, Our voic-es we em - ploy
2. All hail! this hap-py Christmas day, With joyful laud - its sing;
3. All hail! this hap-py Christmas day, Come swell the glad re - frain
To wel - come it a - gain with song, And hearts all full of joy.
A - dorn - ing Him whom an - gels praise, Our off-'rings now we bring.
Of "peace on earth, good will to men," The an-gels sang the same.
CHORUS.
All hail! this hap-py Christ-mas day, Our songs to Christ as - cend;
Let all the earth join in His praise, While angels Him at - tend.

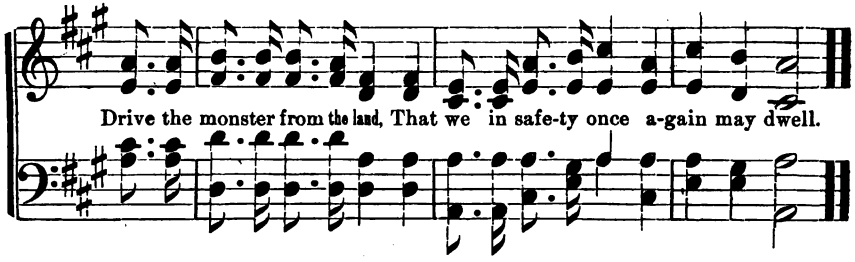
SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE. 129

REV. D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Je-sus, the world's Redeem - er, In Beth-le-hem was born, And cra-dled
2. He brought for us sal-va - tion By sor-row and the cross, Proclaiming
in a man - ger On that first Christmas morn. Sing un - to him with
to each na - tion Man need not suf - fer loss, May we, in his light
gladness, Let songs be pure and bright, And may no cloud of sad - ness Ap-
go - ing, Be children of a King, And thro' e - ter-nal morn - ing Sal-
CHORUS.
pear at morning light. For Christmas day is now at hand, Blest birthday of our
vation's song we'll sing. Now Christmas day is just at hand, Blest birthday of our
Lord; O, let us sing, each hap-py band, With joy in ev - 'ry word.
Lord; And we will sing, a hap - py band, With joy in ev - 'ry word.

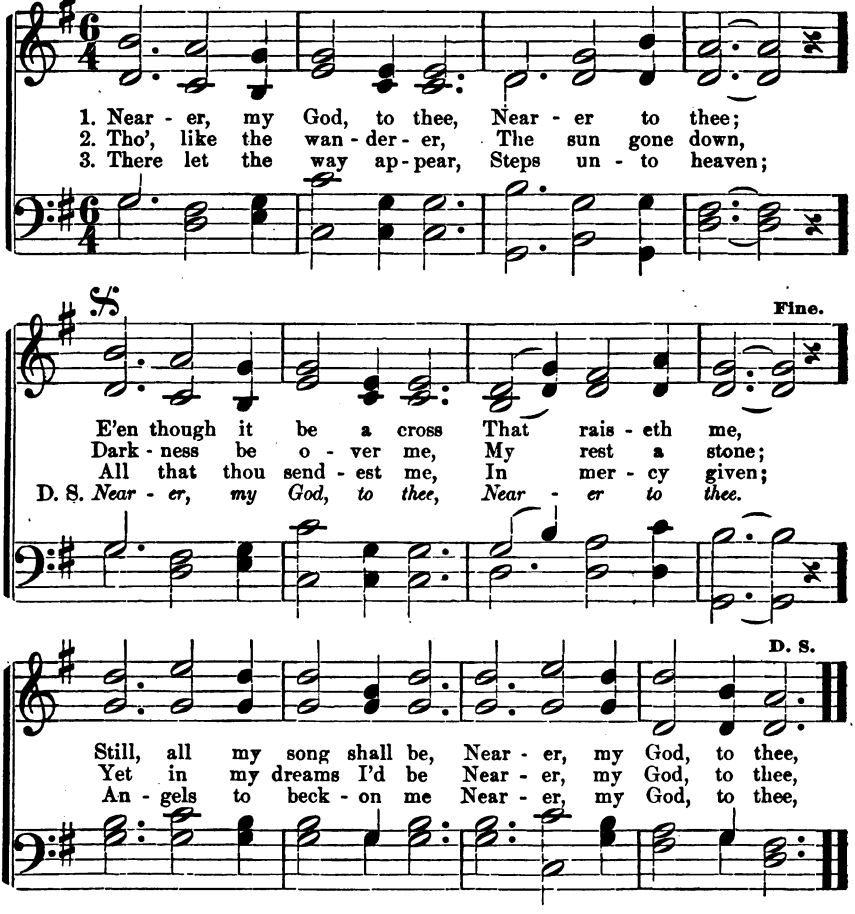
W. C. T. U. SONG.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Ma - ny are the homes that are dark to-night, Blight - ed by the
2. Ma - ny are the moth - ers a - wake to-night, Pray - ing for the
3. Ma - ny are the sis - ters a - lone to-night. Dread - ing lest the
4. Ma - ny are the hus - bands a - way to-night, Drink - ing of the
5. Ma - ny are the prayers that as - cend to-night, Call - ing for the
curse of rum; Ma - ny are the hearts that sad - den at the sight,
ab - sent one; Fear - ing that the de - mon, with his power to blight,
news may come, Tell - ing of the drunkard's sad and aw - ful plight,
cup of death; Ma - ny are the wives that wa - ken with af - fright,
help di - vine; Ma - ny are the hands that bat - tle for the right,
REFRAIN.
Long - ing for the end to come.
Has the aw - ful work be - gun.
Dy - ing far a - way from home.
Shrinking from the hat - ed breath.
Plead - ing for your boy and mine.
O God of heav'n, make bare thine arm, And
stop the aw - ful fiend from peopling hell; Give us strength to stay his hand,

From "Perennial Songs," by per. of A. J. SHOWALTER.

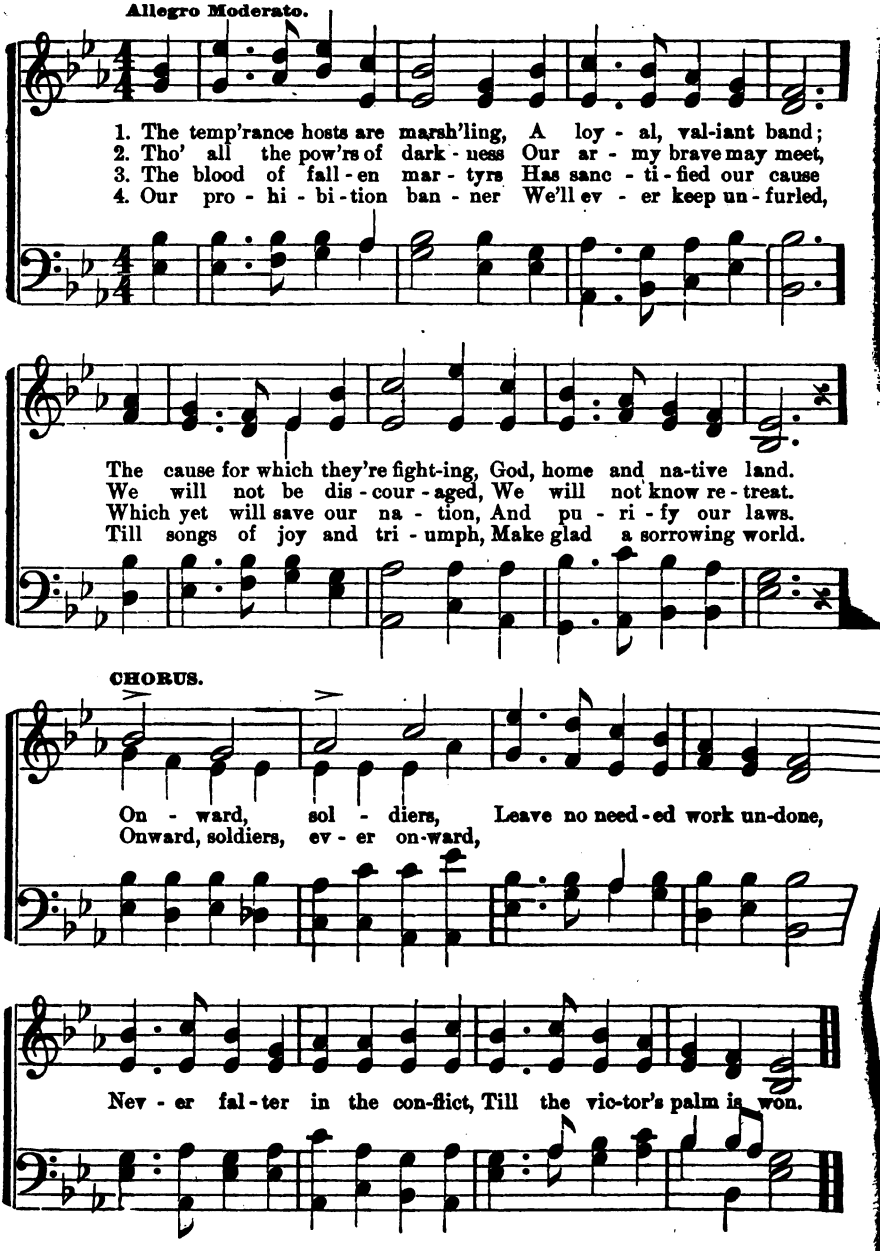


NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

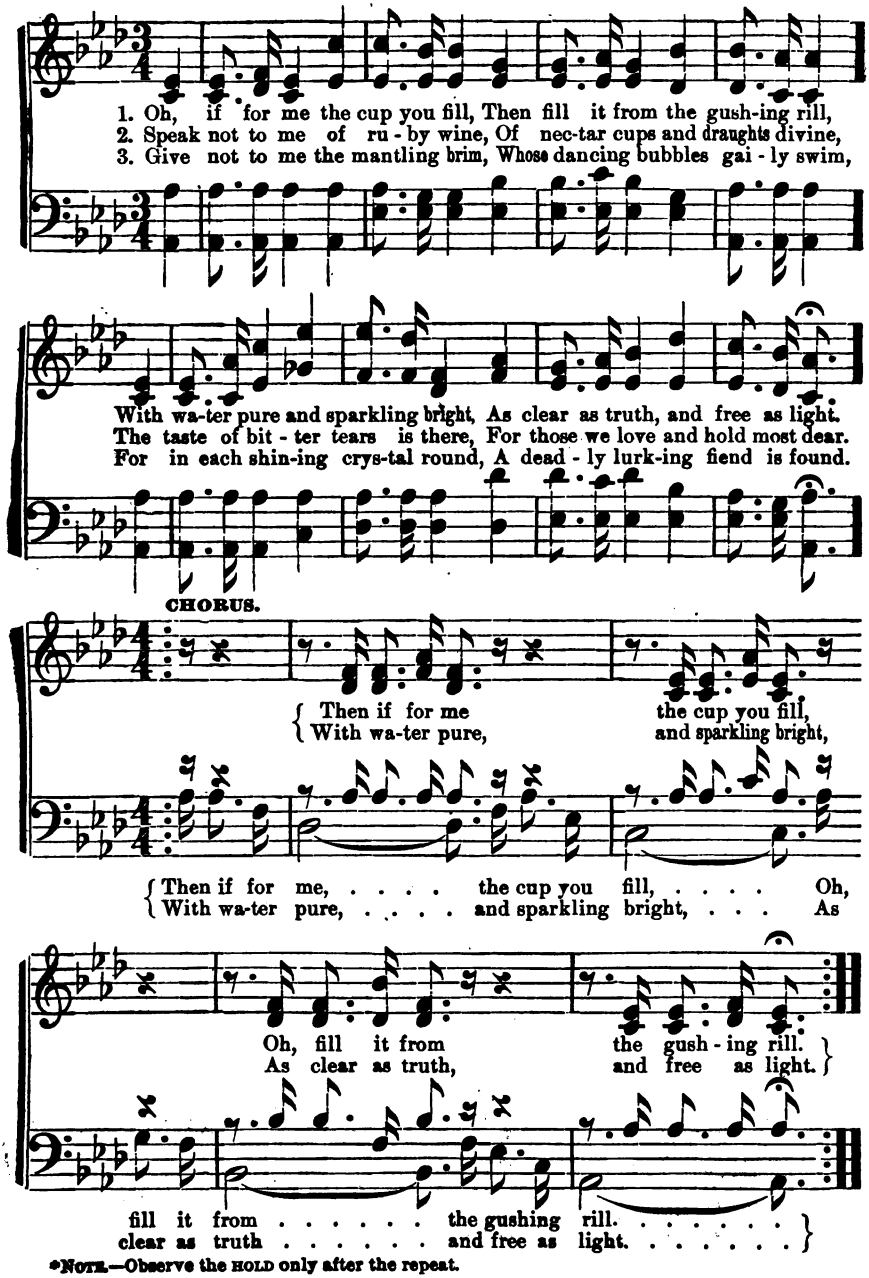
LOWELL MASON, 1859.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee;
2. Tho', like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven;
Fine.
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy given;
D. S. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
D. S.
Still, all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,

132 TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

Words by R. B. Iorns. Music by L. L. Iorns.

Allegro Moderato.

1. The temp'rance hosts are marsh'ling, A loy - al, val-iant band;
2. Tho' all the pow'rs of dark - ness Our ar - my brave may meet,
3. The blood of fall - en mar - tyrs Has sanc - ti - fied our cause
4. Our pro - hi - bi - tion ban - ner We'll ev - er keep un - furled,
The cause for which they're fight-ing, God, home and na-tive land.
We will not be dis - cour - aged, We will not know re - treat.
Which yet will save our na - tion, And pu - ri - fy our laws.
Till songs of joy and tri - umph, Make glad a sorrowing world.
CHORUS.
On - ward, sol - diers, Leave no need - ed work un-done,
Onward, soldiers, ev - er on-ward,
Nev - er fal - ter in the con-flict, Till the vic-tor's palm is won.

THE GUSHING RILL. 133

W. T. GIFFE, by permission.

1. Oh, if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gush-ing rill,
2. Speak not to me of ru - by wine, Of nec-tar cups and draughts divine,
3. Give not to me the mantling brim, Whose dancing bubbles gai - ly swim,
With wa-ter pure and sparkling bright, As clear as truth, and free as light.
The taste of bit - ter tears is there, For those we love and hold most dear.
For in each shin-ing crys-tal round, A dead - ly lurk-ing fiend is found.
CHORUS.
{ Then if for me the cup you fill,
{ With wa-ter pure, and sparkling bright,
{ Then if for me, ... the cup you fill, ... Oh,
{ With wa-ter pure, ... and sparkling bright, . . . As
Oh, fill it from the gush - ing rill.
As clear as truth, and free as light.
fill it from . . . . . the gushing rill. . . . . .
clear as truth . . . . . and free as light. . . . . .

*NOTE.—Observe the HOLD only after the repeat.

OPENING SENTENCES.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.—JOHN 11: 25–26.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin *worms* destroy this *body*, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—JOB 19: 25–7.

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee.—PSALMS 20: 1.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live.—JOHN 5: 25.

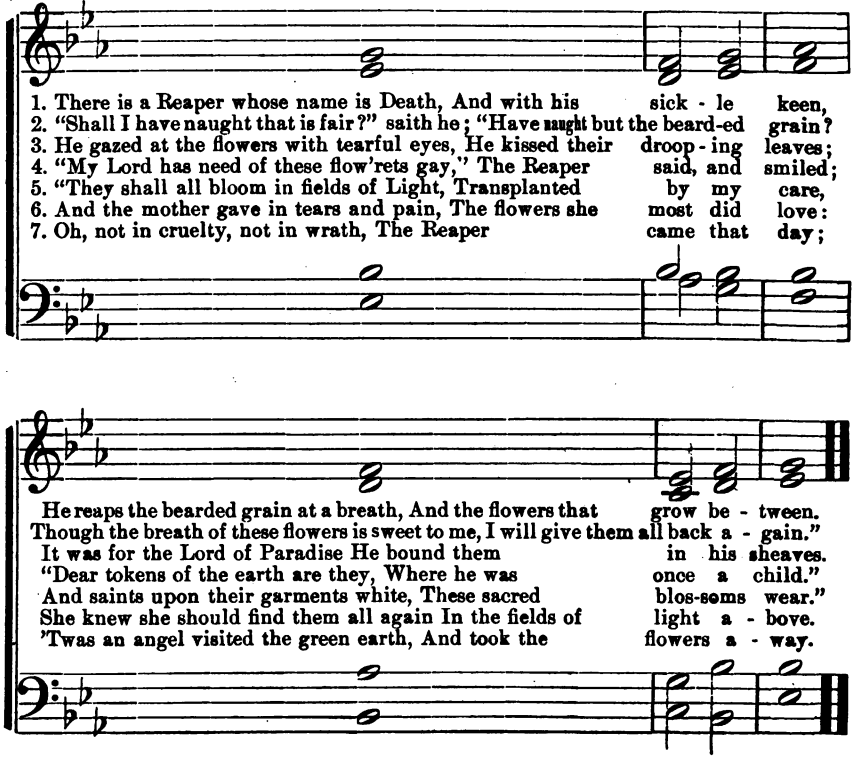
And this is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.—JOHN 6: 40.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.—JOHN 6: 51.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.—JOHN 16: 33.

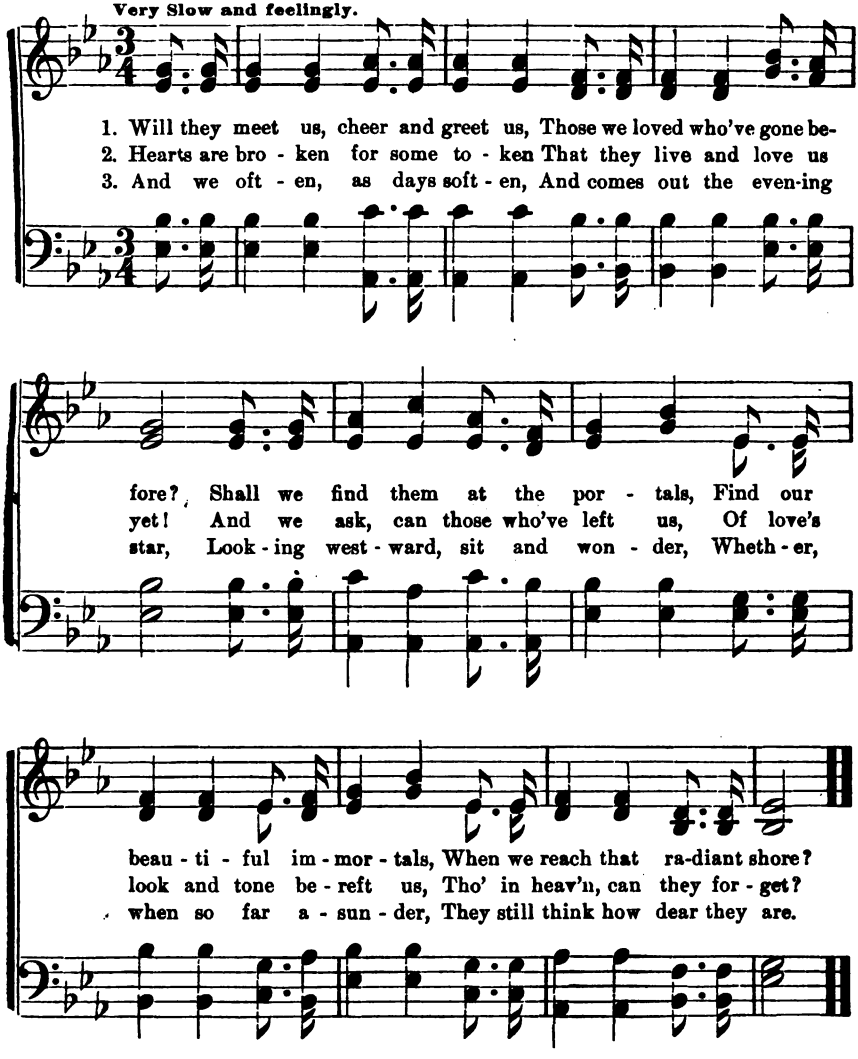
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. (FOR FUNERALS.) W. T. GIFFE.


1. There is a Reaper whose name is Death, And with his sick - le keen,
2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he; "Have naught but the beard-ed grain?
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their droop - ing leaves;
4. "My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay," The Reaper said, and smiled;
5. "They shall all bloom in fields of Light, Transplanted by my care,
6. And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love:
7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day;
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow be - tween.
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them all back a - gain."
It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.
"Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child."
And saints upon their garments white, These sacred blos-soms wear."
She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a - bove.
'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flowers a - way.

THE PORTALS 135

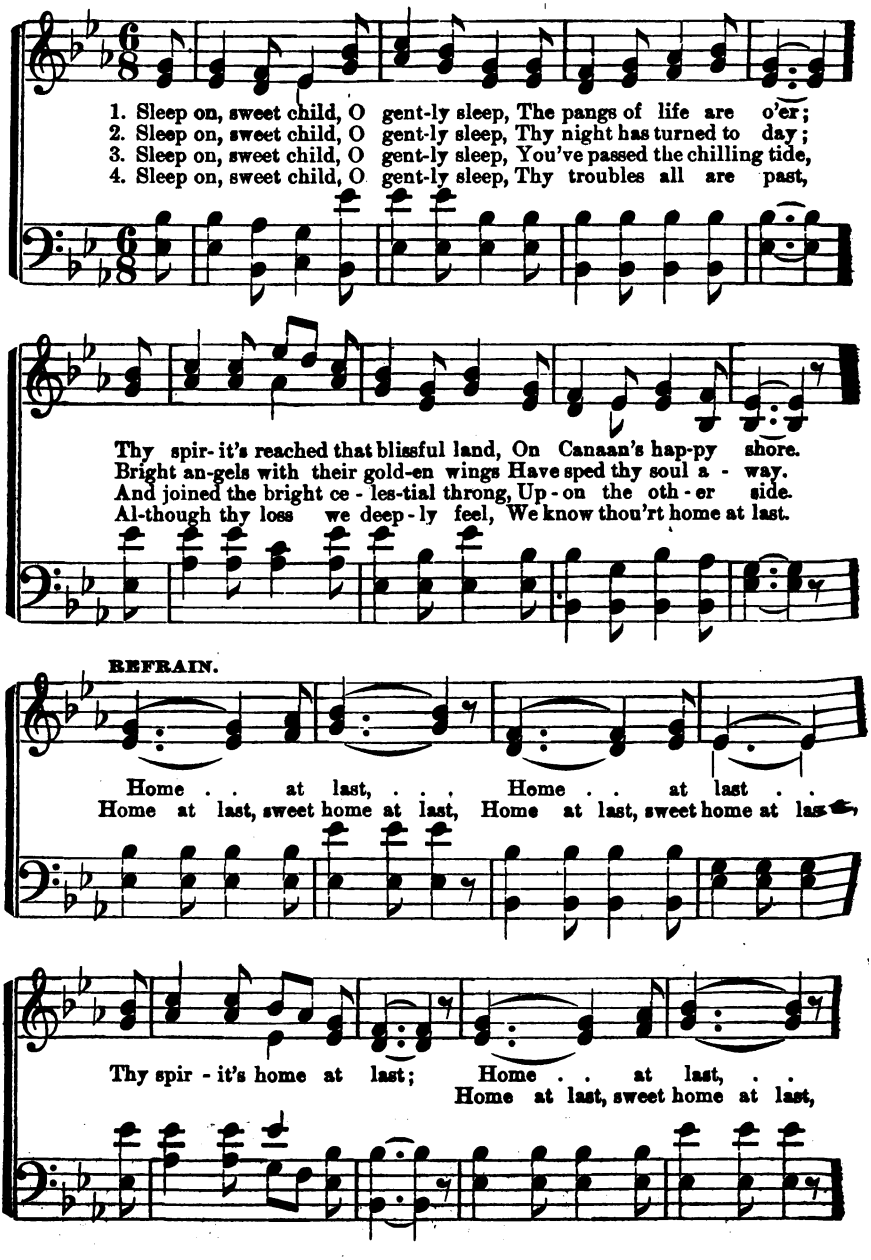
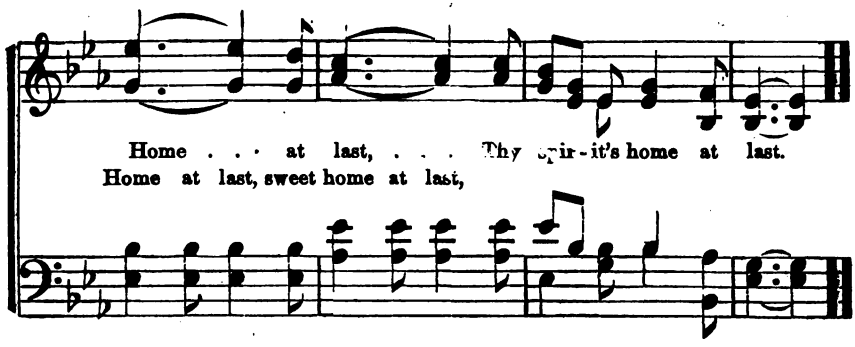
Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. Heb. 1 : 14. W. G. Tomer.

Very Slow and feelingly.

1. Will they meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we loved who've gone be-
2. Hearts are bro - ken for some to - ken That they live and love us
3. And we oft - en, as days soft - en, And comes out the even-ing
fore? Shall we find them at the por - tals, Find our
yet! And we ask, can those who've left us, Of love's
star, Look - ing west - ward, sit and won - der, Wheth - er,
beau - ti - ful im - mor - tals, When we reach that ra-diant shore?
look and tone be - reft us, Tho' in heav'n, can they for - get?
when so far a - sun - der, They still think how dear they are.

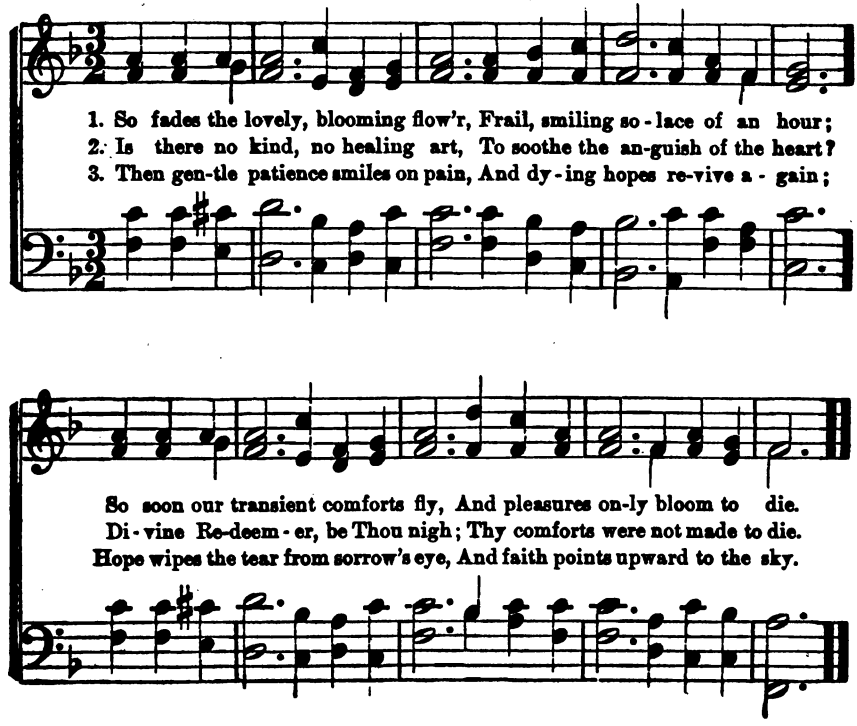
4 Past yon portals our immortals—
Those who walk with him in white—
Do they, 'mid their bliss, recall us?
Know they what events befall us?
Will our *coming wake delight*?

5 They will meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we loved who've gone before;
We shall find them at the portals,
Find our beautiful immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore.

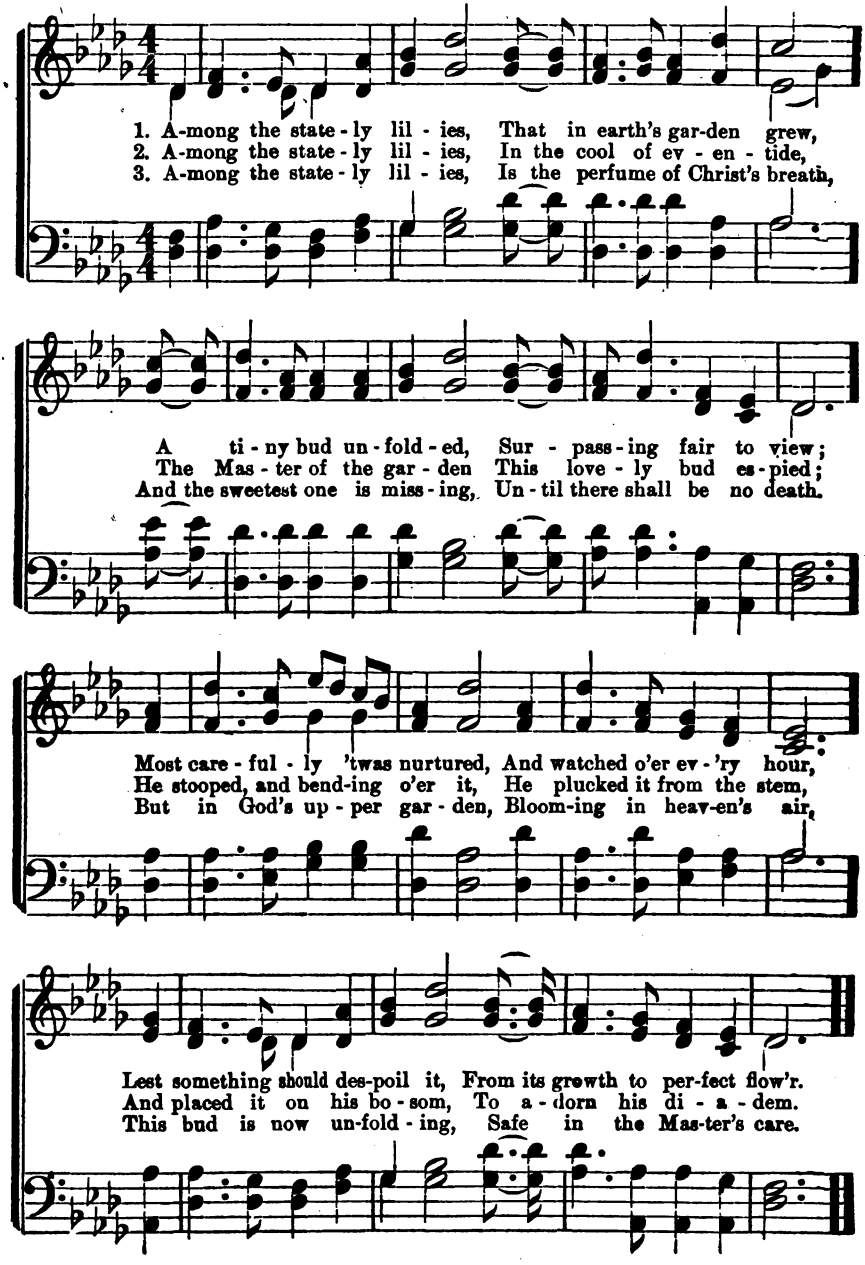
136 HOME AT LAST.

Words and Music by W. G. Tomer.

1. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent-ly sleep, The pangs of life are o'er;
2. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent-ly sleep, Thy night has turned to day;
3. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent-ly sleep, You've passed the chilling tide,
4. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent-ly sleep, Thy troubles all are past,
Thy spir-it's reached that blissful land, On Canaan's hap-py shore.
Bright an-gels with their gold-en wings Have sped thy soul a - way.
And joined the bright ce - les-tial throng, Up - on the oth - er side.
Al-though thy loss we deep - ly feel, We know thou'rt home at last.
REFRAIN.
Home . . at last, . . . Home . . at last . .
Home at last, sweet home at last, Home at last, sweet home at last,
Thy spir - it's home at last; Home . . at last, . .
Home at last, sweet home at last,

SO FADES THE BLOOMING FLOWER.

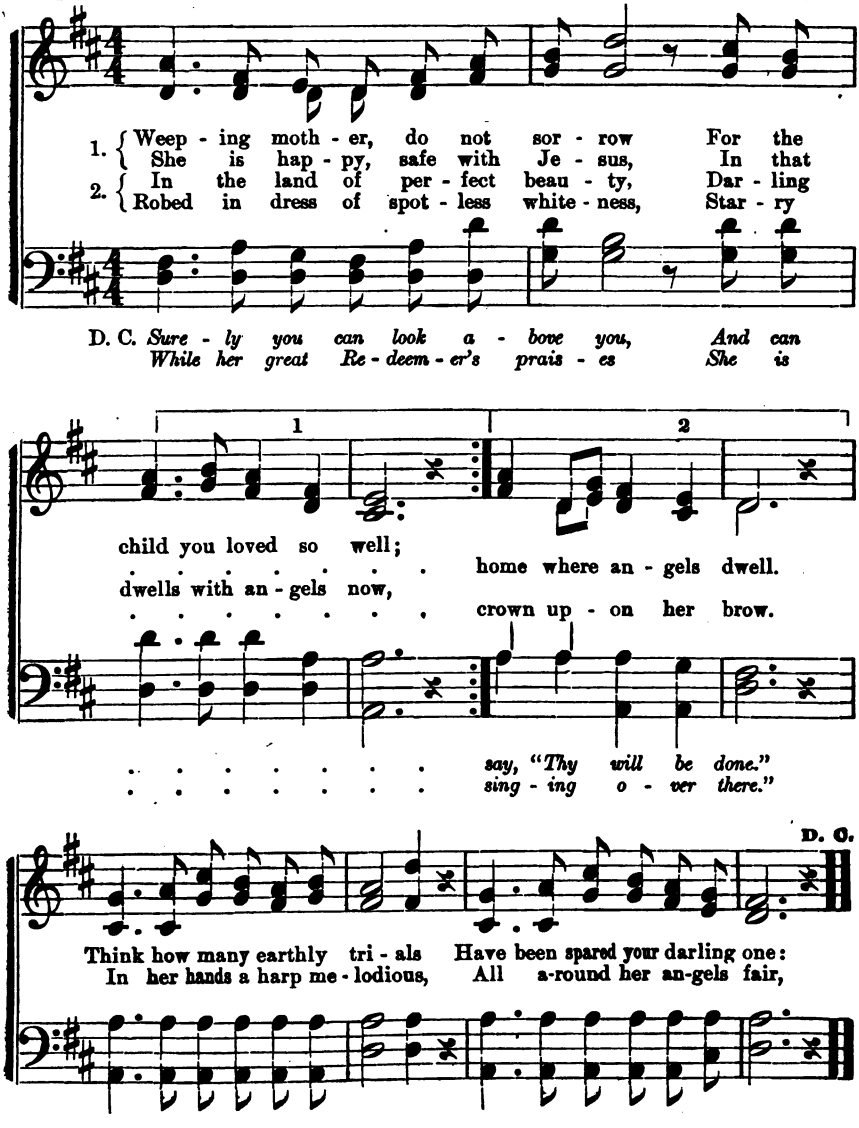
A. B. WOOLVERTON.


1. So fades the lovely, blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling so-lace of an hour;
2. Is there no kind, no healing art, To soothe the an-guish of the heart?
3. Then gen-tle patience smiles on pain, And dy-ing hopes re-vive a-gain;
So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasures on-ly bloom to die.
Di-vine Re-deem-er, be Thou nigh; Thy comforts were not made to die.
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points upward to the sky.

138 AMONG THE LILIES.

NETTIE COLE KING. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. A-mong the state-ly lil-ies, That in earth's gar-den grew,
2. A-mong the state-ly lil-ies, In the cool of ev-en-tide,
3. A-mong the state-ly lil-ies, Is the perfume of Christ's breath,
A ti-ny bud un-fold-ed, Sur-pass-ing fair to view;
The Mas-ter of the gar-den This love-ly bud es-pied;
And the sweetest one is miss-ing, Un-til there shall be no death.
Most care-ful-ly 'twas nurtured, And watched o'er ev-'ry hour,
He stooped, and bend-ing o'er it, He plucked it from the stem,
But in God's up-per gar-den, Bloom-ing in heav-en's air,
Lest something should des-poil it, From its growth to per-fect flow'r.
And placed it on his bo-som, To a-dorn his di-a-dem.
This bud is now un-fold-ing, Safe in the Mas-ter's care.

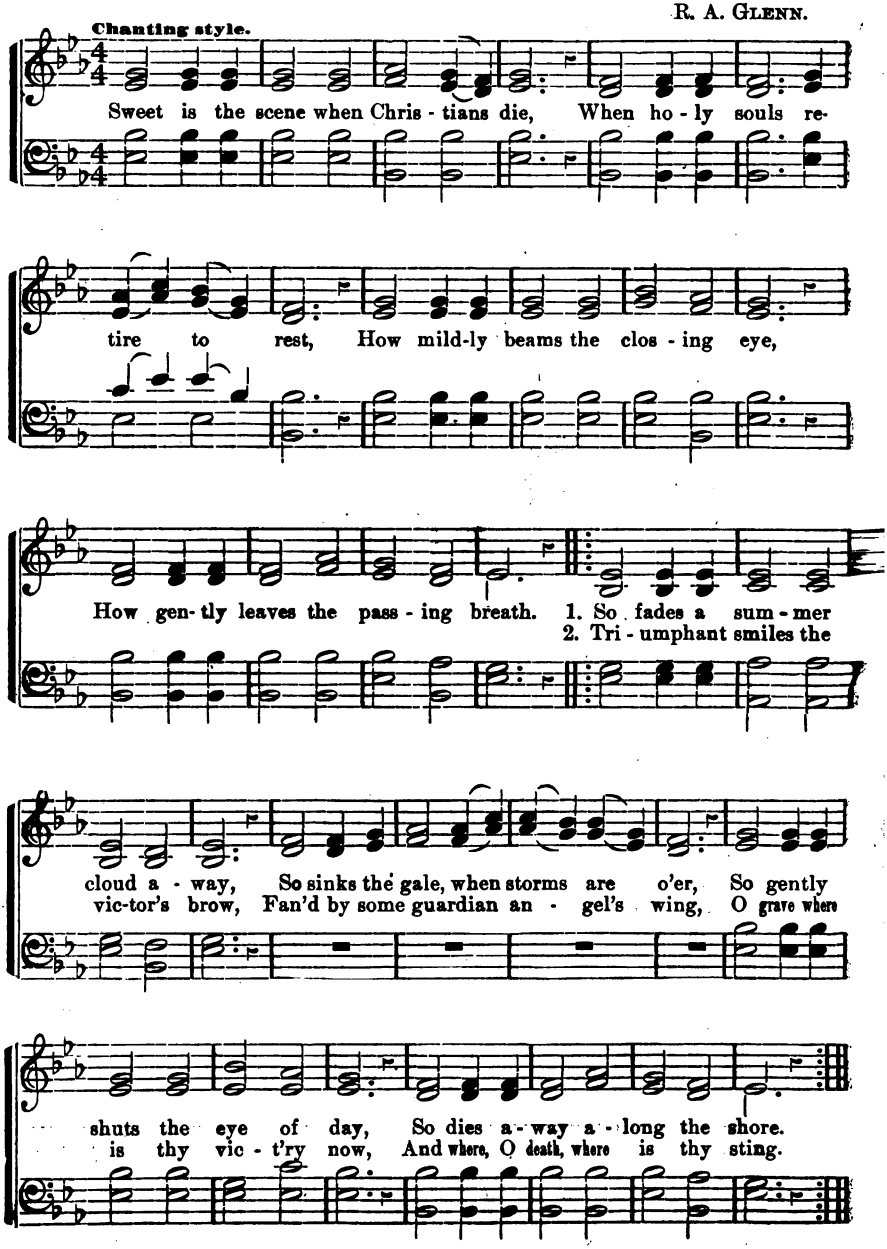
SAFE IN JESUS. 139

M. J. VINSON. Matt. 18:10. T. J. JOHN.

1. Weep - ing moth - er, do not sor - row For the
She is hap - py, safe with Je - sus, In that
2. In the land of per - fect beau - ty, Dar - ling
Robed in dress of spot - less white - ness, Star - ry
D. C. Sure - ly you can look a - bove you, And can
While her great Re - deem - er's prais - es She is
1
2
child you loved so well;
home where an - gels dwell.
dwells with an - gels now,
crown up - on her brow.
say, "Thy will be done."
sing - ing o - ver there."
D. C.
Think how many earthly tri - als Have been spared your darling one:
In her hands a harp me - lodious, All a-round her an-gels fair,

3 Would you call her back from heaven
To this earth so dark with crime?
Would you call your dear one hither
From that bright and happy clime?
No you could not, though you miss her,
She so safe with Jesus dwells,
In the mansion he has made her,
Where the angel music swells.

140 WHEN CHRISTIANS DIE.

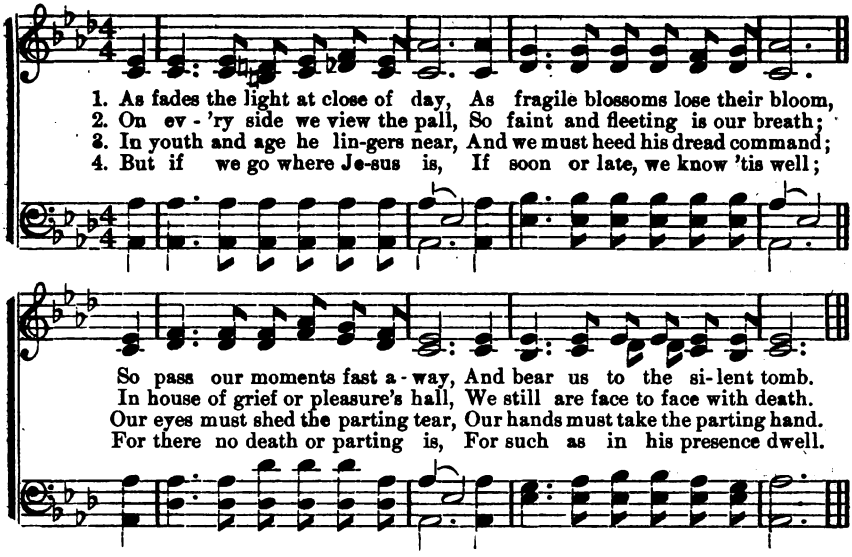
"Let me die the death of the righteous." Num. 23: 10.

R. A. GLENN.

Chanting style.
Sweet is the scene when Chris - tians die, When ho - ly souls re-
tire to rest, How mild-ly beams the clos - ing eye,
How gen- tly leaves the pass - ing breath. 1. So fades a sum - mer
2. Tri - umphant smiles the
cloud a - way, So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er, So gently
vic-tor's brow, Fan'd by some guardian an - gel's wing, O grave where
shuts the eye of day, So dies a - way a - long the shore.
is thy vic - t'ry now, And where, O death, where is thy sting.

FUNERAL HYMN.

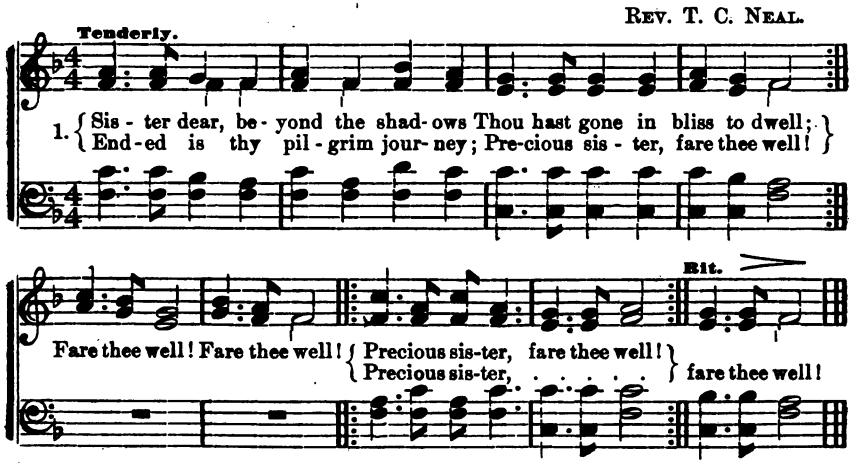
"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. 1 : 21.

E. R. LATTA. C. V. STRICKLAND.


1. As fades the light at close of day, As fragile blossoms lose their bloom,
2. On ev - 'ry side we view the pall, So faint and fleeting is our breath;
3. In youth and age he lin-gers near, And we must heed his dread command;
4. But if we go where Je-sus is, If soon or late, we know 'tis well;
So pass our moments fast a - way, And bear us to the si-lent tomb.
In house of grief or pleasure's hall, We still are face to face with death.
Our eyes must shed the parting tear, Our hands must take the parting hand.
For there no death or parting is, For such as in his presence dwell.

FARE THEE WELL!

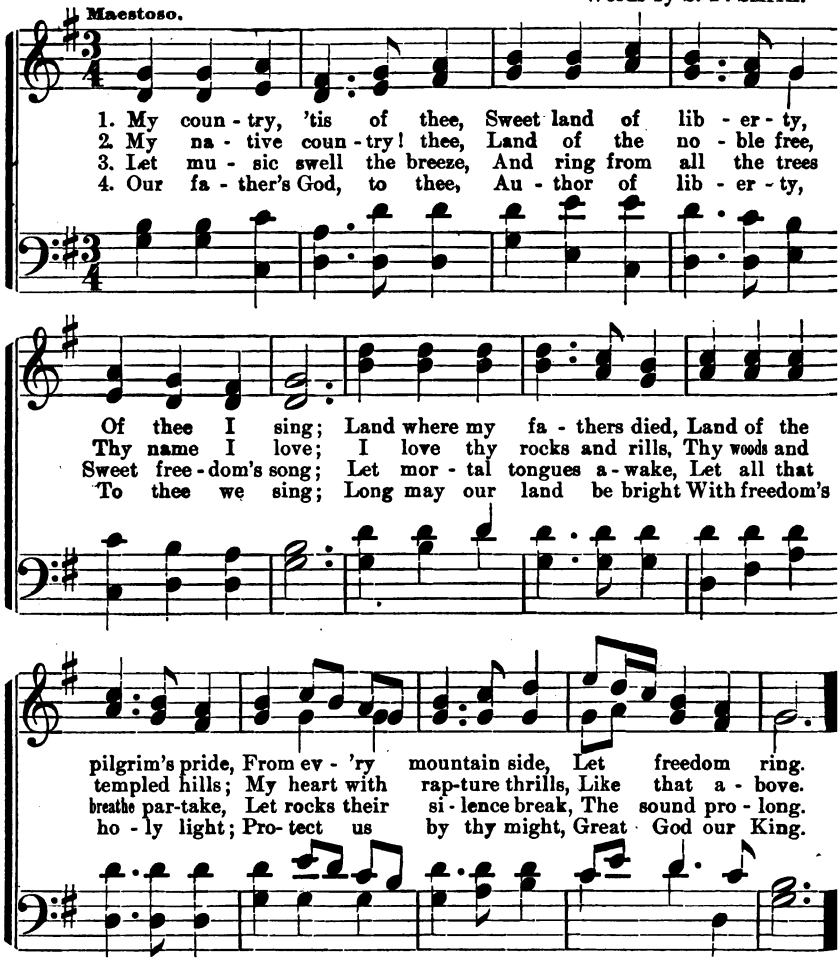
REV. T. C. NEAL.


Tenderly.
1. Sis - ter dear, be - yond the shad - ows Thou hast gone in bliss to dwell;
End - ed is thy pil - grim jour - ney; Pre-cious sis - ter, fare thee well!
Rit.
Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Precious sis-ter, fare thee well!
Precious sis-ter, ... fare thee well!

2 Sister dear, no more we meet thee;
But, while grief our bosoms swell,
Cheered by hope, we send the greeting,
Till our coming, fare thee well!
Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
Till our coming, fare thee well!

3 Father, mother, sister, brothers,
When o'er us Death casts his spell,
May we ready be to meet her,
Where they say not, "Fare thee well!"
Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
Where they say not, "Fare thee well!"

AMERICA.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Maestoso.
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro- tect us by thy might, Great God our King.

GOD BLESS OUR RESCUED LAND.

1 God bless our rescued land,
Forever may she stand,
Home of the free!
May all the lessons taught,
When war's wild fury brought
Four years with anguish fraught,
Remembered be!

2 Let old and young unite
On faithful hearts to write
Firm loyalty.
In grateful mem'ry keep
Heroes in soldier sleep
On land or in the deep,
For liberty.

3 Our Father, who hast blessed
Our land above the rest,
To thee we bow.
Thou who hast been, our guide
Who bade our Union ride
Safe o'er deep trouble's tide,
Oh! bless us now!

YOUNG MEN, FOR GOD ARISE! 143

WORDS BY REV. T. C. NEAL.

Written for the meeting of the Y. M. C. A., at the Opera House, Marion, Ind., Sunday evening, May 22, 1892.

TUNE.—America.

1 Young men, for God arise!
Your lives a sacrifice
To Him now give.
With purpose high and true,
Go forth to dare and do;
His glory ever view,
And for Him live.

2 Young men, for God arise!
The ways of sin despise;
From evil flee.
With helmet, sword and shield,
Fight on life's battle-field,
Until the day is sealed
With victory.

3 Young men, for God arise!
He calleth from the skies,
"Give me thy heart."
This night that call obey;
For help from heaven pray;
And in "the narrow way"
Now make the start!

4 Young men, for God arise!
Behold the wondrous prize
He offers you:
A crown of glory bright;
A home of pure delight,
To all who seek aright
His will to do!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

TUNE.—America.

1 Our Father, unto Thee
Our earnest prayer shall be
Thy kingdom come.
O'er all earth's broad domains,
Where sin has left its stains,
Till naught that's pure remains,
Thy kingdom come.

2 Let Christians ne'er forget,
The word of God holds yet
Its old time power.
Send forth the gospel light,
However dark the night,
There God's own truth and might
Shall show its power.

3 Dispel the mists that blind
The heathen's darkened mind
In sin and woe.
Haste the Millennial morn,
When Error's power is shorn,
And nations yet unborn
The Christ shall know.

4 Then hoary age and youth,
In spirit and in truth,
Shall worship Thee.
O speed the blessed day,
When from sin's blighted sway,
Forever and for aye,
Earth shall be free.

REV. H. E. HALEY.

THOU ART WORTHY.

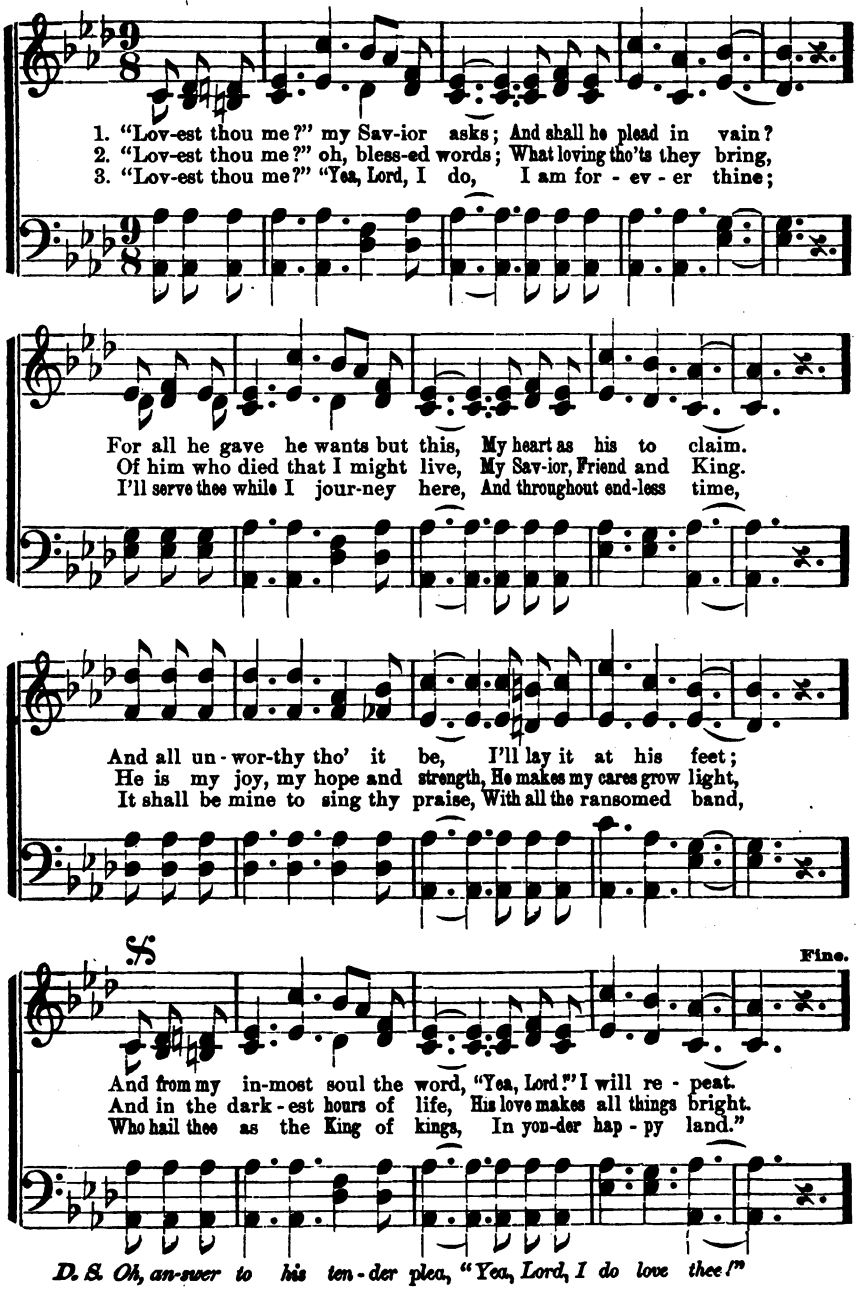
REV. 5:9.

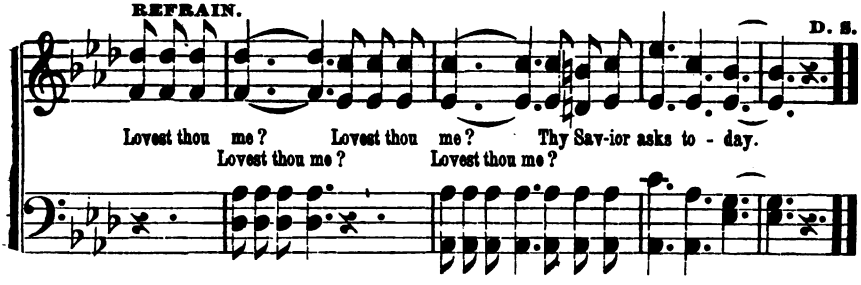
1 Come, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne.
'Worthy the Lamb.'

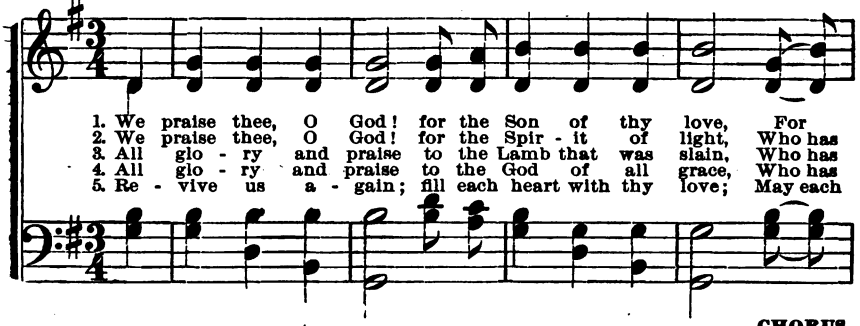
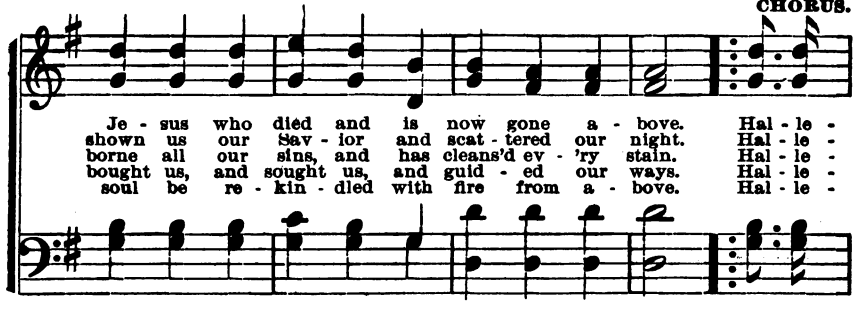
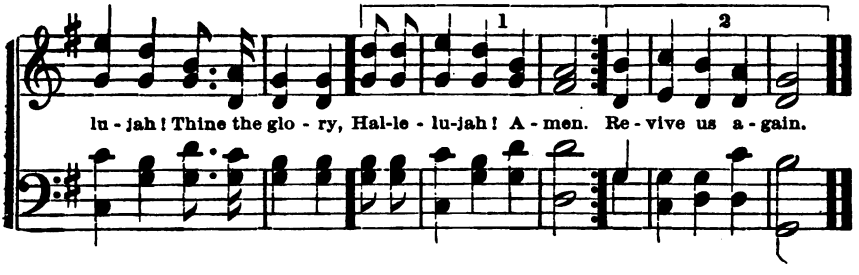
2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears;
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

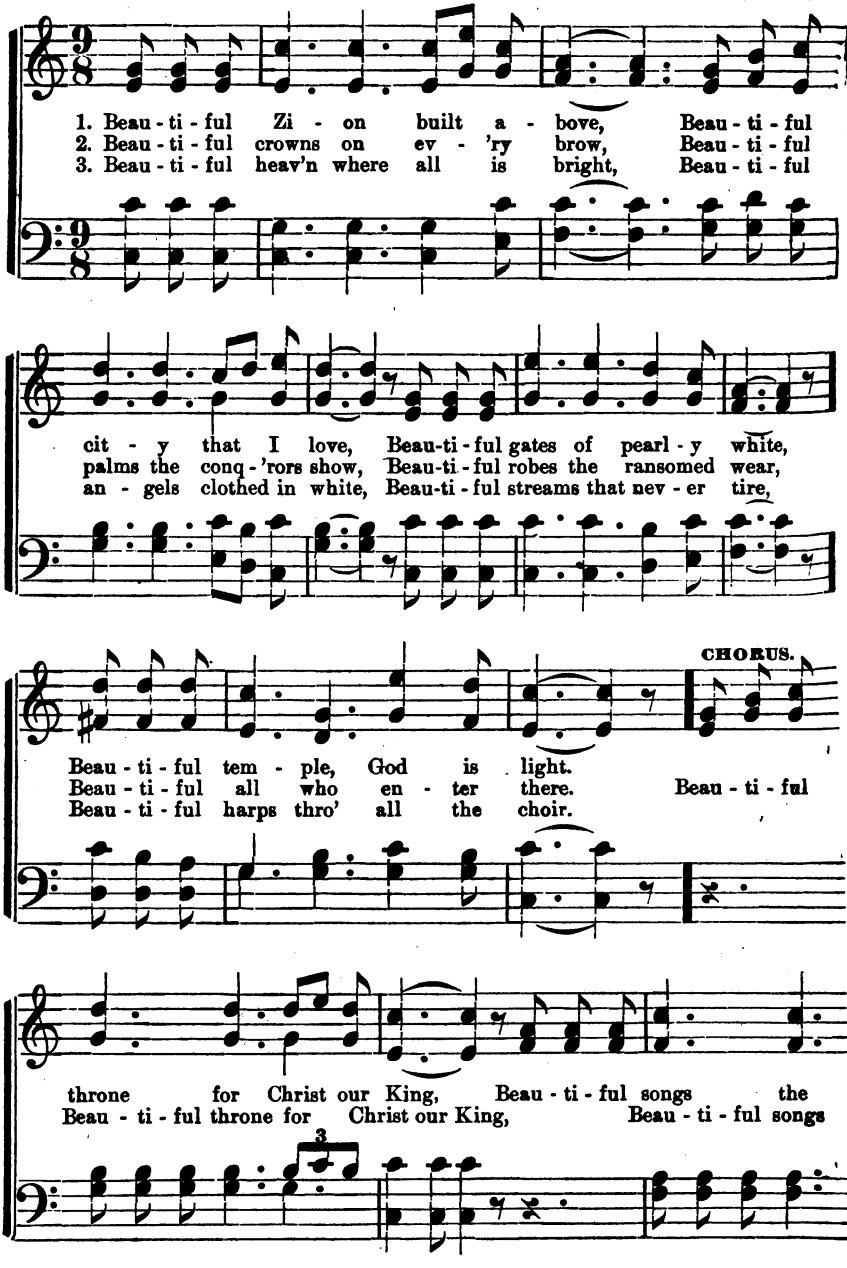
3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

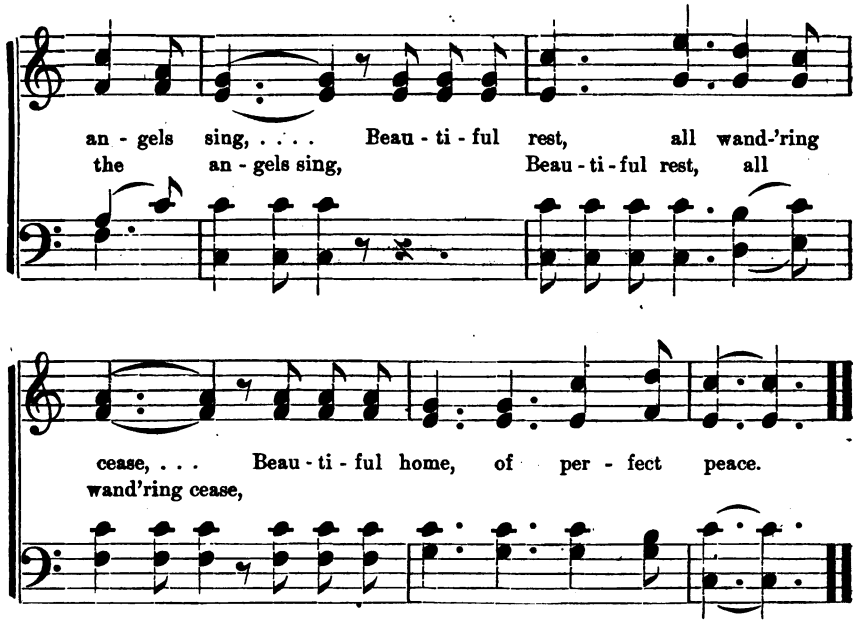
144 "LOVEST THOU ME?"

MRS. M. WARNER. John 21 : 15. MRS. MARY STRICKLAND.

1. "Lov-est thou me?" my Sav-ior asks; And shall he plead in vain?
2. "Lov-est thou me?" oh, bless-ed words; What loving tho'ts they bring,
3. "Lov-est thou me?" "Yea, Lord, I do, I am for - ev - er thine;
For all he gave he wants but this, My heart as his to claim.
Of him who died that I might live, My Sav-ior, Friend and King.
I'll serve thee while I jour-ney here, And throughout end-less time,
And all un - wor-thy tho' it be, I'll lay it at his feet;
He is my joy, my hope and strength, He makes my cares grow light,
It shall be mine to sing thy praise, With all the ransomed band,
𝄋
Fine.
And from my in-most soul the word, "Yea, Lord!" I will re - peat.
And in the dark - est hours of life, His love makes all things bright.
Who hail thee as the King of kings, In yon-der hap - py land."
D. S. Oh, an-swer to his ten - der plea, "Yea, Lord, I do love thee!"

REFRAIN.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

DR. W. P. MACKAY. Hab. 3 : 2. English Melody.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For
2. We praise thee, O God! for the Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each

CHORUS.
Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le -
shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night. Hal - le -
borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le -
bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways. Hal - le -
soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Hal - le -

146 ZION THE BEAUTIFUL.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful
2. Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau - ti - ful
3. Beau - ti - ful heav'n where all is bright, Beau - ti - ful
cit - y that I love, Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl - y white,
palms the conq - 'rors show, Beau-ti - ful robes the ransomed wear,
an - gels clothed in white, Beau-ti - ful streams that nev - er tire,
CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God is light.
Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there. Beau - ti - ful
Beau - ti - ful harps thro' all the choir.
throne for Christ our King, Beau - ti - ful songs the
Beau - ti - ful throne for Christ our King, Beau - ti - ful songs
3


an - gels sing, ... Beau - ti - ful rest, all wand-'ring
the an - gels sing, Beau - ti - ful rest, all
cease, . . . Beau - ti - ful home, of per - fect peace.
wand'ring cease,

RESPONSIVE READING.

PSA. 96.

1. O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord all the earth.

2. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name: show forth his salvation from day to day.

3. Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

4. For the Lord *is* great, and greatly to be praised: he *is* to be feared above all Gods.

5. For all the Gods of the nations *are* idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

6. Honor and majesty *are* before him. Strength and beauty *are* in his sanctuary.

7. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

8. Give unto the Lord the glory *due unto* his name: bring an offering and come into his courts.

9. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10. Say among the heathen *that* the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

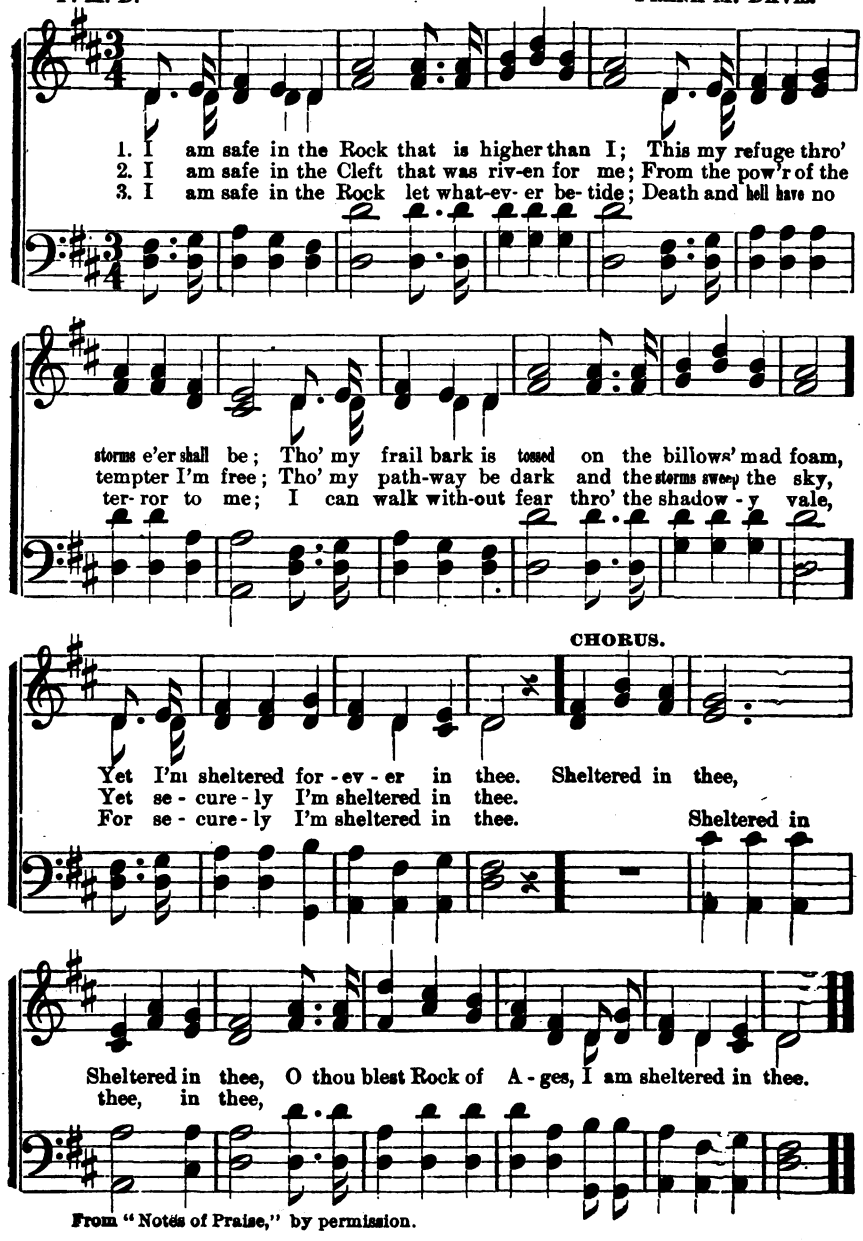
11. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad: let the sea roar and the fullness thereof.

12. Let the field be joyful and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.

13. Before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

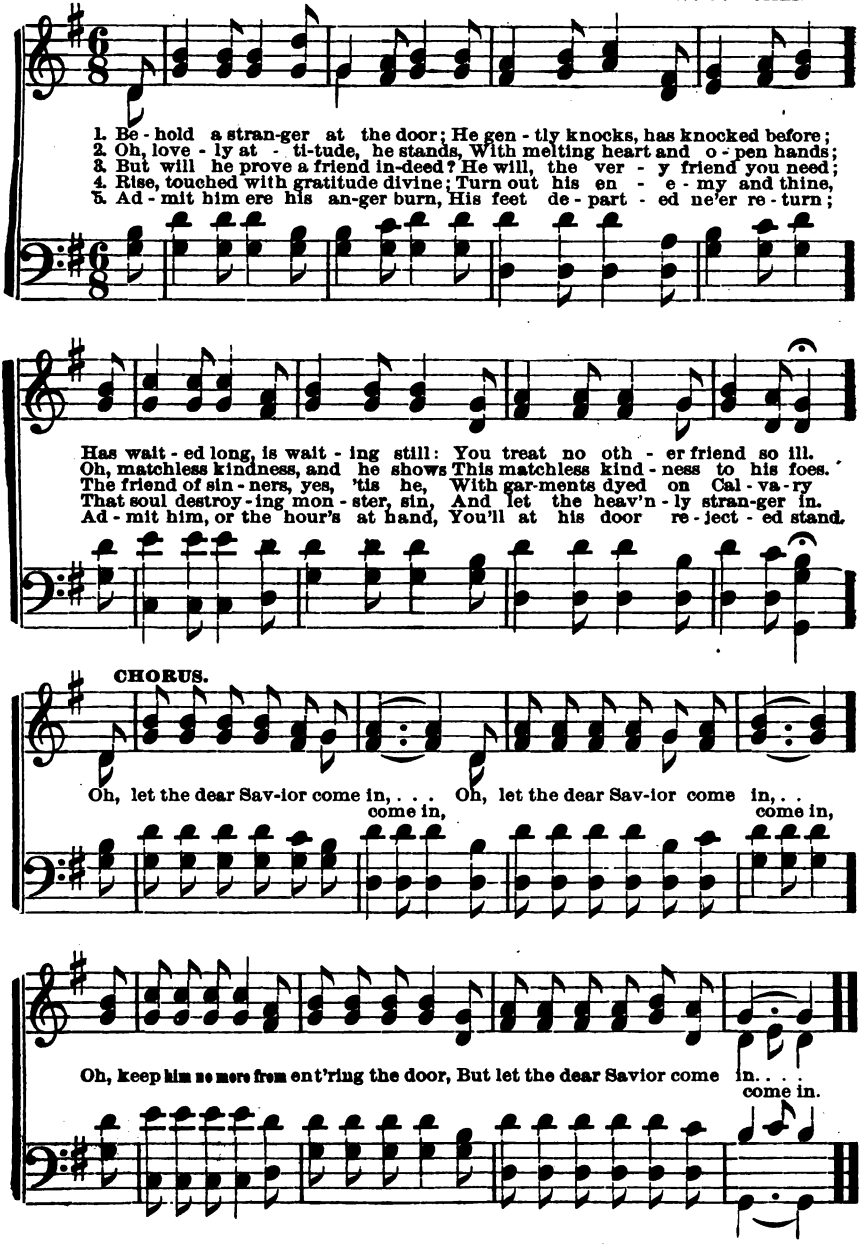
148 I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

"My strong rock for a house of defense." Ps. 31: 2.

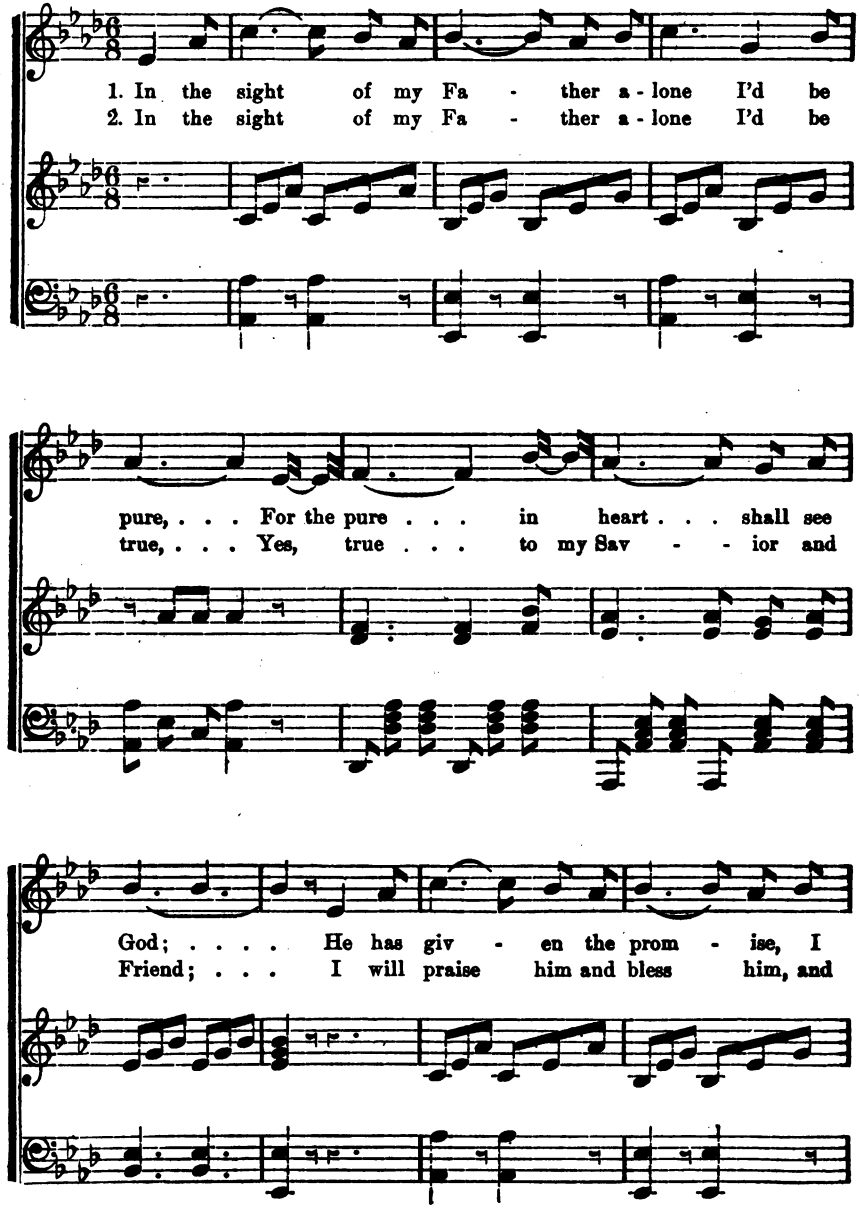
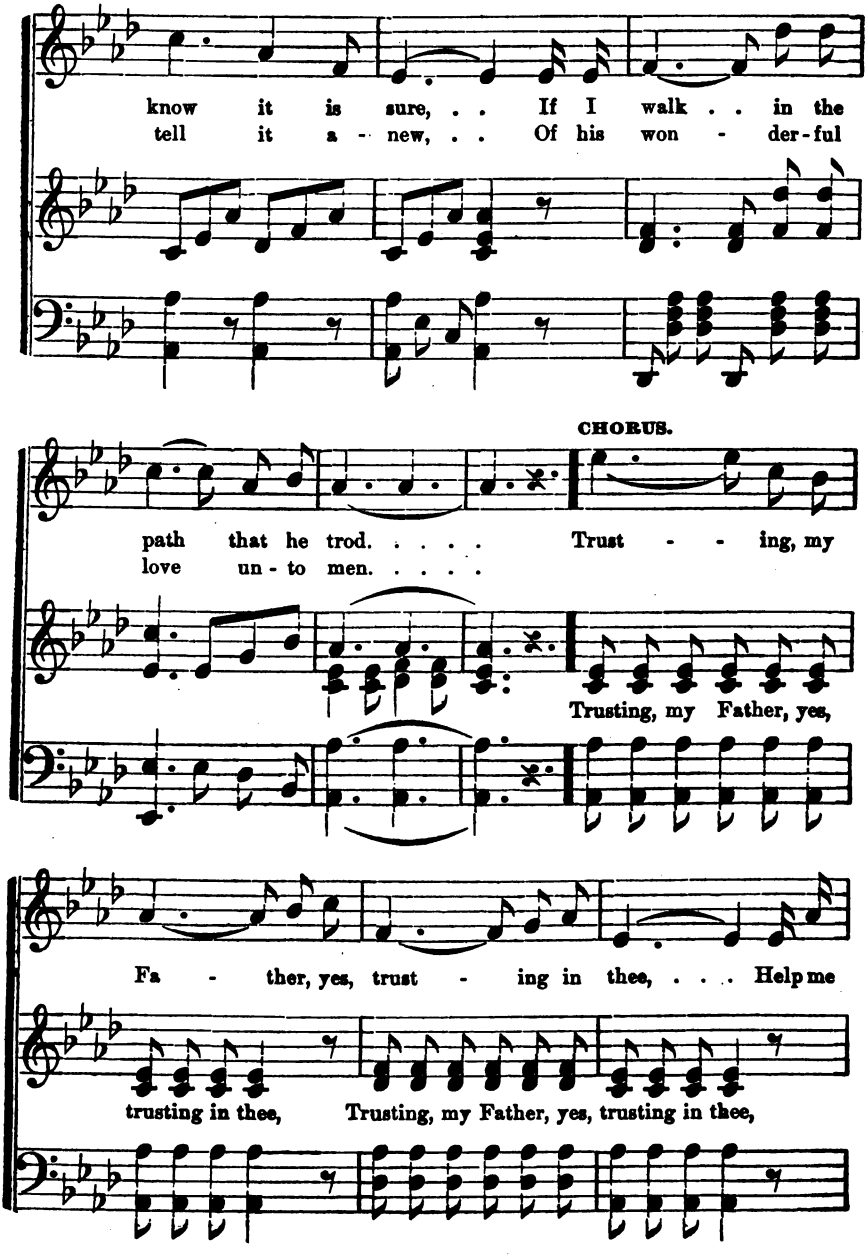
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is higher than I; This my refuge thro' storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the billows' mad foam,
2. I am safe in the Cleft that was riv-en for me; From the pow'r of the tempter I'm free; Tho' my path-way be dark and the storms sweep the sky,
3. I am safe in the Rock let what-ev- er be- tide; Death and hell have no ter- ror to me; I can walk with-out fear thro' the shadow - y vale,
CHORUS.
Yet I'm sheltered for - ev - er in thee. Sheltered in thee,
Yet se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee.
For se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee. Sheltered in
Sheltered in thee, O thou blest Rock of A - ges, I am sheltered in thee.
thee, in thee,

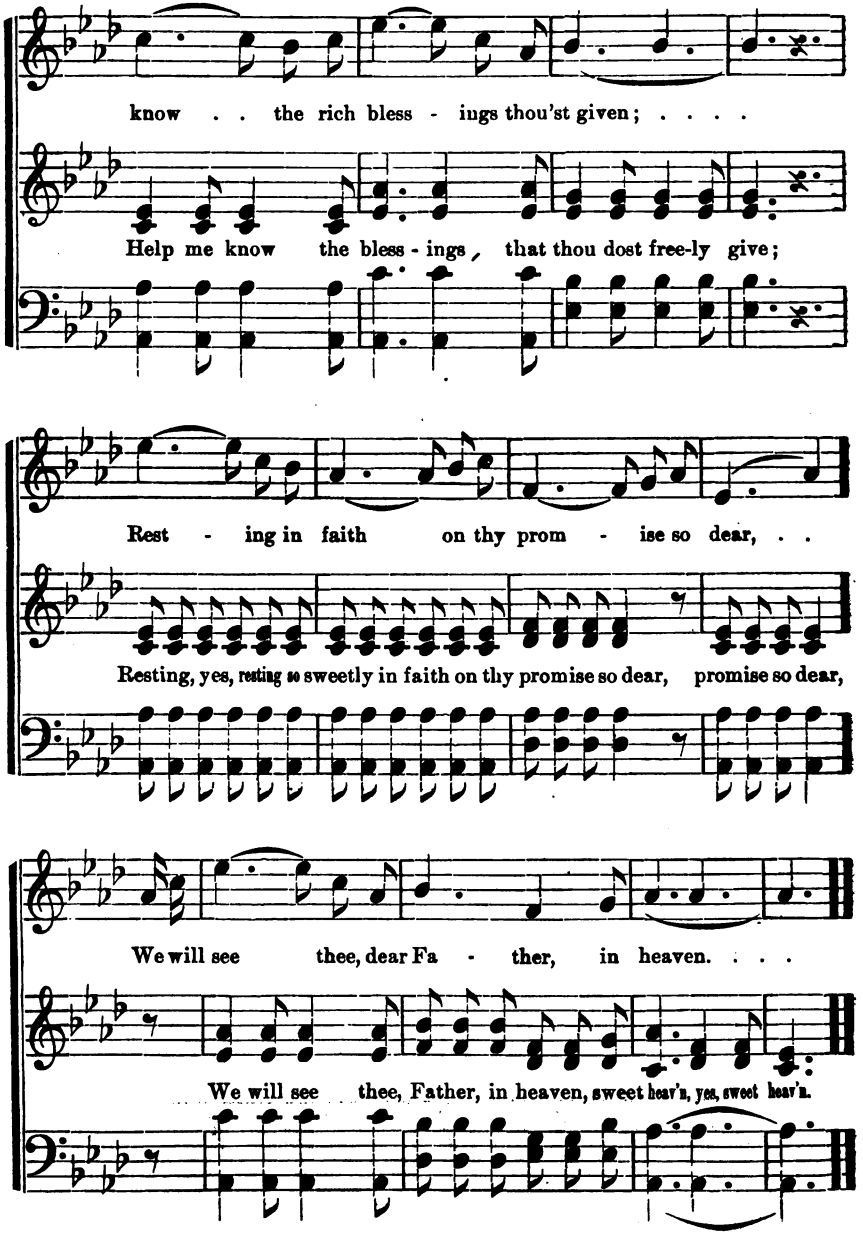
From "Notes of Praise," by permission.

LET THE DEAR SAVIOR COME IN. 149

W. G. TOMER.

1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before;
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti-tude, he stands, With melting heart and o - pen hands;
3. But will he prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out his en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit him ere his an-ger burn, His feet de - part - ed ne'er re - turn;
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kind - ness to his foes.
The friend of sin - ners, yes, 'tis he, With gar-ments dyed on Cal - va - ry
That soul destroy - ing mon - ster, sin, And let the heav'n - ly stran-ger in.
Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re - ject - ed stand.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Sav-ior come in, . . . Oh, let the dear Sav-ior come in, . .
come in, come in,
Oh, keep him no more from ent'ring the door, But let the dear Savior come in. . . .
come in.

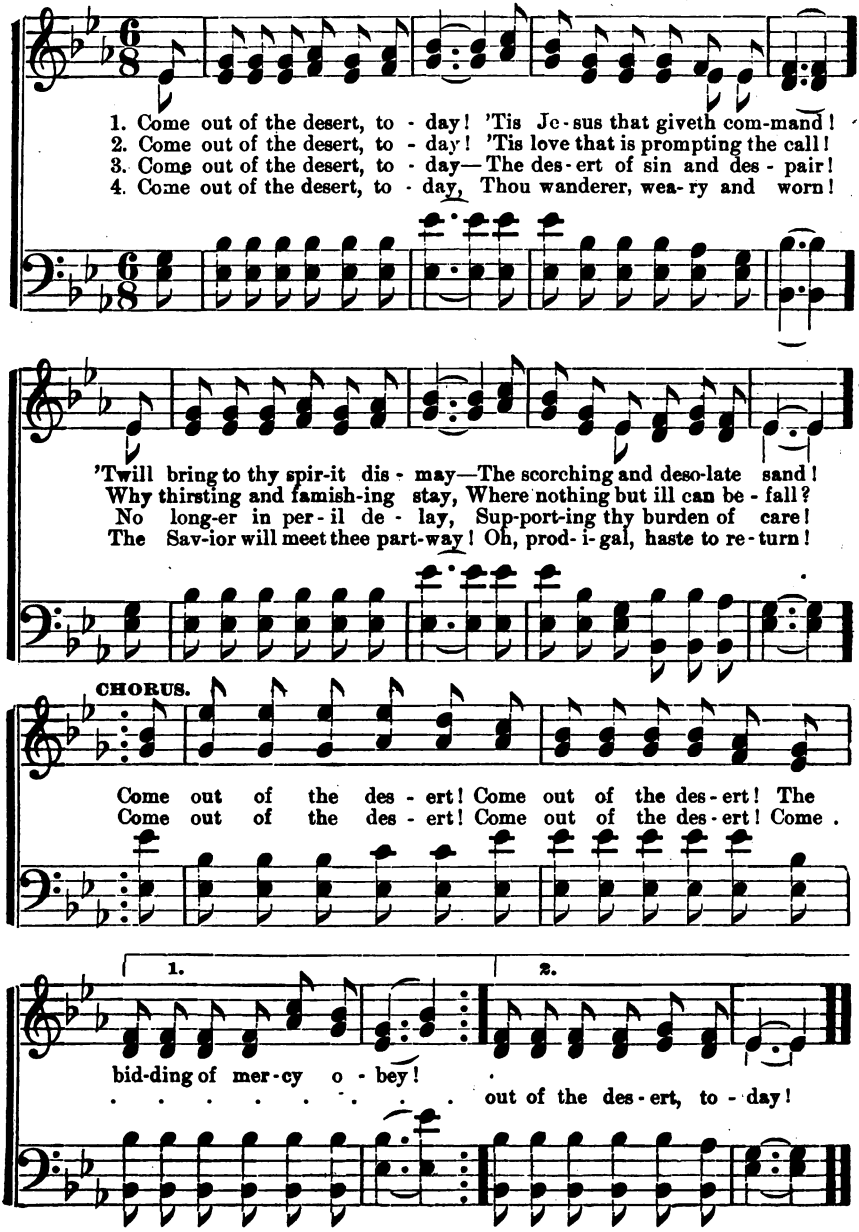
150 TRUSTING, FATHER, IN THEE.

HATTIE E. NETHERCUTT. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. In the sight of my Fa - ther a - lone I'd be
2. In the sight of my Fa - ther a - lone I'd be
pure, . . . For the pure . . . in heart . . . shall see
true, . . . Yes, true . . . to my Sav - - ior and
God; . . . . He has giv - en the prom - ise, I
Friend; . . . I will praise him and bless him, and

know it is sure, . . If I walk . . in the
tell it a - new, . . Of his won - der-ful
CHORUS.
path that he trod. . . . . Trust - - ing, my
love un - to men. . . . .
Trusting, my Father, yes,
Fa - ther, yes, trust - ing in thee, ... Help me
trusting in thee, Trusting, my Father, yes, trusting in thee,

152 TRUSTING, FATHER. Concluded.

know . . the rich bless - ings thou'st given; . . . .
Help me know the bless - ings, that thou dost free-ly give;
Rest - ing in faith on thy prom - ise so dear, . .
Resting, yes, resting so sweetly in faith on thy promise so dear, promise so dear,
We will see thee, dear Fa - ther, in heaven. . . .
We will see thee, Father, in heaven, sweet hea'n, yes, sweet hea'n.

COME OUT OF THE DESERT. 153

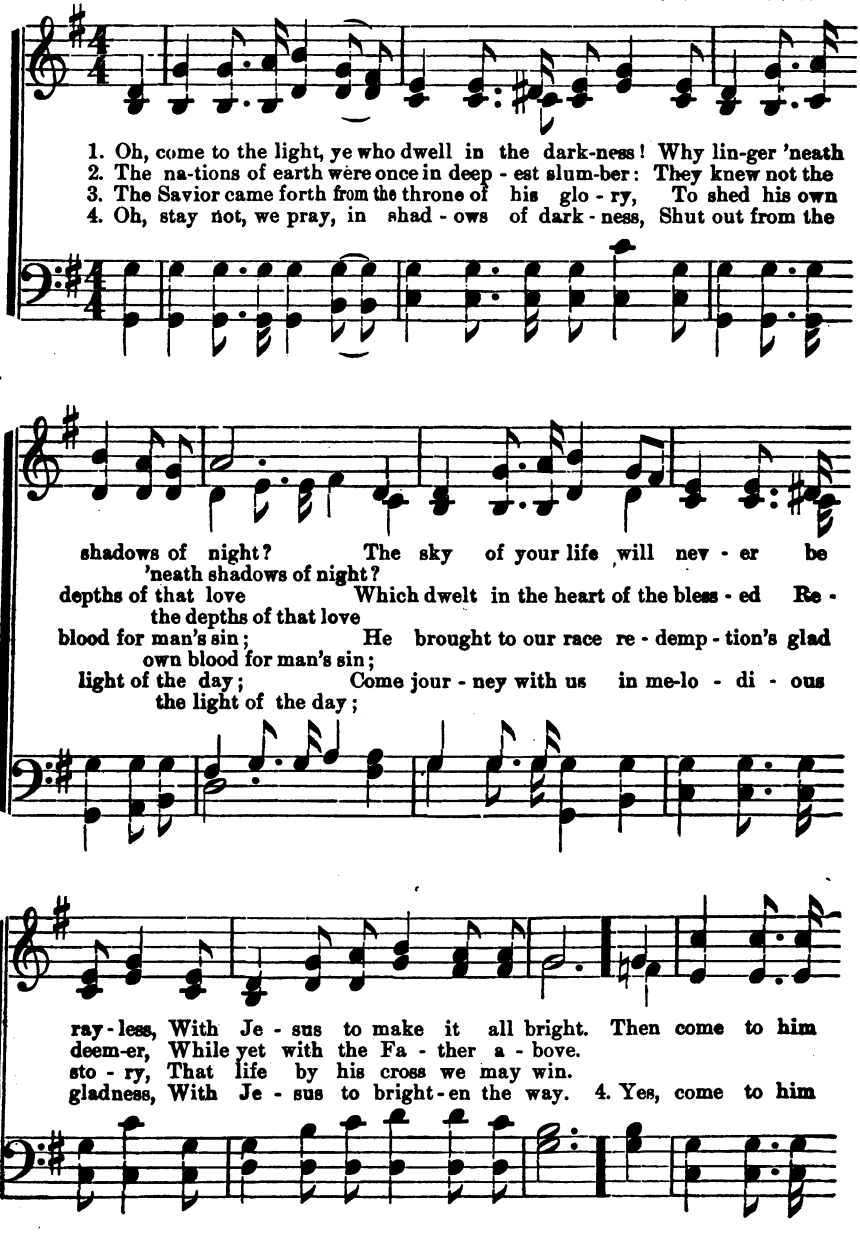
"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Ps. 95: 7. 8.

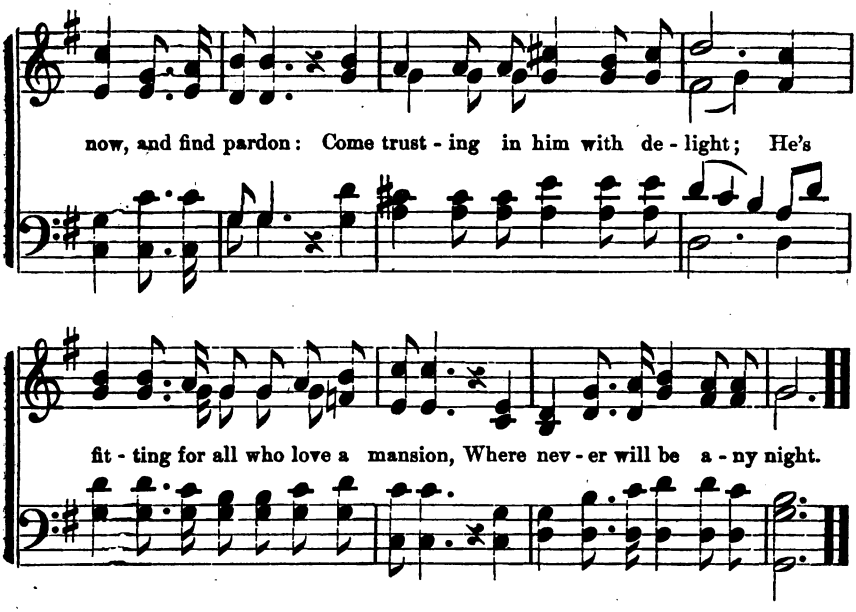
E. R. LATTA. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Come out of the desert, to - day! 'Tis Je - sus that giveth com-mand!
2. Come out of the desert, to - day! 'Tis love that is prompting the call!
3. Come out of the desert, to - day—The des - ert of sin and des - pair!
4. Come out of the desert, to - day, Thou wanderer, wea - ry and worn!
'Twill bring to thy spir-it dis - may—The scorching and deso-late sand!
Why thirsting and famish-ing stay, Where nothing but ill can be - fall?
No long-er in per - il de - lay, Sup-port-ing thy burden of care!
The Sav-ior will meet thee part-way! Oh, prod - i - gal, haste to re - turn!
CHORUS.
Come out of the des - ert! Come out of the des - ert! The
Come out of the des - ert! Come out of the des - ert! Come .
1.
bid-ding of mer - cy o - bey!
2.
. . . . . out of the des - ert, to - day!

154 COME TO THE LIGHT.

"I am the light of the world."—JOHN 8 :12.

REV. D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.


1. Oh, come to the light, ye who dwell in the dark-ness! Why lin-ger 'neath
2. The na-tions of earth were once in deep - est slum-ber: They knew not the
3. The Savior came forth from the throne of his glo - ry, To shed his own
4. Oh, stay not, we pray, in shad - ows of dark - ness, Shut out from the
shadows of night? The sky of your life will nev - er be
'neath shadows of night?
depths of that love Which dwelt in the heart of the bless - ed Re -
the depths of that love
blood for man's sin; He brought to our race re - demp - tion's glad
own blood for man's sin;
light of the day; Come jour - ney with us in me-lo - di - ous
the light of the day;
ray - less, With Je - sus to make it all bright. Then come to him
deem-er, While yet with the Fa - ther a - bove.
sto - ry, That life by his cross we may win.
gladness, With Je - sus to bright - en the way. 4. Yes, come to him

COME TO THE LIGHT. Concluded. 155

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

NO. 1.

LEADER. — The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

RESPONSE. — Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

L.—The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

R.—The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

L. — The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

R.—The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

L.—The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever.

R.—The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

NO. 2.

LEADER.—Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

RESPONSE.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

L.—Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases;

R. — Who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies:

L.—Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things: so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.

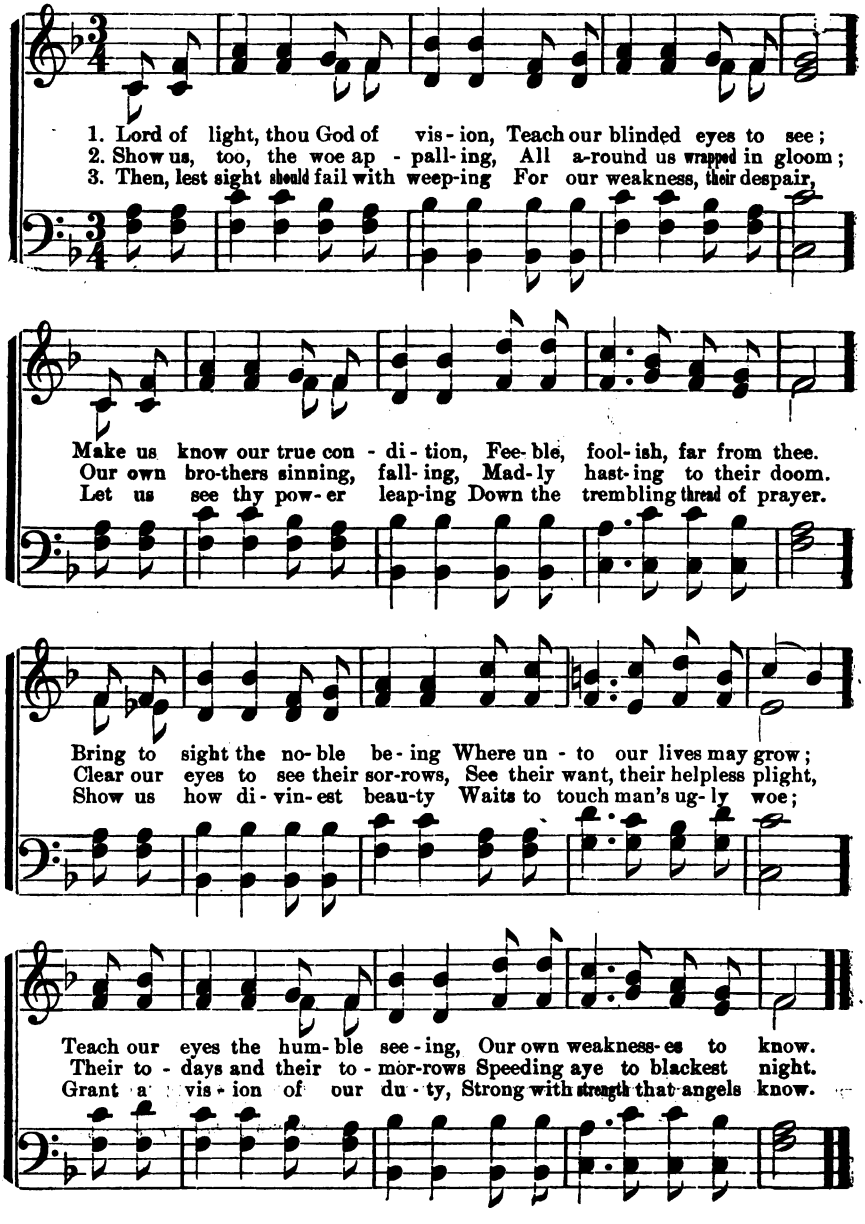
R.—He hath not dealt with us after our sins: nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

L.—For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

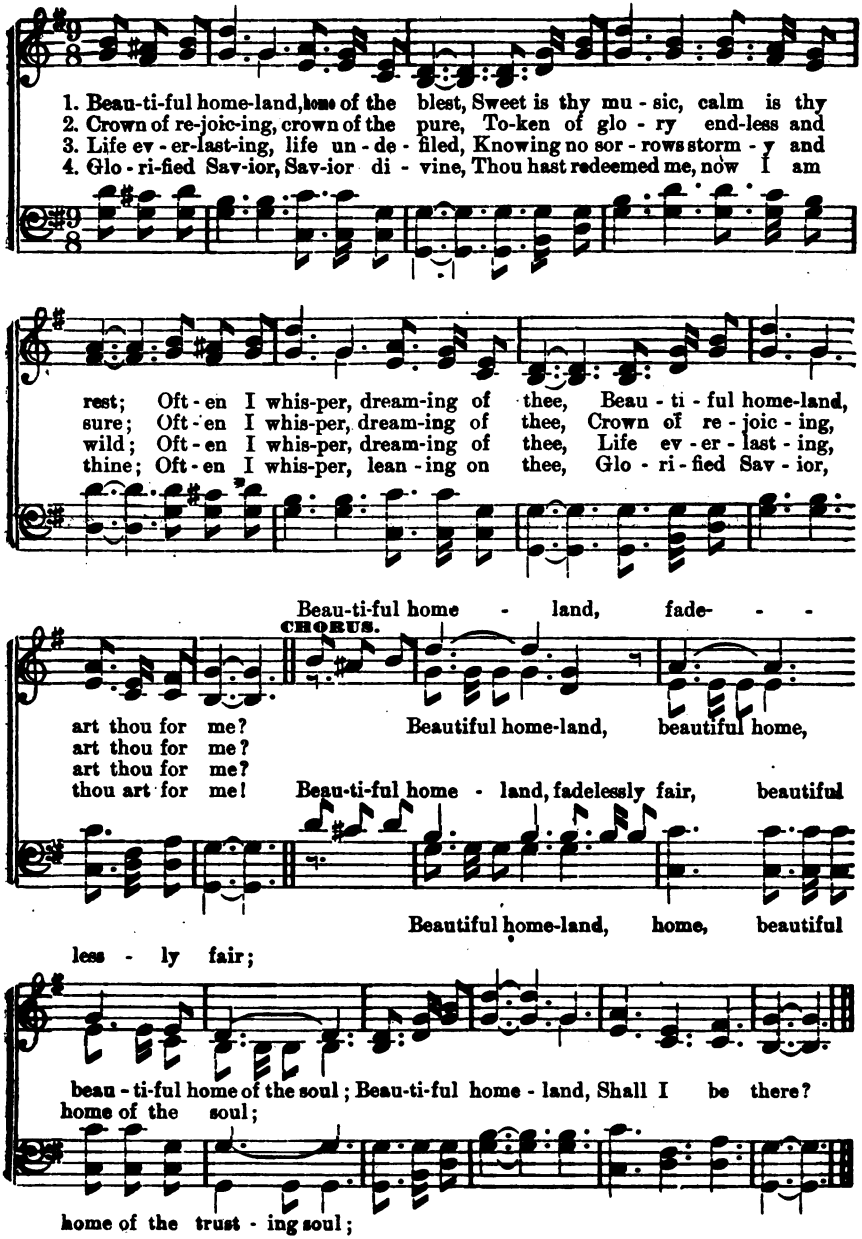
R.—As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

156 Y. P. S. C. E. HYMN.

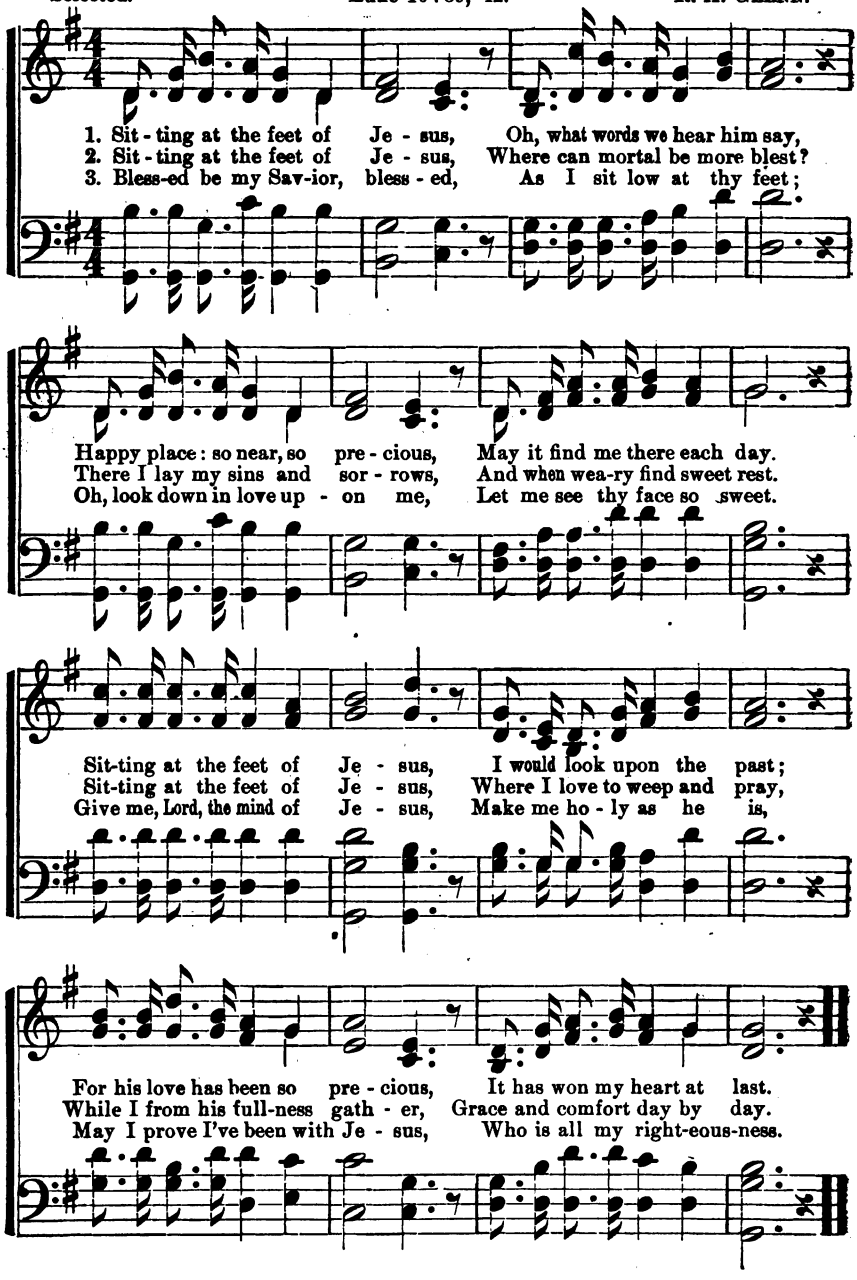
(FOR THE LOOKOUT COMMITTEE.)

AMOS R. WELLS. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Lord of light, thou God of vis - ion, Teach our blinded eyes to see;
2. Show us, too, the woe ap - pall-ing, All a-round us wrapped in gloom;
3. Then, lest sight should fail with weep-ing For our weakness, their despair,
Make us know our true con - di - tion, Fee-ble, fool-ish, far from thee.
Our own bro-thers sinning, fall-ing, Mad-ly hast-ing to their doom.
Let us see thy pow-er leap-ing Down the trembling thread of prayer.
Bring to sight the no-ble be-ing Where un - to our lives may grow;
Clear our eyes to see their sor-rows, See their want, their helpless plight,
Show us how di-vin-est beau-ty Waits to touch man's ug-ly woe;
Teach our eyes the hum-ble see-ing, Our own weakness-es to know.
Their to - days and their to - mor-rows Speeding aye to blackest night.
Grant a vis - ion of our du - ty, Strong with strength that angels know.

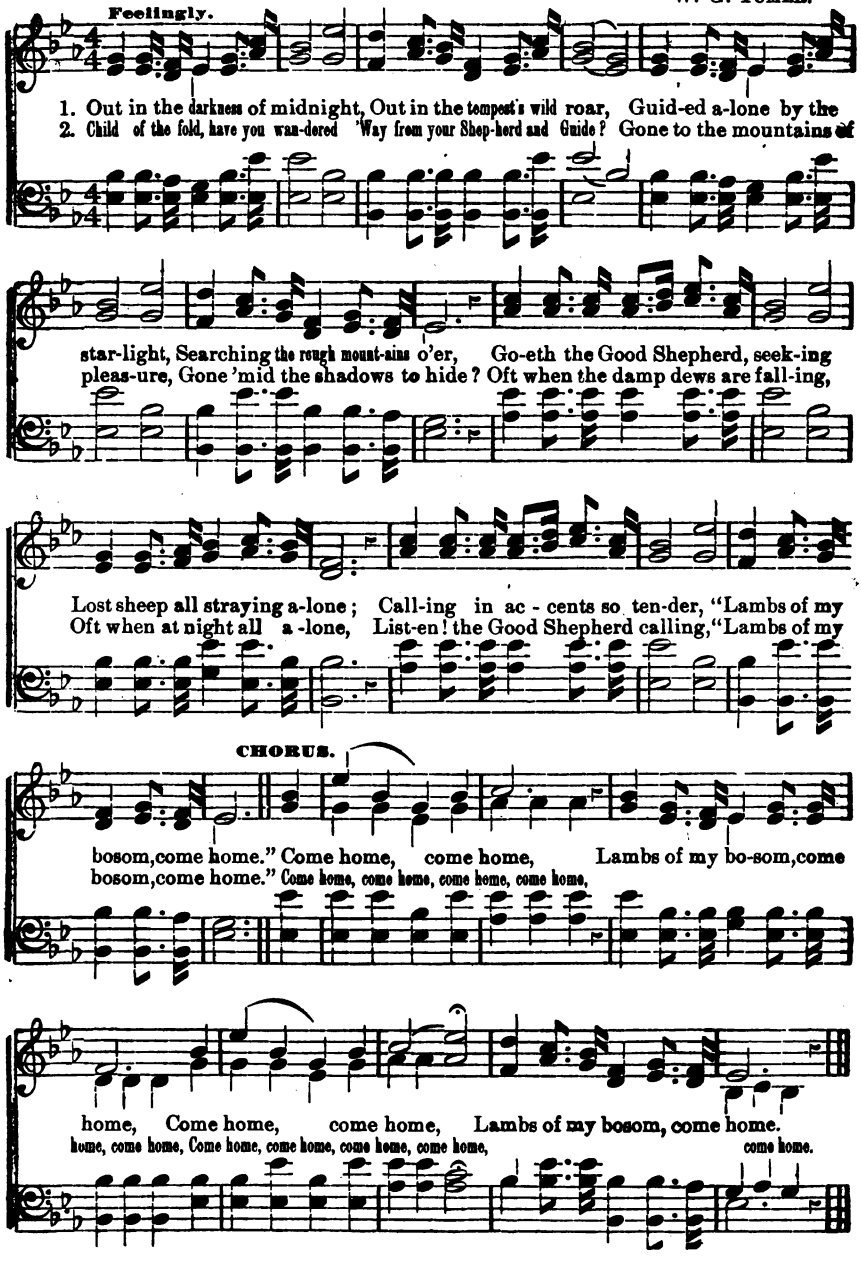
BEAUTIFUL HOME-LAND. 157

JESSIE H. BROWN. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. Beau-ti-ful home-land, home of the blest, Sweet is thy mu - sic, calm is thy
2. Crown of re-joic-ing, crown of the pure, To-ken of glo - ry end-less and
3. Life ev - er-last-ing, life un - de - filed, Knowing no sor - rows storm - y and
4. Glo - ri-fied Sav-ior, Sav-ior di - vine, Thou hast redeemed me, now I am
rest; Oft - en I whis-per, dream-ing of thee, Beau - ti - ful home-land,
sure; Oft - en I whis-per, dream-ing of thee, Crown of re - joic - ing,
wild; Oft - en I whis-per, dream-ing of thee, Life ev - er - last - ing,
thine; Oft - en I whis-per, lean - ing on thee, Glo - ri - fied Sav - ior,
Beau-ti-ful home - land, fade- - -
CHORUS.
art thou for me? Beautiful home-land, beautiful home,
art thou for me?
art thou for me?
thou art for me! Beau-ti-ful home - land, fadelessly fair, beautiful
Beautiful home-land, home, beautiful
less - ly fair;
beau - ti-ful home of the soul; Beau-ti-ful home - land, Shall I be there?
home of the soul;
home of the trust - ing soul;

158 AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

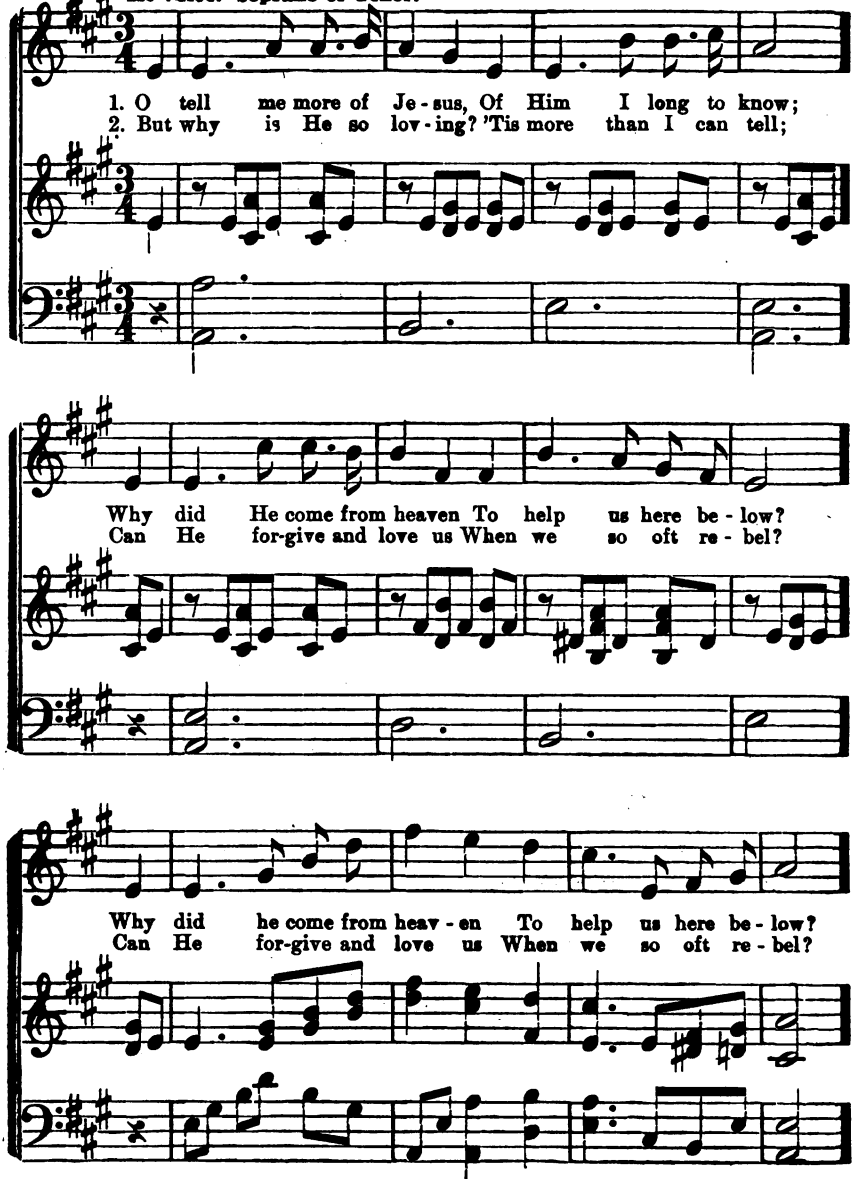
Selected. Luke 10 : 39, 42. R. A. GLENN.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words we hear him say,
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest?
3. Bless-ed be my Sav-ior, bless - ed, As I sit low at thy feet;
Happy place : so near, so pre - cious, May it find me there each day.
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And when wea-ry find sweet rest.
Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet.
Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past;
Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is,
For his love has been so pre - cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his full-ness gath - er, Grace and comfort day by day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

LAMBS OF MY BOSOM, COME HOME. 159

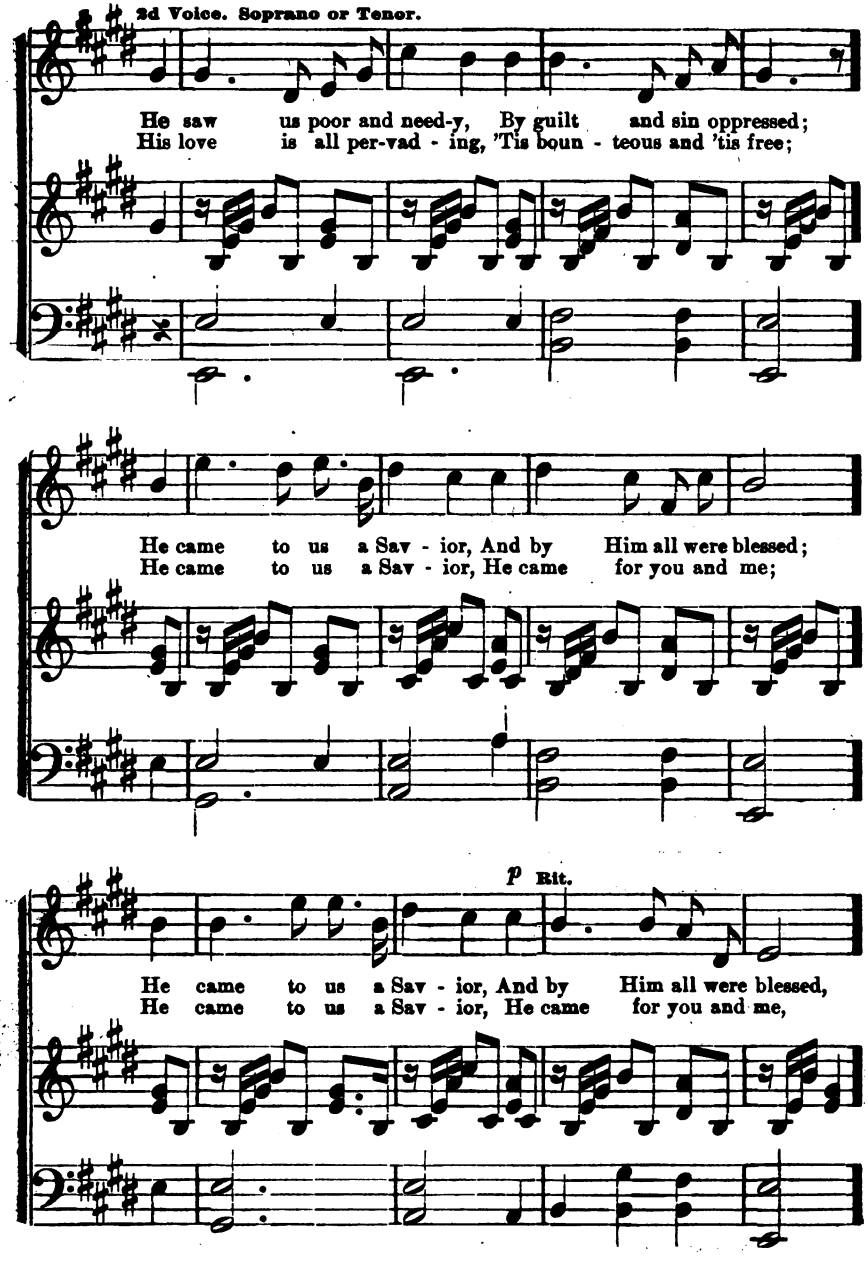
W. G. TOMER.

Feelingly.
1. Out in the darkness of midnight, Out in the tempest's wild roar, Guid-ed a-lone by the star-light, Searching the rough mount-ains o'er, Go-eth the Good Shepherd, seek-ing
2. Child of the fold, have you wan-dered Way from your Shep-herd and Guide? Gone to the mountains of pleas-ure, Gone 'mid the shadows to hide? Oft when the damp dews are fall-ing,
Lost sheep all straying a-lone; Call-ing in ac - cents so ten-der, "Lambs of my bosom, come home."
Oft when at night all a-lone, List-en! the Good Shepherd calling, "Lambs of my bosom, come home."
CHORUS.
Come home, come home, Lambs of my bo-som, come home.
Come home, come home, come home, come home, come home,
home, Come home, come home, Lambs of my bosom, come home.
home, come home, Come home, come home, come home, come home, come home.

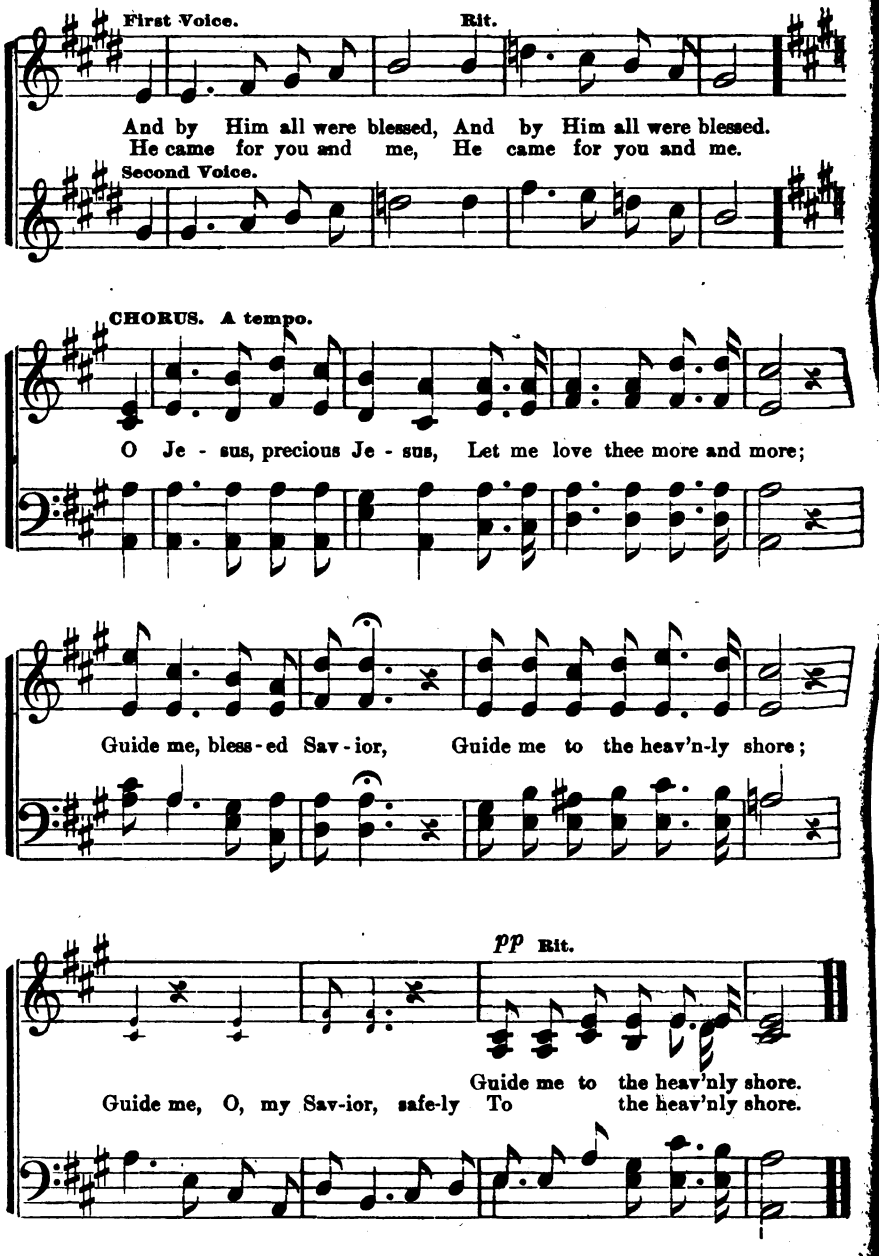
160 TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

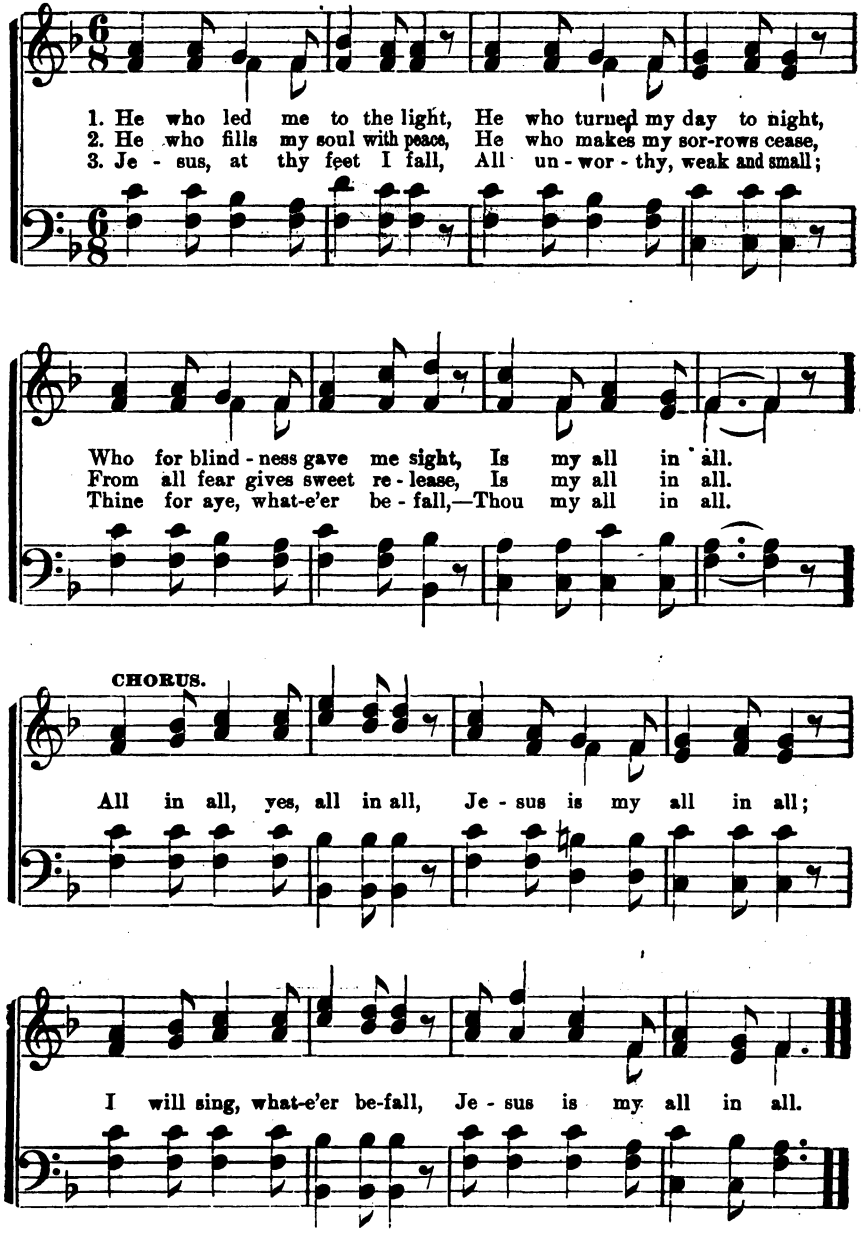
1st Voice. Soprano or Tenor.

1. O tell me more of Je - sus, Of Him I long to know;
2. But why is He so lov - ing? 'Tis more than I can tell;
Why did He come from heaven To help us here be - low?
Can He for-give and love us When we so oft re - bel?
Why did he come from heav - en To help us here be - low?
Can He for-give and love us When we so oft re - bel?

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co.; East Liverpool, Ohio.

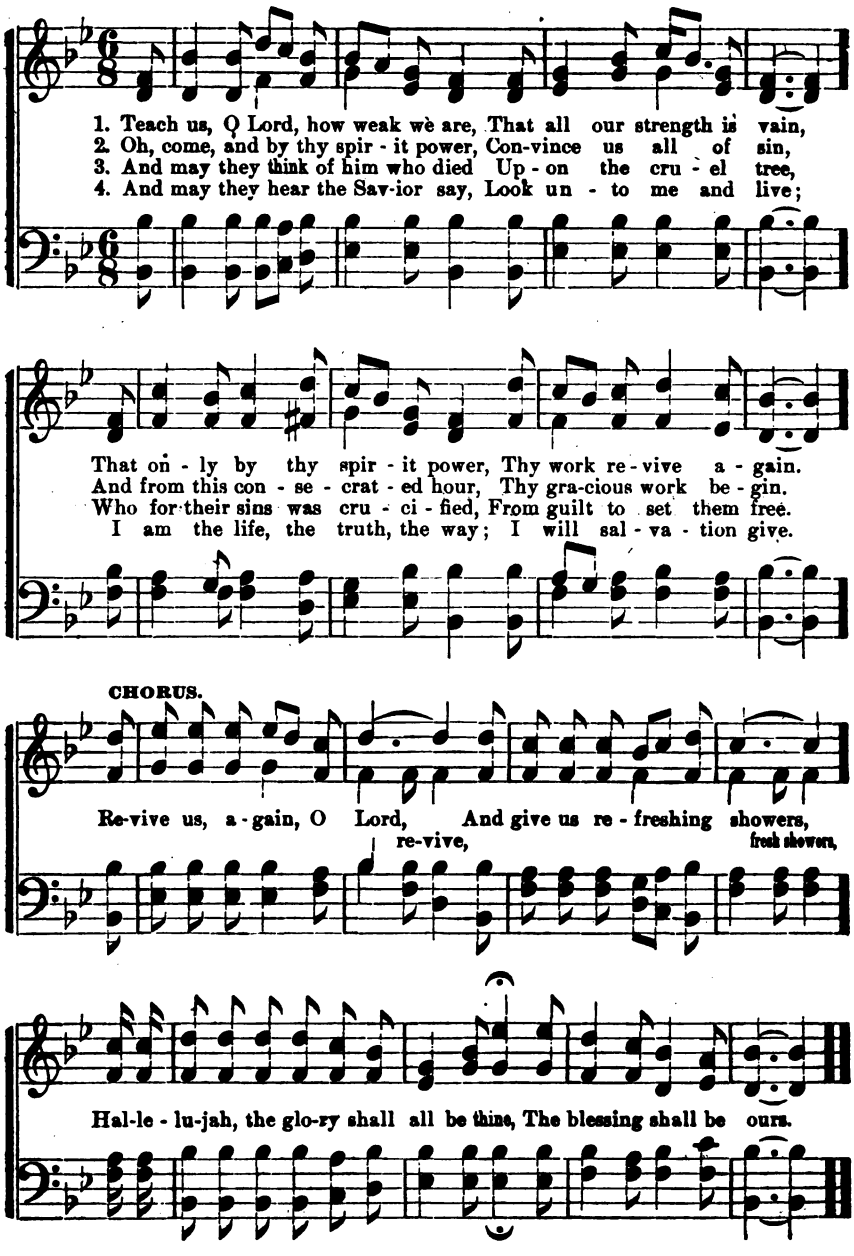

2d Voice. Soprano or Tenor.
He saw us poor and need-y, By guilt and sin oppressed;
His love is all per-vad - ing, 'Tis boun - teous and 'tis free;
He came to us a Sav - ior, And by Him all were blessed;
He came to us a Sav - ior, He came for you and me;
p Rit.
He came to us a Sav - ior, And by Him all were blessed,
He came to us a Sav - ior, He came for you and me,

162 TELL ME MORE. Concluded.

First Voice.
Rit.
And by Him all were blessed, And by Him all were blessed.
He came for you and me, He came for you and me.
Second Voice.
CHORUS. A tempo.
O Je - sus, precious Je - sus, Let me love thee more and more;
Guide me, bless-ed Sav-ior, Guide me to the heav'n-ly shore;
pp Rit.
Guide me to the heav'nly shore.
Guide me, O, my Sav-ior, safe-ly To the heav'nly shore.

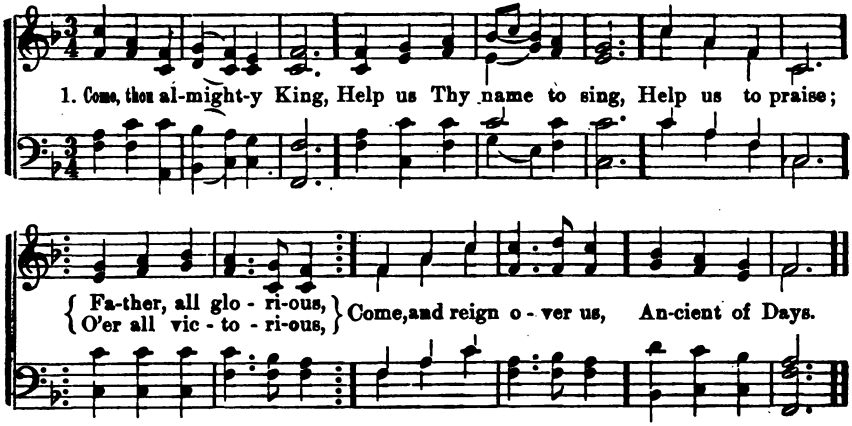
ALL IN ALL. 163

Rev. T. C. Neal.

1. He who led me to the light, He who turned my day to night,
2. He who fills my soul with peace, He who makes my sor-rows cease,
3. Je - sus, at thy feet I fall, All un - wor - thy, weak and small;
Who for blind - ness gave me sight, Is my all in all.
From all fear gives sweet re - lease, Is my all in all.
Thine for aye, what-e'er be - fall,—Thou my all in all.
CHORUS.
All in all, yes, all in all, Je - sus is my all in all;
I will sing, what-e'er be-fall, Je - sus is my all in all.

164 REVIVE US AGAIN.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND. Ps. 85:6. R. A. GLENN.

1. Teach us, O Lord, how weak we are, That all our strength is vain,
2. Oh, come, and by thy spir - it power, Con-vince us all of sin,
3. And may they think of him who died Up - on the cru - el tree,
4. And may they hear the Sav-ior say, Look un - to me and live;
That on - ly by thy spir - it power, Thy work re - vive a - gain.
And from this con - se - crat - ed hour, Thy gra-cious work be - gin.
Who for their sins was cru - ci - fied, From guilt to set them free.
I am the life, the truth, the way; I will sal - va - tion give.
CHORUS.
Re-vive us, a - gain, O Lord, And give us re - freshing showers,
re-vive,
fresh showers,
Hal-le - lu-jah, the glo-ry shall all be thine, The blessing shall be ours.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. 165

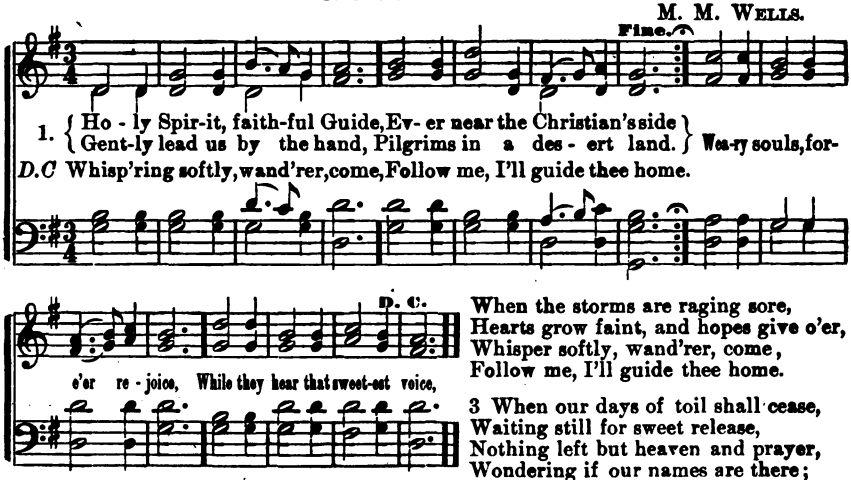
E. GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
Fa-ther, all glo - ri-ous,
O'er all vic - to - ri-ous,
Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

GUIDE. 7s.

M. M. WELLS.

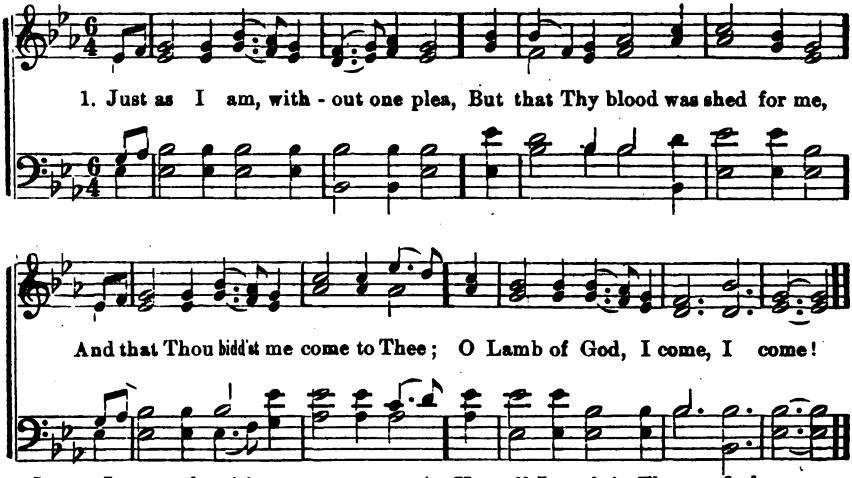

Fine.
1. Ho - ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev- er near the Christian's side
Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. Wea-ry souls, for-
D.C Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
D. C.
e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

166 WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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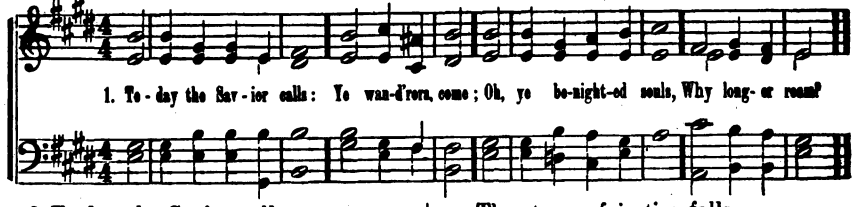
THOS. HASTINGS, 1858.



2 To-day the Savior calls;
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

PSALM C.

1 *An exhortation to praise God cheerfully,*
3 *for his greatness,* 4 *and for his power.*

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

PSALM CIII.

1 *An exhortation to bless God for his mercy,*
15 *and for the constancy thereof.*

A PSALM OF DAVID.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children:

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

HYMNS.

GUIDE ME.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

3 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

A CHARGE TO KEEP.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1767.

Sing Page 58.

LEADER.—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us us go into the house of the Lord.

CONGREGATION.—Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

L.—Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

C.—Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

L.—For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

C.—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

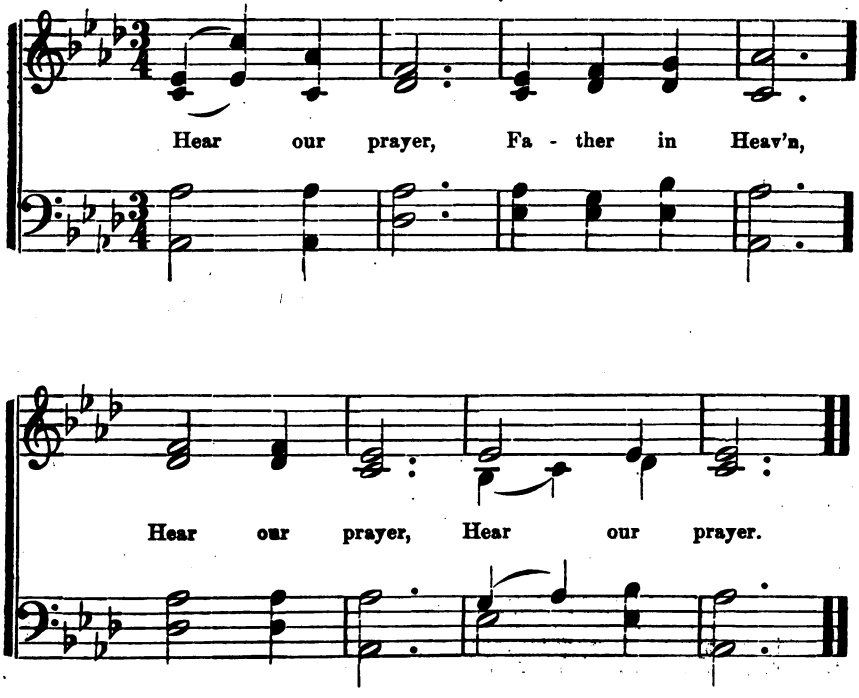
L.—Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

C.—For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will say, Peace be within thee.

L.—Because of the house of the Lord, our God, I will seek thy good.

Sing Page 50.

PRAYER.

Response to prayer. **C. V. S.**

RESPONSIVE READING.

LEADER.—For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

RESPONSE.—I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

L.—He maketh his wind to blow and the waters flow.

R.—The vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew.

L.—Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

R.—Give unto the Lord the glory due his name; bring an offering and come before him.

L.—Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, * * * and prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

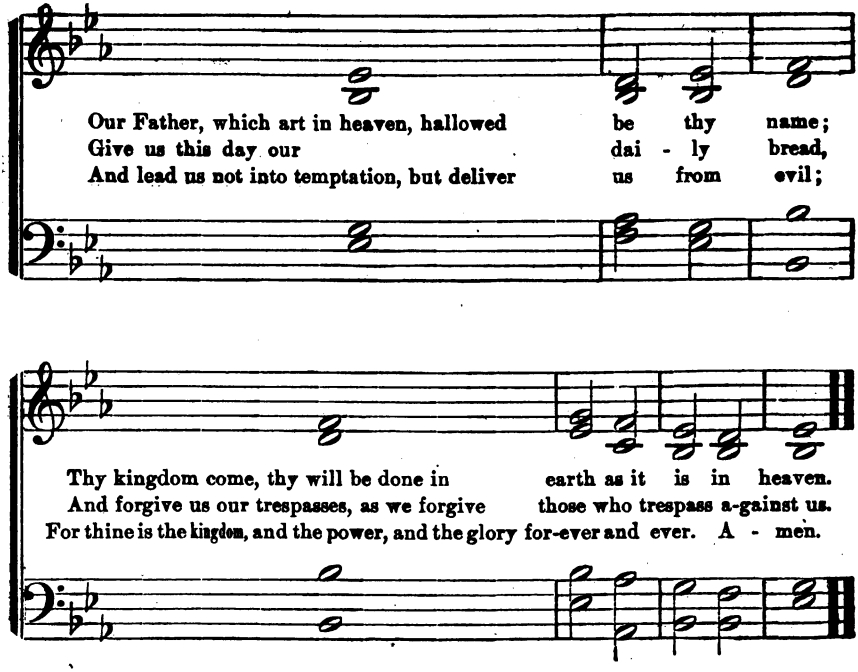
R.—Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

L.—Not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

R.—Freely ye have received, freely give.

L.—My son, give me thine heart.

R.—Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a-gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for-ever and ever. A - men.

Isa. 55.

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.

2. Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which* is not bread? and your labor for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which* is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, *even* the sure mercies of David.

4. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5. Behold, thou shalt call a nation *that* thou knowest not, and nations *that* knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6. ¶ Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near;

7. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8. ¶ For my thoughts *are* not your thoughts, neither *are* your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9. For *as* the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

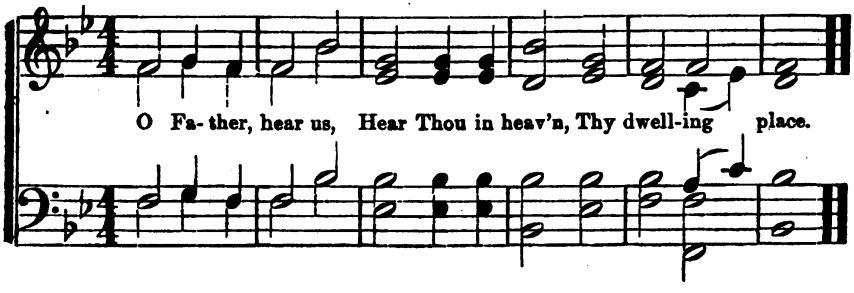
10. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater.

11. So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.

12. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap *their* hands.

13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign *that* shall not be cut off.

RESPONSE TO PRAYER.

Words by Rev. J. J. SUMMERBELL. Music by W. G. TOMER.

RESPONSIVE READING.

Matt. 25: 31—46.

31. When the son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

32. And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth *his* sheep from the goats.

33. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

34. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;

35. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in;

36. Naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

37. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed *thee?* or thirsty and gave *thee* drink?

38. When saw we thee a stranger, and took *thee* in? or naked, and clothed *thee?*

39. Or, when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

40. And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done *it* unto me.

41. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels:

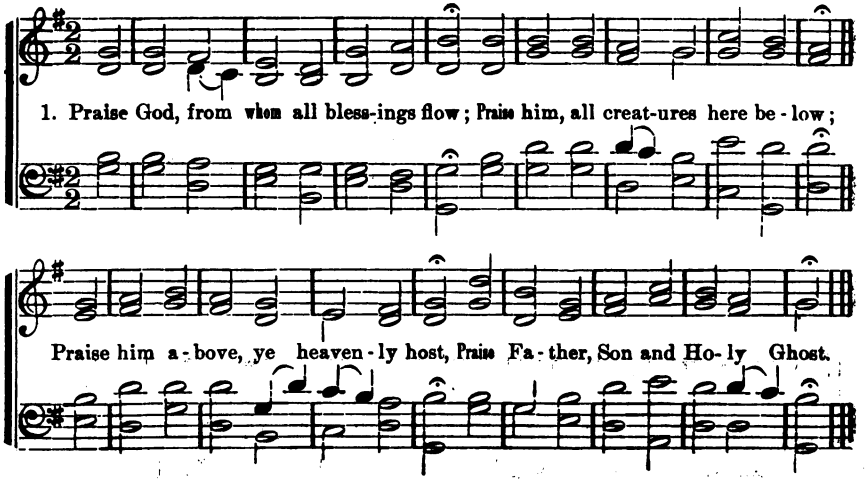
42. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

43. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

44. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or a thirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

45. Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, In as much as ye did *it* not to one of the least of these, ye did *it* not to me.

46. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

OLD HUNDRED.

1. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise him, all creat-ures here be-low;
Praise him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

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